Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAG
JANUARY 1981 $2.50*
STUNNING PICTORIAL: THE GIRL WHO SAID 'NO' TO $300,000
EXCLUSIVE: MARILYN MONROE'S SECRET STAG FILM
GOING TO WAR WITH THE BIKIES
SUMMER SPORTS SPECIAL:
20 WORST TEST CRICKETERS
SURFING FOR PROFIT
TONY ROCHE INTERVIEW
BONUS PET OF THE YEAR PIN-UP CALENDAR

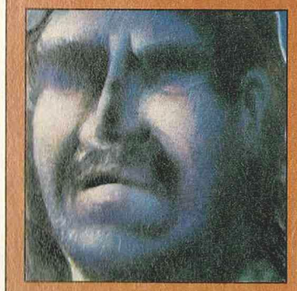
New. Mild. And Marlboro.

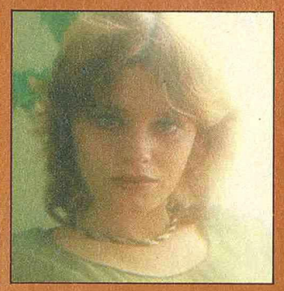
If you like mildness, but you also enjoy
that rich, satisfying Marlboro taste,
light up a new Marlboro Special Mild.
You'll get a lot to like.

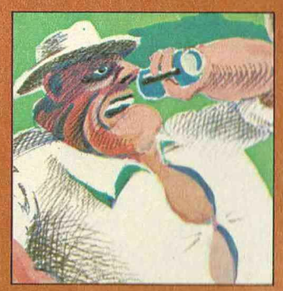
New Marlboro Special Mild 25's.

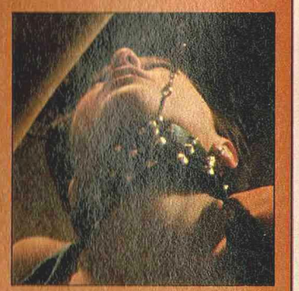
Australian
PENTHOUSE®
The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 2 No 4/January 1981

CONTENTS			PAGE
COVER	Isabella Lanza	Photo by Bob Guccione	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		4
FEEDBACK	Opinion		6
FORUM	Correspondence		9
CHRISTMAS CHEERS	Service	Paul Day	19
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment		25
REVIEWS			
FILMS		Alex Anthony	28
TV		Neal Akerman	29
SOUNDS		Phil Jarratt/Carol Ashdown	30
WORDS		Edited by John Hampshire	31
WEEKEND OF HORROR	Article	Andrew Carstairs	34
THE BLUEST MARILYN MONROE	Pictorial		46
THE GREEKS: HIT OR MYTH?	Article	Martin Riordan	54
THE HOUSE OF DOMINANCE	Article	Paul Lesley	70
ISLAND DREAM/ANNA	Pictorial	Photos by Ross Barnett	77
WHY THE PUBLIC SERVICE LEAKS	Advise and Dissent	Alan Renouf	90
TONY ROCHE	Interview	Richard Deutch	92
A SPORTING CHRISTMAS	Service		98
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD	Article	Phil Jarratt	100
AUSTRALIA'S 20 WORST TEST CRICKETERS	Article	Frank Crook	106
U.S. PET OF THE YEAR	Pictorial	Photos by Bob Guccione	115
RAZORBACK!	Fiction	Peter Brennan	126
HOT STUFF	Fashion	Wendy Adnam	139
TENNIS MOTHER	Fiction	Catherine Hiller	145
ARE YOU A ROMANTIC?	Quiz		150
THE SHERBET SAGA	Article	Glenn A. Baker	154
OH, WICKED WANDA	Satire	Frederic Mullally/Ron Embleton	164
FULL FRONTAL AUTOMOBILES	Motoring	John Hampshire	172


Weekend of Horror


Pet of the Month


20 Worst Test Cricketers


The House of Dominance

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: 99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, 2000; Box 4084 GPO Sydney, 2001. Telephone 233 7000. Printed by ADM-Paramac, 252-266 Mitchell Road, Alexandria NSW 2015, for the publishers, ADM Franchise Pty. Ltd., 256 Mitchell Road, Alexandria NSW 2015, in association with Penthouse, The International Magazine for Men.
Copyright 1980 ADM Franchise Pty. Ltd. All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignments of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Price in Australia $2.50. *Recommended and maximum price only. Registered for posting as a publication — Category B. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Address manuscripts to The Editor, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, 2001. All material published remains the property of Penthouse.

PHILIPS STEREO IN YOUR DRIVINGROOM.

Look at the new car today. Its luxury features and added accessories just about parallel the comfort in your home environment – except for its sound equipment.

Philips Mobile Stereo can change all that. Simply by adding a high performance Philips Cassette Player to your radio, you can sit back and drive to your own kind of music.

Among the Philips Mobile Stereo range you'll find feature combinations that make driving feel like flying. Locking fast forward and rewind, Auto reverse, Automatic switching from tape to radio, separate bass/treble boost and muting switches.

Our new 590 even gives you an incredible total 40 watts power and takes chrome/metal tapes.

If the perfectionist in you demands yet more for your music, Philips Mobile Stereo range offers superlative, high performance Equalizer/Boosters.

For a sound check, see your nearest Philips car radio specialist. They can help you create the right sound system for you and your car.

AC290 – Stereo Cassette Player. Features auto eject. Auto switching from tape to radio. Locking fast forward/rewind. Separate bass boost (DSS) and muting (LAS) switches. Output 2 x 6 watts (Max.)

AC490 – Stereo Cassette Player. Features auto switching from tape to radio. Auto reverse. Locking fast forward/rewind. Separate bass boost (DSS) and muting (LAS) switches. Output 2 x 6 watts (Max.)

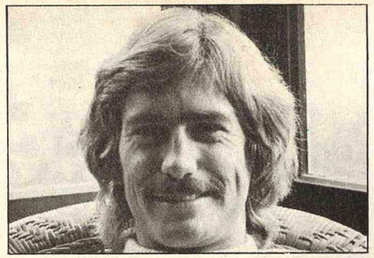
AC590 – Stereo Cassette Player. Features auto switching from tape to radio. Auto reverse. Chrome/metal tape selection. Bass/treble boost (DSS). Output 2 x 20 watts (Max.)

PHILIPS

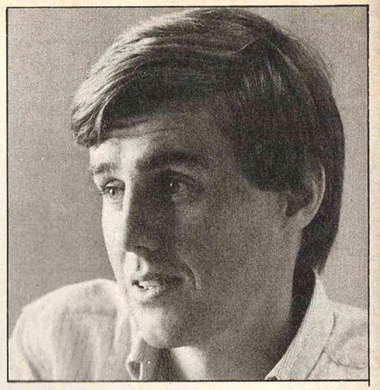
PCBR9103

We want you to have the best

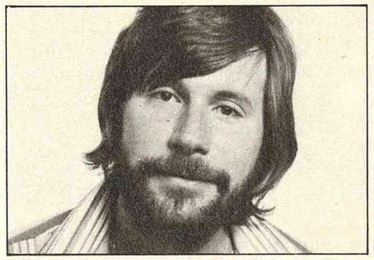
Bob Guccione



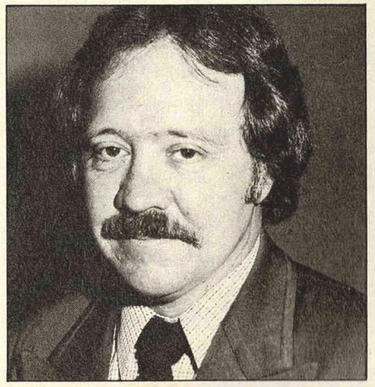
Phil Jarratt



Martin Riordan



Richard Deutch



Frank Crook

Peter Brennan

HOUSECALL

Marilyn Monroe epitomised every man's dream of sexual rapture, a sex goddess elevated to a legend, one of the few immortal myths to emerge from America. Yet, like so many popular idols, she was far more human and fallible than the carefully airbrushed image projected on the screen and in the media. In this issue (Page 46) *Australian Penthouse* publishes an astonishing series of pictures from a 16mm stag film recently unearthed by a Swedish photographer. It appears to depict the legendary face and body of a younger, more plump, less glamorous and, at that time (circa 1948) undiscovered Marilyn. The pictures provide a wholly unexpected new chapter in the mysterious, fascinating life of the unabashedly sensuous woman who is no less a dream for becoming, finally, more real.

Also in this issue we present another woman who captured world headlines. When **Isabella Lanza** (Concetta Ardigo) was proclaimed American Pet of the Year she disowned the title and $300,000 prizes, posing a unique puzzle for *US Penthouse.* It was decided that Isabella would keep the title but the prizes were donated to charity. The fiery Italian model's decision came too late to prevent publication of her stunning photo spread — shot, as is traditional, by US publisher **Bob Guccione** — and we present this as a farewell pictorial tribute to the Pet who went her own way. To keep fiercely loyal local fans of our own Pet of the Year happy and content for another month, we include a special double-bonus pin-up poster of our own **Tracey Wallace** photographed by **Ross Barnett**. One side is a calendar brought to you by Leyland Australia, and the other is a memorable pin-up to mark Tracey's reign as Australia's first Pet of the Year.

As always, we're more than just a pretty face. In this issue **Andrew Carstairs** tells, for the first time, of the activities of a bikie gang called the Coffin Cheaters. Painstakingly pieced together from court transcripts after many months of legal debate. Weekend of Horror (Page 34) goes inside a bikie gang and tells the story of a merciless rape and bashing which defies understanding. Carstairs who is now living overseas, takes us for a look behind one of the darker cults of our society — a cult which, in the words of the trial judge, "dehumanises their members, enshrines sacrosanct rules and customs, a code of conduct at best puerile, at worst bestial, degrading and depraved"

On Page 54 **Martin Riordan** focuses on the Greek conspiracy; the celebrated arrest of about 180 migrants who were charged with criminal offences relating to the social welfare system of Australia. Since Riordan's research and the printing of this section of *Australian Penthouse,* the Government has announced criminal proceedings have been dropped, replaced in many cases with lesser charges. While the matter is still *sub judice* it is not possible to comment on this strange case beyond saying the prosecutions have cost the Australian taxpayer millions of dollars — and still the questions remain.

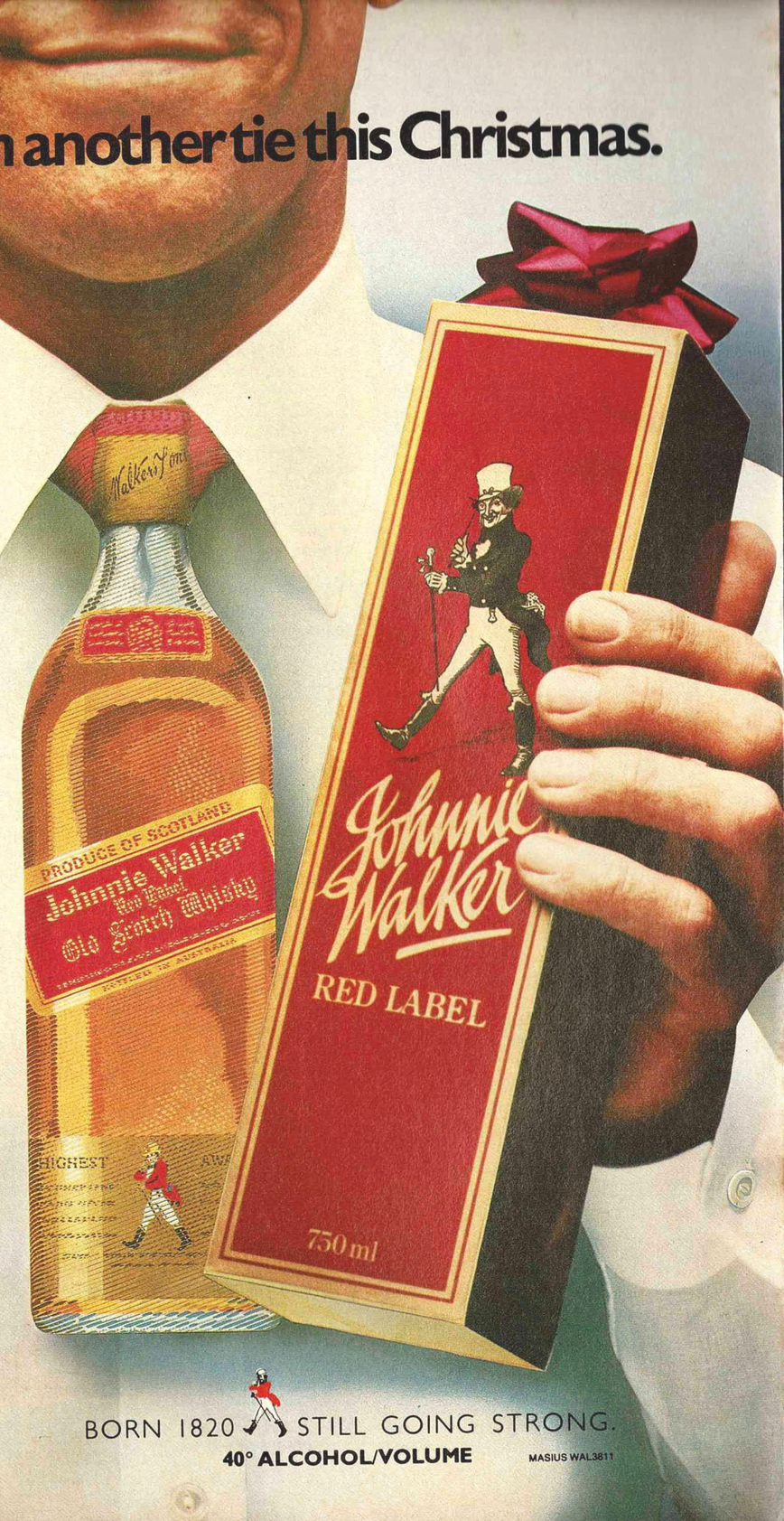
With this issue, summer has arrived. And to help you all get in the mood we present our summer sports special where Tony Roche talks to **Richard Deutch** on tennis (with artwork by **Noel Stapleton**); **Phil Jarratt** reports on Terry Fitzgerald the chairman of the (surf) board, and Sydney *Sun* cricket writer **Frank Crook** muses over the 20 worst Test performers of the century. There are some surprises there! And to cap it all, we present some sporting gift ideas for the 11th-hour Christmas shopper.

This issue we also present two fiction works. Sydney's **Peter Brennan**, whose tennis novel *Sudden Death* was widely acclaimed in America previews his new novel, *Razorback,* which takes the reader into the animal world where every minute of life is a further victory in the struggle for survival. Brennan is a man of many talents. He was writer and co-producer of the Channel 10 Pet of the Year special. In the buff section we present **Catherine Hiller's** angle on tennis and the future, Tennis Mother.

The start of a new decade also marks the passing of one of the Seventies' most popular comic characters. Wicked Wanda goes into recess with this issue, to be replaced with . . . well, stay tuned. We've got something special planned for the near future.

And also this month you meet **Anna Knappe**, photographed by **Ross Barnett**, and **Donna Turner**, photographed by **Lennart Osbeck**. We've designed it for your enjoyment . . . so please enjoy!

Don't give him another tie this Christmas.



BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD.

AB560/80

BORN 1820 STILL GOING STRONG.

40° ALCOHOL/VOLUME

MASIUS WAL3811

Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Published by
ADM FRANCHISE PTY. LTD.
Executive Director: Peter McWilliam

MARK DAY
Editor-in-Chief and Publisher

EDITORIAL
Editor: Phil Jarratt; *Senior Editors:* Carol Ashdown, John Hampshire, Owen Thomson; *Art Director:* John Byrne; *Creative Designer:* Bruce Morgan; *Editorial Assistant:* Verlie Nagel; *Editorial Rights and Traffic Manager:* Kay Klima; *Photographic Consultant:* Walter Glover.

ADVERTISING
National Representatives: Gower and Partners; *Account Director:* Robert Gower; *Account Managers:* Steve Bocksette, Ros Richards; *Advertising Traffic Manager:* Maree Robinson; *Victorian Representative:* Screid Representations; *SA Representative:* Hastwell Media. *Queensland Representative:* Media Services.

ADMINISTRATION
Managing Director: Bruce McWilliam; *Financial Services:* Jacqueline Aldridge; *Office Communications Co-ordinator:* Michelle Collings.

PRODUCTION
Production Manager: Ralf Lassen; *Production Assistant:* Lynette Harlen.

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, 2000; Box 4084 GPO Sydney 2001. Telephone 233 7000.

DISTRIBUTORS
Gordon and Gotch (A'asia) Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(US edition)
Bob Guccione *(Chairman and President)*
Irwin E. Billman *(Executive Vice-president)*
Kathy Keeton *(Senior Vice-president)*
Anthony J. Guccione *(Secretary-Treasurer)*
Marianne Howatson *(Senior Vice-president)*

EDITORIAL
Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; *Editorial Director:* James Goode; *Managing Editor:* Heidi Handman. *Foreign Editions Manager:* Suzanne Locatelli. *VP/Art Director:* Joe Brooks; *Associate Art Director:* Claire Victor

ADMINISTRATIVE
Associate Publisher, Kathy Keeton; *Vice-president/Advertising Director,* Marianne Howatson; *Public Relations Director,* Rich Jachetti; *VP/Administrative Services,* Jeri Winston; *VP/Production Director,* John Evans; *VP/General Counsel,* Joseph Kraft; *VP/Circulation Marketing and Promotion,* Bob Guccione, Jr.

EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069. Tel (213) 652-8070. *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England. Tel 01-385-6181.

BUREAUS:
Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. *Berlin:* Hans-Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45. *Rio de Janeiro:* Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th floor, Rio de Janeiro ZC39, Brazil. *Budapest:* Paul Kirlyhedgyi, 5 Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary. *Zagreb:* Cedomir Komijenovic, Strebrnjak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

JANUARY

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Long hair

Your November issue was of particular interest to me because of your pictorials on Nona Batey and Joni Flynn. Long hair turns me on like nothing else. I know many guys feel the same way, but for a reason I can't comprehend, they don't admit this particular fixation as readily as they admit admiring breasts or bottoms, or whatever.

I would dearly love you to feature some girls with really long hair — say, knee-length or longer. — *J. Leonard, Carnegie, Victoria.*

Worthwhile

What a mind-blowing scene you unveiled on television! My mind is still reeling with memories of all those sensuous women. The Pet of the Year show made owning a TV worthwhile.

So many glorious examples of feminine beauty made for the shortest hour of my life. Although bug-eyed, I snapped back to reality long enough to jot down the name of the Pet who, to me, represented the ultimate embodiment of pure delight — that ravishing beauty, Julie Jones.

After the show I went through my back copies and found her again in the September issue. Just simply amazing! — *D.L.V., New South Wales.*

Good show

I would like to thank you for giving me the pleasure of seeing the lovely Tracey Wallace on the Channel 10 TV special on the Pet of the Year. A special thanks to Tracey and the other Pets for doing Australia so well. — *G. Dawson, Campbelltown, New South Wales.*

Top lot

It may be because I'm an Aussie, and proud of it, but after seeing the four US Pet of the Year finalists and the four Australian finalists, all I can say is that our girls leave them for dead. Tracey, Debra, Linda and Lillian are top sorts. Good on yer, girls, and good on yer, *Penthouse.* — *L.R., Queensland.*

Give us a go

I always read and enjoy your magazine, and have, on several occasions read letters from men expressing the wish that more women would try to look like *Penthouse* Pets.

Surely they must realise that many of these ladies are models or actresses, and it is their *full-time* job to look good — that is how they earn their pay packet.

I am not putting down the ladies in any way. They *are* gorgeous, and their job must become tedious at times like any other, but I think a lot of us ordinary ladies also manage to look pretty good with little time and a very limited budget. When you have a job, a home to look after, and possibly a baby or two, it can be difficult to find time for yourself, and I think some of us out here in the real world deserve a little credit too, instead of being put down in comparison. Although I am not putting your correspondents in this category, some men complain loud and long that their women don't try hard enough to look good, while they themselves could only be described as scruffy slobs. — *S. Lobegeiger, Maryborough, Queensland.*

A winner

Your Christmas gift guide (*Australian Penthouse,* December 1980) was a real winner. Most magazines feature pages of gifts that are so expensive you'd have to be wealthy to buy the cheapest one, but along you come with Leunig's guide.

Not only is he my favorite cartoonist, but he has also given me a few ideas. I bet my parents will be surprised to find a corrugated iron doona and a thong horn under the tree. More of Leunig, please! — *C.C., South Australia.*

Answers

I read with interest your story on Laurie Oakes (*Australian Penthouse,* December 1980). I have often heard his political comments on radio and television, and wondered what he was really like. Your article certainly answered a lot of questions. I think it is important to know the background and personality of the men whose opinions carry so much weight with the public. Well done. — *J. Thomas, Lane Cove, New South Wales.*

Tut, tut

Your Pets always look so fresh and natural, and I hope you keep it that way, but I'm sending you a slap on the hand for Dianne Jamison in your December book. There she was, a lovely outdoors (and indoors!) girl, who spoilt it all by having a cigarette hanging off her hand on page 140. Bad show. — *N.S., Victoria.*

Somewhere on this 3 hour cassette a brilliant goal was scored.

Find it in seconds with Sony 'Picture Search'.

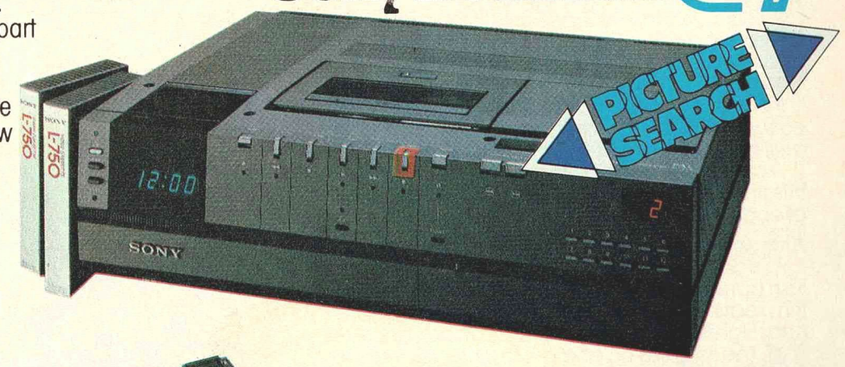
Sony Betamax C7 solves one of home video's more frustrating problems with 'Picture Search'. Now it's simple to locate programme material in the playback mode. Picture Search plays in forward or reverse at 11 times normal speed with all the action on the screen. That means 3 hours of recorded programme can be reviewed in just 16 minutes. Now you can find that last minute goal without playing extra time. But then, Picture Search is just part of the magic Betamax C7.

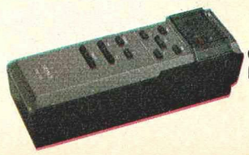
A choice of viewing speeds.
From 3 x normal speed to single frame advance, or variable slow motion, that's the viewing versatility of Betamax C7. Sony's superior U-loading system ensures optimum quality in every mode.

14 day, 4 programme timer.
Pre-set recording times for up to four different programmes on the same or different channels up to two weeks in advance. Betamax C7 also features a cordless infra-red remote control unit which puts all major functions including 'Picture Search' in the palm of your hand.

Sony leads in home video.
1 million Betamax recorders and 20 million tapes have already been sold. With Sony Betamax C7, you enjoy all the benefits of Sony research and leadership.

Sony Betamax C7

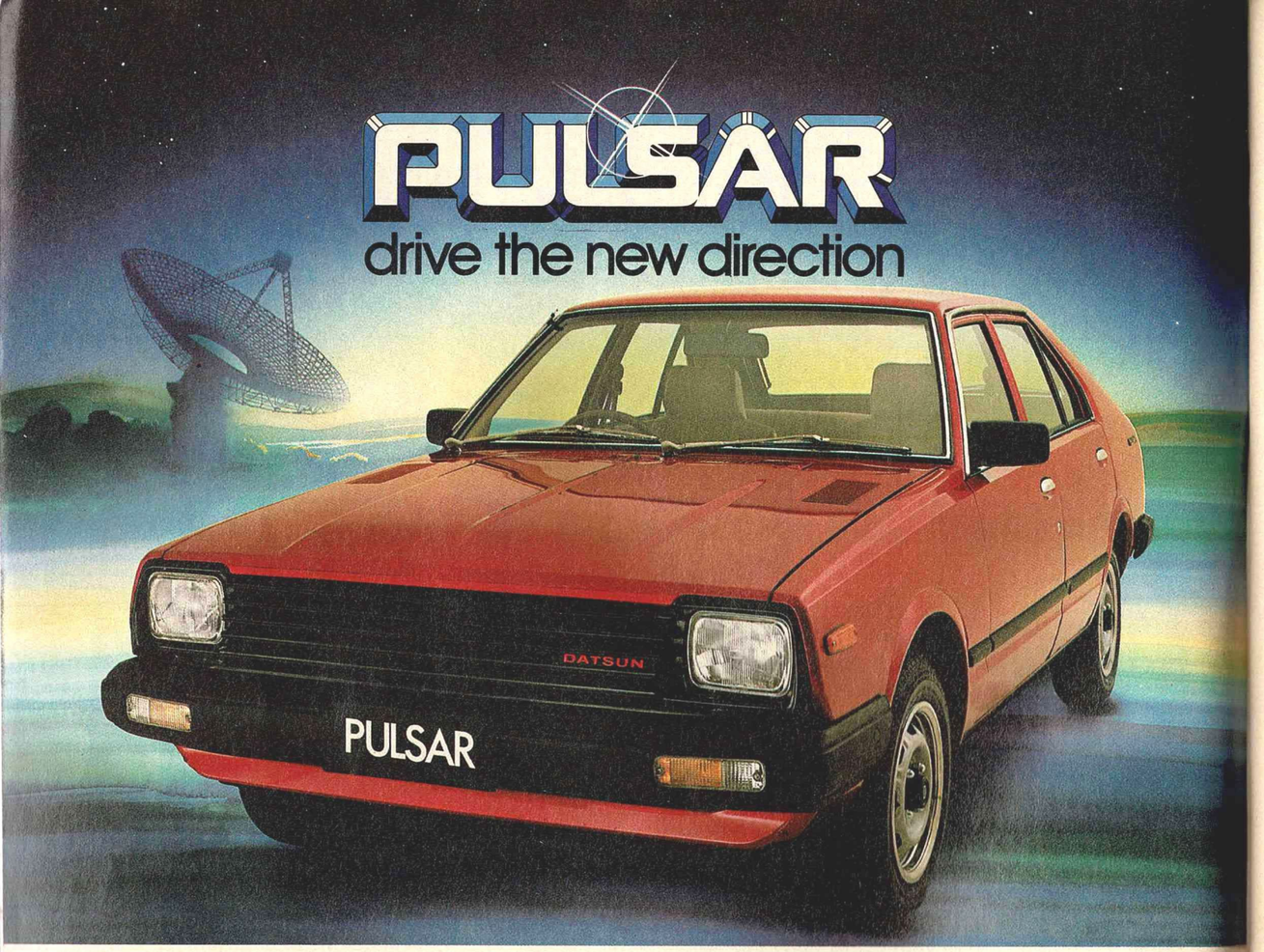




SONY

There are two different Betamax units available, the C7E and the C7EC. For areas which require channels 3/4/5/5A, please specify C7EC. Your television should also have a UHF tuner.

AP3467



The new, fully-imported Datsun 5-door hatchback.
Pulsar is the forerunner of a new breed of car developed for total energy efficiency. It delivers astounding performance, handling and economy through Datsun's sophisticated integration of engine, gearbox, drive and suspension.

Datsun Direct Drive Technology.
Pulsar's exciting new design incorporates front wheel drive, negative-scrub radius front suspension and rack and pinion steering, for unrivalled road-holding and directional stability.
It eliminates the conventional drive shaft. So the output of Pulsar's 1.4 litre transverse-mounted OHV engine is used to maximum advantage.
A close-ratio 5-speed manual gearbox completes this unique design ensuring the correct match of engine output to the driver's requirements.

And you drive in luxury.
Pulsar features AM/FM stereo radio/cassette, lush carpet to match the body-contoured cloth trim seats. Full instrumentation, quartz halogen headlights, remote-release hatchback and fuel flap. The list goes on and on, to include everything you'd expect, and then more.
Like power-assisted disc brakes up front and drum brakes at the rear. They're arranged in a diagonal-split dual circuit with a tandem master cylinder.
That's two separate systems for increased safety. Negative-scrub radius front suspension helps ensure straight line stopping even with a blowout–an unlikely event, given Pulsar's 165/70 SR 13 steel belted radials.
Easy service access is built in, so Pulsar also saves on maintenance costs. But the best surprise comes last: Ask your Datsun dealer about the price and you'll see what we mean.

Datsun Pulsar the new direction.

DATSUN
Nissan Motor Company Australia Pty. Ltd.

Sun roof illustrated optional extra.

DAT 798

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in CAPITALS), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Service station!

Many times I have read the letters in your column and wished I had the nerve to tell about my own experience. Now that I am older and married, I can, with some encouragement from my wife.

I was only 19 years old, fresh out of school and working in a garage. My job was not very glamorous, but I got to check out a lot of the honeys.

Well, my boss likes to go fishing on weekends, and this one weekend was no exception. I was in the garage, working on my own car, when I heard the service bell ring. I wiped my hands on a rag and went out to serve the customer. To my surprise there was this gorgeous brunette in a T-shirt and the tightest blue jeans I'd ever seen on any woman, and believe me, I notice things like that! Her hair was all messed up and she looked wild as hell! She had a nice, petite set of tits, with nipples jutting out.

Not being a master with women, I decided not to make a pass. I just asked her if I could help her. She said to give her $5 worth of petrol and not to bother with the oil. When I approached the pump, I noticed a blonde fox in the back seat. She seemed to be asleep. I noticed something else about her. She was naked. My chin almost hit the ground, with my tongue right behind it. Well, she wasn't asleep. She opened her blue eyes, spread he legs a little, and said: "Fill her up." I was speechless. Nothing had ever happened to me like this or has ever happened again.

She was just sitting there when her friend, the brunette, asked me if I liked what I was staring at, and all I could say was "Yeah!"

"Well, let's go into your garage and see what you have under your hood," she said into my ear. Pulling the car into the garage, they both stared at the bulge in my jeans. It was like being in a dream world. When inside, the blonde practically ripped my jeans off like some sex-starved animal. When they saw me, they didn't laugh or giggle. I always thought you had to have a really big one to satisfy a real woman. They just began to lick my thighs and stomach.

It felt so good I thought I was going to pass out. Both tongues were so soft and warm. They were being very gentle, like a mother cat is with kittens. The blonde looked up and said, "My name's Gina." I looked her in the eye and told her mine was Tim. "Tricia's mine," said the brunette between breaths. Slowly they began licking up and down my shaft and balls. I was going to come any moment by now, and they knew just when to quit.

Tricia stood up and took me in her arms and gave me the most sensuous kiss I'd ever received and then asked if there was a more comfortable place than the cold concrete floor of the garage. "Sure," I said, "we can go into the office." I pulled the blind and put out the *closed* sign.

We were at it again. Only this time the women were on the floor in a 69 position, and I was enjoying the show. Tricia was gently licking Gina and vice versa. Suddenly Gina started to buck and heave off the floor. Her back arched up to meet Tricia's eager tongue as she moaned with the most violent orgasm I'd ever witnessed.

By this time my cock was ready to burst, and Tricia let Gina rest. She laid me down on the carpet and slid over my eager cock. She was so wet and warm and wonderful! As she rode me, I couldn't help reaching up and pulling her sensuous lips to mine once more. Her breasts pressed hard against my chest, and she was humping me to a fast, burning climax. It was such a turn-on to Gina that she positioned her lovely pussy over my mouth.

It was the perfect love triangle. Needless to say, I came first, with Tricia immediately after. Then Gina started to ride my face.

I thought I was going to suffocate, but what a way to go! After Gina came, we all just lay in each other's arms and caught our breath.

All good things must come to an end. I kissed them both good-bye, and they told me to take good care of my cock. I was sad to see them go. I looked at my watch and noticed we had been making love for two and a half hours. I had everything cleaned up and was working on my car when the boss rolled up and asked what business had been like. I told him it was never better, even though I didn't charge the two beauties for the petrol. Do you suppose that was one of the reasons they screwed a skinny runt like me? — *Name and address withheld.*

Doing everything together

I'm attending a technical college and was rather new to the city. My first few days I went out alone. I was still in my first week without knowing anyone when I decided to go to a well-known nightclub.

When I got there, it looked like couples only as I approached the bar. When I sat down, I noticed two very good-looking women in a nearby booth. Occasionally I caught both of them stealing a glimpse of me from the corner of their eyes. Sure, after a while, that they were interested and not knowing anyone and very eager to make new friends, I decided to break the ice by ordering them a couple of drinks.

I walked over to their booth and offered them their drinks, and they offered to share the booth with me. Naturally I accepted. I sat by Jane, who was attending the same college I was. She was an exceptionally beautiful woman with what I thought to be a 37-24-36 body and hair that just grazed her shoulderblades. Cheryl sat across from me, and when she stood up, I discovered the healthiest, longest legs I've ever seen. She was wearing a tight V-neck jumper that exposed her tanned, full cleavage.

I explained to them my lonely situation, and they invited me to their flat for some laughs. When we got there, I found out that Cheryl and Jane were roommates and they claimed to do everything together. Not knowing exactly what they meant, I ignored the comment.

Jane disappeared for a few minutes while Cheryl put on some music, and we began to talk about the city, and she recommended some of the better nightclubs to me. Jane returned, wearing the most revealing nightgown I had ever seen. She was holding a flagon of wine.

After we drank the wine, I noticed it was two in the morning. I had classes the next day and told them that I had to be heading back to my own place. They pleaded with me to stay a little longer when I started to leave. In the condition I was in I told myself that I had better go home, but much to the contrary, I ended up staying.

I came back to the couch and sat down. Cheryl than asked me if I had ever had sex with two women at the same time. I had never been approached in such a straightforward way in all my life. I

replied with a truthful no but told them that I was eager to try. That was all it took.

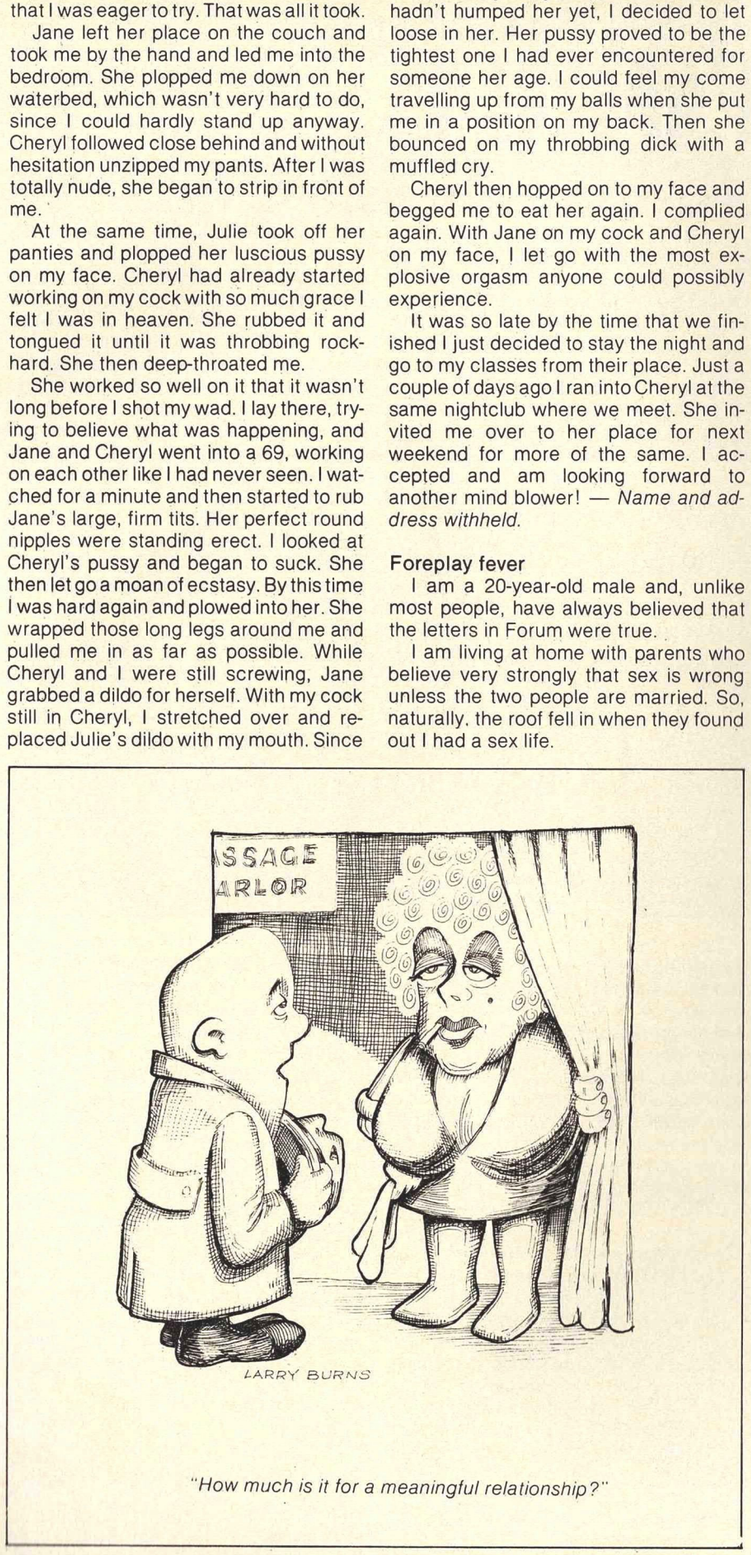
Jane left her place on the couch and took me by the hand and led me into the bedroom. She plopped me down on her waterbed, which wasn't very hard to do, since I could hardly stand up anyway. Cheryl followed close behind and without hesitation unzipped my pants. After I was totally nude, she began to strip in front of me.

At the same time, Julie took off her panties and plopped her luscious pussy on my face. Cheryl had already started working on my cock with so much grace I felt I was in heaven. She rubbed it and tongued it until it was throbbing rock-hard. She then deep-throated me.

She worked so well on it that it wasn't long before I shot my wad. I lay there, trying to believe what was happening, and Jane and Cheryl went into a 69, working on each other like I had never seen. I watched for a minute and then started to rub Jane's large, firm tits. Her perfect round nipples were standing erect. I looked at Cheryl's pussy and began to suck. She then let go a moan of ecstasy. By this time I was hard again and plowed into her. She wrapped those long legs around me and pulled me in as far as possible. While Cheryl and I were still screwing, Jane grabbed a dildo for herself. With my cock still in Cheryl, I stretched over and replaced Julie's dildo with my mouth. Since Jane was getting very hot now and I hadn't humped her yet, I decided to let loose in her. Her pussy proved to be the tightest one I had ever encountered for someone her age. I could feel my come travelling up from my balls when she put me in a position on my back. Then she bounced on my throbbing dick with a muffled cry.

Cheryl then hopped on to my face and begged me to eat her again. I complied again. With Jane on my cock and Cheryl on my face, I let go with the most explosive orgasm anyone could possibly experience.

It was so late by the time that we finished I just decided to stay the night and go to my classes from their place. Just a couple of days ago I ran into Cheryl at the same nightclub where we meet. She invited me over to her place for next weekend for more of the same. I accepted and am looking forward to another mind blower! — *Name and address withheld.*



"How much is it for a meaningful relationship?"

Foreplay fever

I am a 20-year-old male and, unlike most people, have always believed that the letters in Forum were true.

I am living at home with parents who believe very strongly that sex is wrong unless the two people are married. So, naturally, the roof fell in when they found out I had a sex life.

One day last April, I was discussing my family problems with a good friend of the family, a beautiful redhead named Emily. She's six years older than me and has always been like a big sister to me. When I told her that my parents were upset that I was having sex, I think it turned her on to find out that her "little brother" was not as innocent as she thought.

Emily's parents were expecting me to come out and spend a week working on their farm during the summer. When Emily said good-bye, she looked deep into my eyes and softly said: "I'm really looking forward to seeing you out on the farm this summer."

I could've sworn I felt a mixture of love and lust beaming from her fiery eyes, but I told myself I was just imagining things.

During the next few months I spent many evenings masturbating while fantasising about Emily. I was about to burst with sexual tension when at last that hot day came. I was on a bus only two hours away from the girl of my fantasies.

It's a good thing I didn't know what was in store for me, or I would've shot my load right there on the bus.

When I got off the bus she was waiting for me. Her shorts revealed long, tanned legs. Her braless tits were like two doves hiding in the bushes, as her nipples poked softly but sensuously through her shirt.

We met in a warm embrace, as would a brother and sister. But my feelings were far from brotherly when I felt her firm tits pressed against my chest.

On the way home from the bus, we stopped at a park. As we lay on the grass, Emily confided in me that she had been raped at an early age. She had lead an active sex life but had never enjoyed sex. She felt that all the guys who made love to her were just using her for their own pleasure.

I told her that when I make love to a girl, I concentrate on pleasing her and that half my pleasure is seeing a girl intoxicated with ecstasy. Later that day she told me that she had always desired to have me for a lover. I told her that the feelings were mutual and tried to contain my throbbing dick in my shorts.

As soon as we got home, she suggested that she show me around. Once behind the barn, we held each other tight. As our lips met, her tongue probed my mouth. My hands caressed her body, lingering at her firm arse. I kneaded her buns, one in each hand, while I pressed her bush against my hard cock. She was driving me wild with her hand on my bare leg. As she inched her way up the leg of my shorts, I let one hand slip up her shirt. By the time my skilled hands reached her tits, she was softly stroking the head of my dick through my underpants. I longed to feel her hand on it.

My hands were making slow circles on the supple skin of her breasts, taking care not to touch her nipples yet. As the circles

...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

Five smokes ahead of the rest

RWV0085.CC494/80

became faster and closer to her nipples, my desire to see her silken breasts grew stronger. I lifted her shirt to find two of the most perfectly shaped tits I had ever seen. Her erect nipples were the best part. They were like two ripe cherries just waiting to be picked. I wasted no time in sucking one of them into my mouth.

I nibbled and sucked until both nipples were as hard as they could get. Then I took off my shirt and held Emily tight so that her warm, erect nipples were pressing against my chest. Her hips were moving in circles against my throbbing cock. She began to purr like a kitten when my hand started to wander up the inside of her thigh.

I slipped my hand up her shorts and let one finger slip inside her panties. My finger softly brushed her pussy hair just long enough to drive her crazy. Then, having not even touched the hot flesh of her pussy, I pulled my finger back out of her panties, which drove her even crazier.

I wanted to feel her so bad! But knowing that Emily had never enjoyed sex with a guy before, I was going to take extra care to make sure she enjoyed it with me. So I was planning on getting her so hot and frustrated that she would beg me to put it in. If I could only wait that long, I knew she would enjoy it. So I suggested we get back home.

The next week I spent from 6am to 8pm doing farm work, so Emily and I could barely sneak a few intimate moments together each day. But they were enough to keep us turned on 24 hours a day for the whole week.

One of the highlights was one night after dinner when we went out and parked. As she lay in my arms, I held her tight and kissed her passionately. Our breathing began to get heavy. She slowly rubbed my growing bulge while I caressed her firm mounds. Before long the windows were steamed up, and we took off our shirts.

Immediately I was sucking her nipples, all the while my hand was massaging its way up the inside of her thigh. When I reached her pussy, I could feel her warmth through her blue jeans. I looked into her eyes and told her I wanted to eat her pussy.

She kind of nervously said: "Not now. Pull down your pants." I eagerly obeyed. My dick was straight in the air before I even got my underpants off! Once they were off, she took hold of both of my buns and placed her dripping tongue softly on the tip of my dick. I breathed deep as she circled the quivering head. After what seemed like an eternity she expertly engulfed me. I was moaning in ecstasy.

I finally persuaded Emily to take down her pants for me. As she lay on her back, I tasted her honey for the first time. She was really enjoying it when all of a sudden she thought she saw headlights. She frigidly sat straight up, pulled up her pants, and put on her shirt. I softly told her that it was all right, and I held her close. I realised it was her past that made her so jumpy.

I don't know how I did it, but I made it to the day of my departure without actually making love to Emily. Needless to say, we were both overflowing with sexual energy just waiting for a release, and I had one planned! I was scheduled to leave on a bus at 3pm and had planned to check into a motel at about 8am. Things got fouled up, and we didn't make it to the motel until 1pm. Emily was a little nervous, so I was going to take my time even if I didn't have much.

We lay on the bed, sipping wine and talking for about 20 minutes. The wine glasses eventually retired to the table. I lay in between her clothed legs as we kissed and caressed tenderly. Emily's nervousness and my tenderness soon gave way to a wild and fevered passion. Her heavy breathing turned into soft moaning as my bulge rubbed the crotch of her pants.

It was then that I stripped down to my underpants, allowing my erection to stick straight out as she began to disrobe. I asked her to leave her panties on for now. Then I lay back down on top of her and began kissing and tonguing her breasts. She was driving me crazy with her bush, thrusting it into my strained underpants.

My kisses wandered off her erect, red nipples down over her stomach, passing her pussy and ending up near her knee. I began to nibble and suck the inside of her thigh.

My sucking inched its way up her leg until I was staring at her panties.

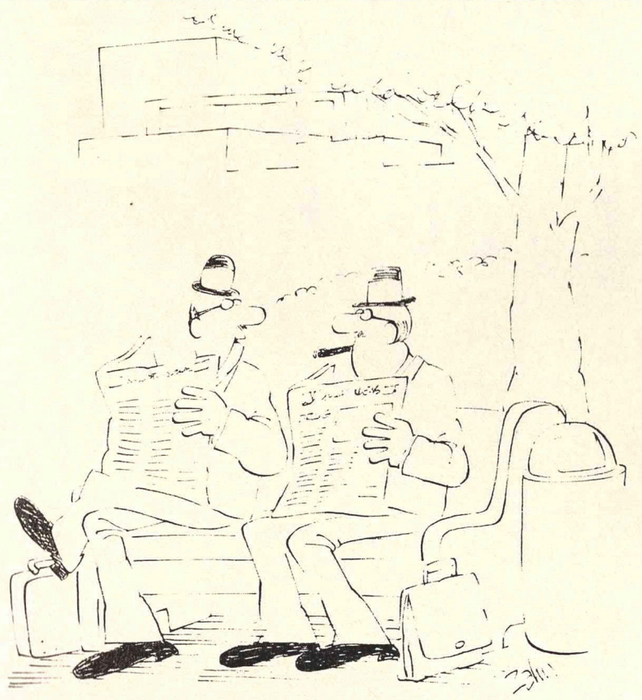
I drew my mouth close and blew softly. Her legs quivered as my breath tickled her. Then I took the panties off.

I, too, took my underpants off. I straddled her face in a 69 position. I would start at her knee and nibble up the inside of her thigh. It felt like I was in heaven each time I got near her. She'd take all of me deep into her throat and try to thrust her sweet-smelling lips into my face, and each time I would only blow warmly on her clit.

Before long she moaned: "Are you going to tease me forever?"

She began sucking in a frenzy, and I couldn't take it any longer. I dived in, sucking, licking, and nibbling her. When her legs began to twitch softly, I knew it was time.

Then I repositioned myself so I was again in the missionary position. Next I put her legs up over my shoulders. I stroked her with my near-bursting cock. After a week's worth of foreplay, I couldn't wait one more second. I came down hard, and I didn't stop until I hit bottom. As my balls bounced against her, I realised that this was better than I had



"I don't need drugs, I get high on money."

We have an agreement.

I promised her the best of everything.

I bought a dozen red roses, a bottle of Moet et Chandon. I promised her filet mignon, just a little bleu, soft candlelight and sweet music. The filet was overdone and the candles burnt the roses.

Well, she said, maybe the music...?

Sweet, you promised.

I leaned casually back and switched through eight of the fourteen memory presets on my Marantz ST500 AM/FM Stereo Computuner, looking for the right mood.

That's amazing speed and precision, she said.

That's Marantz, I said. It's drift-free too. That's nice she said, I like rock. And roll? I asked. That too, she curled closer.

I have these cassettes, I said, Blondie, Boomtown Rats, Clash, Kiss...Let's clash, she said.

I like their sound. And I like your Marantz.

Yes, I said, this is the Marantz SD8000 Two-speed Cassette Deck, it's microprocessor controlled in all major tape transport functions.

Transport? she purred glancing towards the bedroom.

Yes, I said, has a Sendust head (hers dropped to my shoulder) plays metal tapes, too, has Solenoid control (I have very little, she murmured) and programmable replay.

OH? she looked up, does that mean you can fix it to play all night? Yes, I replied. Well, she kicked off her shoes. Since you're into extended high frequency response...I think I can interest you.

Then she smiled sweetly.

You know, I wasn't really hungry. I'd have come for the music alone. I do love the sound of Marantz.

Yes, I whispered, for that I could love you.

So, she said, if music be the food of love...It looks like we have an agreement.

You and me and Marantz.

The Marantz Agreement.

Available through selected hi-fi dealers, Marantz features one of Australia's most comprehensive ranges of sophisticated hi-fi components. State-of-the-art tuners, cassette decks, amplifiers or complete home music systems — Marantz makes a sound investment.

SD8000 shown with TDK MA-RC60 tape.
Models, prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

marantz®
Now you're listening.

Distributed by: MARANTZ. 32 Cross St., Brookvale, NSW 2100, Telephone (02) 939 1900 Telex AA 24121 Melbourne (03) 329 7655, Brisbane (07) 48 8266, Adelaide (08) 223 2699, Perth (09) 328 3874.

SEND NOW FOR OUR FULL COLOUR 16-PAGE BROCHURE.

fantasised. My thrusts started slow, each one ending with a sweet caress.

"If you get on top of me, I'll last longer," I moaned.

I lay on my back, and she sat on me. She was facing me, so I reached up with one hand to stroke her. Her strokes became wild, as did our breathing and moaning. Before long she begged me to get back on top of her. I lay on top of her, again sinking into her tunnel of love. Her face had a fiery look. As I pumped quicker each time, her eyes began to roll and she was lost in ecstasy. My whole body grew tense when I shot my load. I nearly went through the ceiling.

As we collapsed in each other's arms, the clock showed I had 10 minutes to be on my bus. I said, "To hell with the bus!" We spent all that night exploring each other. I got on that bus a changed man the next day.

She, too, was changed. She was cured of her inhibitions. We already have a three-day weekend planned together. — *Name and address withheld.*

Not "just another summer"

I am a 20-year-old male student, and up till last summer my sex life had been average.

Last summer I started working at a small food-chain store for the Christmas holidays. I met a girl named Shelly, whose looks are comparable to those of your voluptuous Pets. We became friends soon enough, and I asked her out. This would be a most unusual first date.

After a few drinks we were both feeling pretty good. Shelly suggested that we go swimming. When we arrived at my favorite beach, Shelly threw off her clothes and dived in. After one look at her unbelievable body I knew I would never be satisfied till I had it.

I dived in and grabbed her. I started sucking on her beautiful nipples, which were as hard as little rocks. After a little foreplay I suggested that we go back to my house.

When we arrived, we ripped each other's clothes off. Shelly started kissing, licking, and sucking my entire body. These sensations were driving me wild.

She then engulfed my shaft and proceeded to give me the best blowjob of my life. We then explored sexual techniques I had never experienced before and must have screwed for hours.

Now Shelly comes over and makes me breakfast naked, and we will have unbelievable sex during the day (we both now work at nights). Although I thought the summer would be "just another summer", it was a summer never to forget. — *Name and address withheld.*

Getting breakfast

The story I'm about to relate started a year ago last summer, when I decided to make a trip to see my father, whom I hadn't seen for a few years. I had the money for a plane ticket, but like some adventurous souls, I prefer thumbing to other types of transit because of the people you meet.

Well, to get on with the story, I left my home and caught a couple of rides. It was pretty late when I bid my thanks to the guy whom I'd been riding with and I was pretty tired of the drive, so I decided to get a room for the night and clean up a bit. There was a hotel across the street from the motel I was staying in, so I jogged over and bought a bottle of tequila to ease my pain. I'd polished off about half of it and was out like a light.

I awoke early, showered, and was on my way again. I walked to the main road, which was right on the edge of town, and was sitting sipping the remainder of tequila, to rid myself of the horrendous hangover I was carrying, when I heard a voice behind me ask if I'd had my breakfast yet.

I turned, and to my surprise there stood a voluptuous brunette with nice tits and the most adorable blue eyes I'd ever looked into, and they were looking at me. I didn't know what to say, so I just stood there like an idiot until finally she asked again whether I'd had my breakfast or not! I felt a warm feeling mixed with anticipation that something special was about to happen to me. My lips finally came unglued, and I replied that I wasn't hungry, but I could use a drink of water.

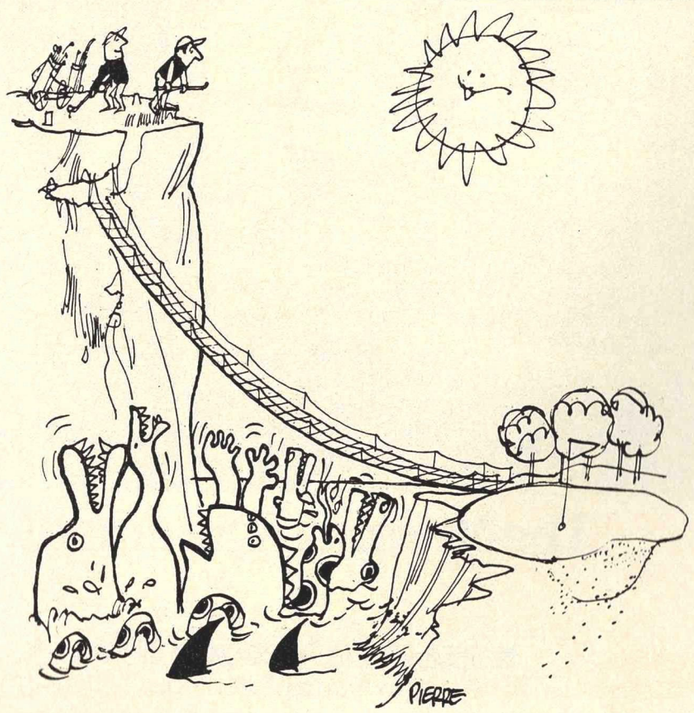
There was a little caravan park that ran beside the road, and she escorted me to her caravan. All the while I was following behind her, looking at her trim little arse in hopes that today was my lucky day.

When inside, she directed me to the couch and went to the fridge, got out a couple of beers, and came to sit next to me. She introduced herself and I introduced myself and told her what a godsend she was for rescuing me from the heat of the day. She was saying something to the effect that her husband worked out of town and that she really missed having a male around the house. All the while I was scanning her beautiful body. She was wearing a tight body shirt and a pair of short shorts that I wanted nothing more than to get into.

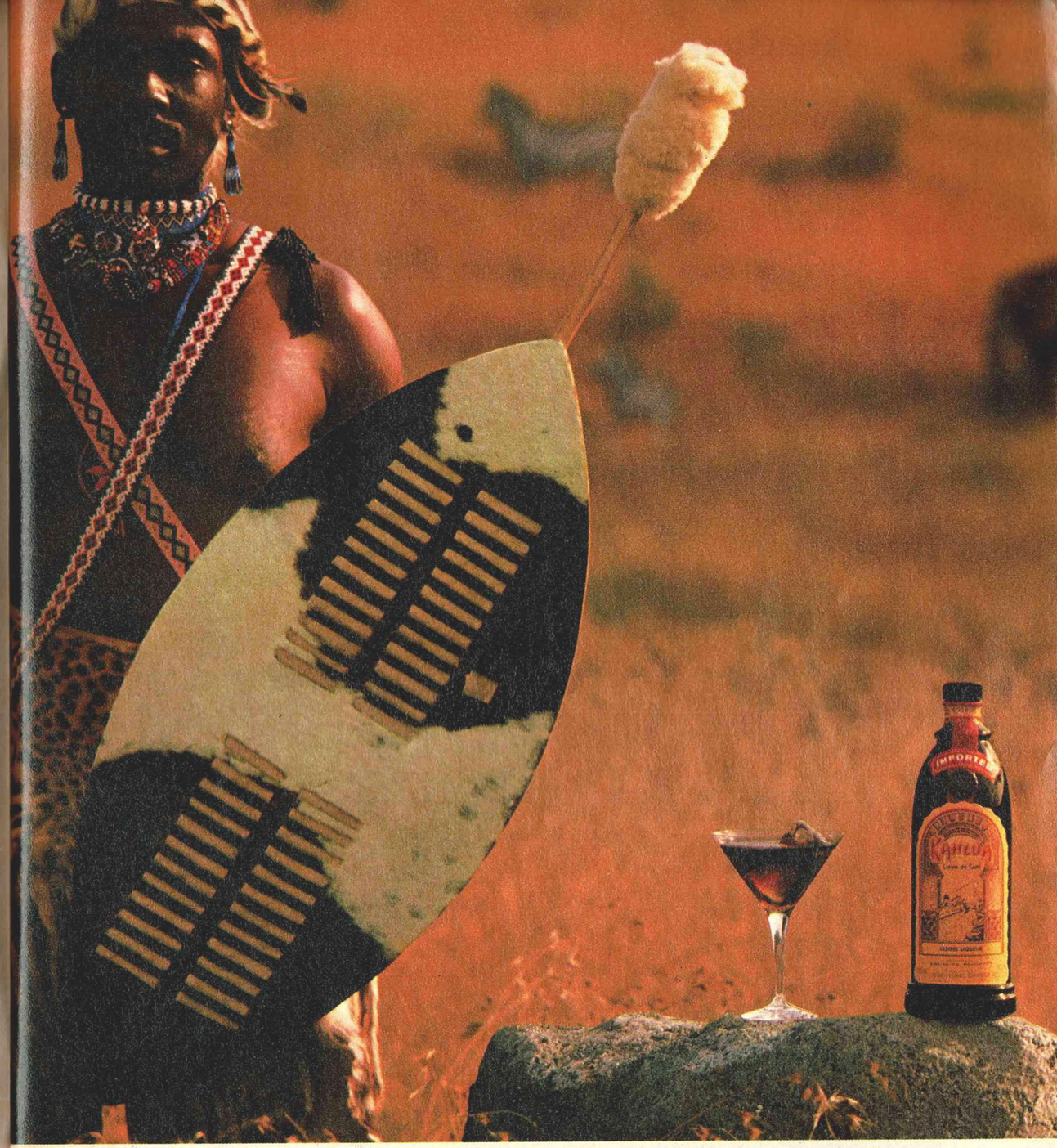
I was slowly working up a hard-on until I felt like it was going to bust out of my pants when she finally stopped talking and with a look of hunger asked me what that bulge was in my pants. I replied that it was a little problem I had, and to my delight she asked if it was a problem that she could help me with.

That was all it took. The next thing I knew she had all of me between her lovely lips and was hungrily going at it while I was kicked back, enjoying the best head I'd ever had.

It seemed like a lifetime, but I finally shuddered in total orgasm. She finished,



"It's marked on the card as a natural hazard!"



TWO ZULUS PLEASE.

THE ZULU ON THE LEFT IS NOT A REAL ZULU. THE ONLY REAL ZULU IS MADE WITH A HIT OF KAHLUA, AND A BIG BELT OF COKE, AND A SPLASH OF ICE. THE KAHLUA ZULU. BEWARE OF PALE IMITATIONS. Kahlúa

OBEY1415 AB121 80

and I asked her if I could return the favor. In seconds flat she had her clothes off and was sitting on the couch, with legs spread and begging me to please make love to her, for it had been so long and she was in dire need of a man.

I kneeled in front of her, draped her legs over my shoulders, and began licking the insides of her legs, slowly making my way to her waiting pussy. I reached her, and began tonguing her into climax. I could sense when she was about to come, and I would ease off, and she would call me lots of names, then plead with me to continue, for she could stand it no more. This continued for a while longer until I had a full erection again.

She was just about ready to come again when I slid up and straddled her. She grabbed my cock and put the head to her opening, and I began entering her slowly. I wanted to enter slowly in order for every sense and nerve in my cock to savor the feeling, but she had other plans.

The instant I began to enter she reached around and grabbed both cheeks and impatiently brought herself forward so that she could engulf as much of me as possible. After three or four hard thrusts she had a mind-shattering orgasm. I slowed down into more slow rhythmic strokes to what seemed a solid hour of maddingly slow screwing until finally I could hold back no longer and we both began bucking wildly, moaning in ecstasy, and in unison we blissfully came. We totally collapsed into each other's arms and out of sheer weariness fell asleep.

When we awoke, we moved to the bed and continued where we left off. This went on for two and a half days, until the day her husband was expected home. We had one more for the road, and it was the most touching lay I'd ever had.

When we finished, she fell asleep and I showered, got dressed, went in to kiss her good-bye, but thought better about waking her and left. I was standing on the road for no more than 15 minutes before my ride came along. I glanced back for one last look and saw her looking out of the window. I didn't want to get into the car, but I assured myself there were other women down the road and got in.

I hope she reads this story and remembers. That was over a year ago, and I've done a lot of hitchhiking since. — *Name and address withheld.*

Try it!

I would like to share an experience with you that my girlfriend and I had recently. It was late one weeknight, and Maria and I were watching television. The phone rang, and it was a good friend of mine, Ralph. He explained how he and his wife, Tracy, had just returned from a movie that dealt with group sex.

He asked if we would like to come over and drink some wine and talk. We had always been intrigued by the thought of a threesome with another girl, but we had never thought about another couple. We were reluctant, but we decided to go.

When we arrived, they were already pretty loaded and we started to do some catching up. The talk came easily, and pretty soon we were all losing our inhibitions and getting very horny. Maria and Tracy disappeared into the kitchen after some more wine while Ralph and I drifted into some stereo talk.

About 10 minutes later it dawned on us that the girls had never returned with the wine. Ralph got up quietly and peeked into the kitchen. His eyes lit up, and he started grinning from ear to ear. I sneaked over to take a look for myself.

The girls had started without us. Their shirts were pulled up, exposing their breasts. They were both exploring each other's bodies, caressing and licking their nipples.

When they realised we were watching, they became embarrassed and made us go back and sit down. From the living room we could hear their footsteps to the bedroom.

The minutes passed like hours, and we both had hard-ons. We couldn't stand it any longer, and we went to the room. We opened the door and found Tracy and Maria naked on the bed. They were kissing passionately and rubbing each other's pussy. Our first reaction was to strip our clothes and jump in bed.

We climbed in and grabbed for anything. I had one of Maria's breasts in one hand, and I started licking Tracy's pussy.

I felt a hand grab my cock and then the warm wet sensation of Maria's mouth, which made me groan with pleasure. The pulsating mass of bodies constantly moving, gave me a sensation that was indescribable.

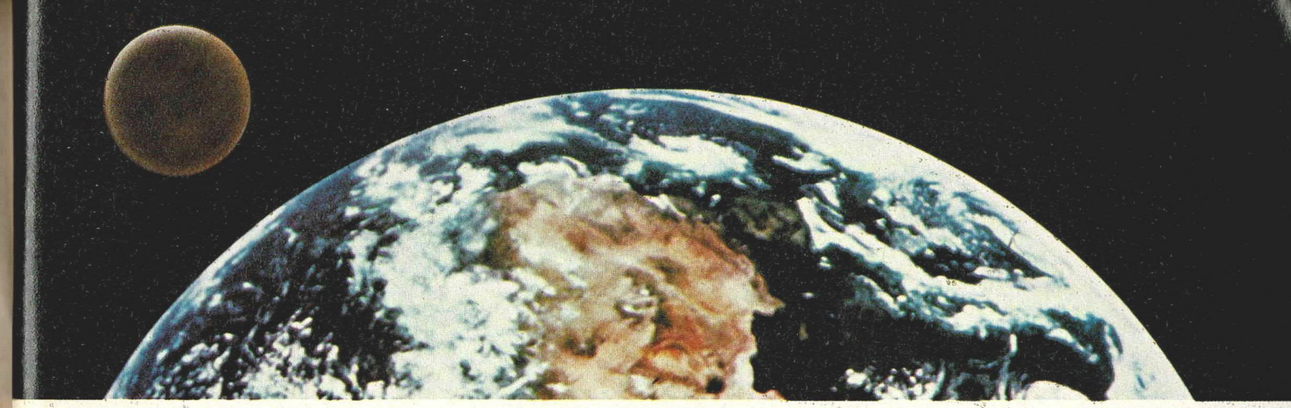
Ralph began screwing Maria in a circular motion, his balls slapping against her arse. When Tracy noticed this, she turned over and slipped between their legs, licking Maria's pussy and Ralph's balls and cock.

I worked my way in, and we all reversed the process. I then felt my balls being licked by Maria as I stroked Tracy slowly. The loving went on, ane we found ourselves paired up with each other's partner. Ralph was screwing Maria hard, her body jerking from the swift motion.

Tracy had mounted me on top, and I was trying to watch everything — Tracy's tits bouncing on her body gyrating in a dancelike motion and Maria screaming with pleasure. The session drove on and on until we were so tired from orgasm we stopped to have some wine.

We have had several encounters since then, and each is better than the last. If anyone is reluctant to try group sex, try it! We think you'll be surprised! — *Name and address withheld.*

"At first guess I'd say it was an Anglican primate."



Proof that there is intelligent life on earth.

In the world today there is an extraordinary magazine called Omni.

Every month it brings you the words, thoughts, dreams, and intelligence of the great scientists and thinkers of our time. In Omni you will encounter people like Carl Sagan, Buckminster Fuller, Alvin Toffler, Margaret Mead.

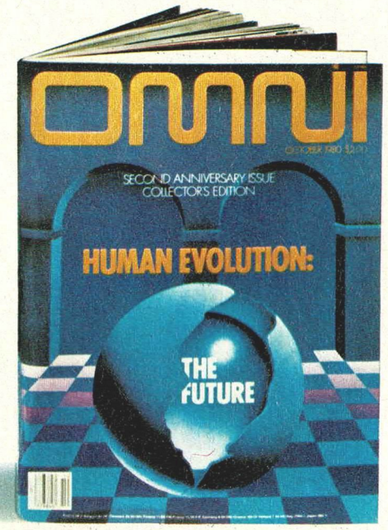
You will read astonishing new stories from writers like Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, Robert Heinlein.

You will learn of the latest discoveries in space, in medicine, in physics. The state of the quark and neutrino. The ins and outs of holograms, bionics, laser surgery, genetic engineering. Things you wouldn't read unless you get Omni.

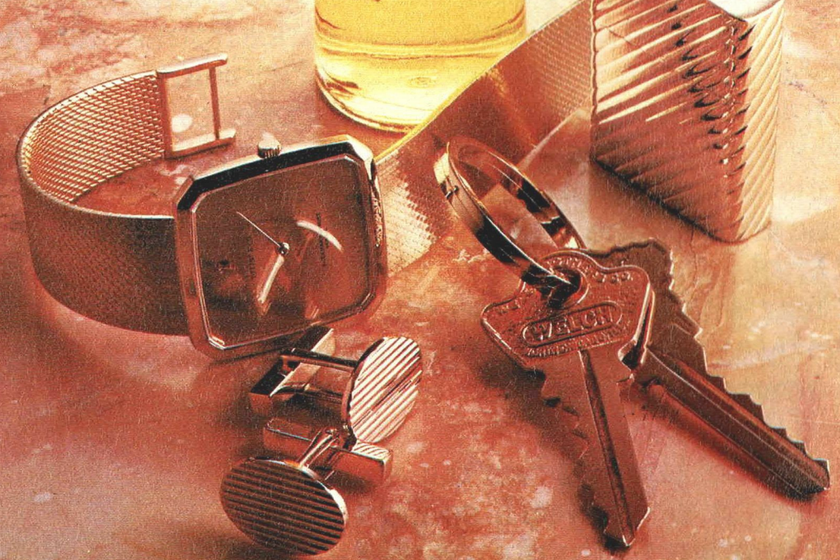
You will see stunning photo essays by exceptional photographers. And artwork that has won awards around the world.

In Omni you will find out about the place in which you'll spend the rest of your life: the future. As well as the fascinating, surprising, weird and wonderful world of the present.

Any civilisation that can give birth to an Omni magazine can't be all bad. Available at newsagents.



You won't wear anything else.



Pierre Cardin Man's Collection.

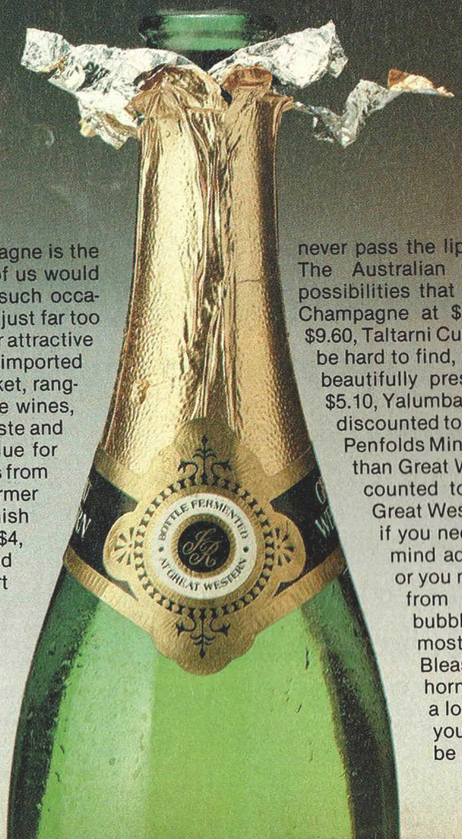
After Shave. Eau de toilette. Deodorant. Talc. Aerosol Shave Cream. Soap.

SHSE0320

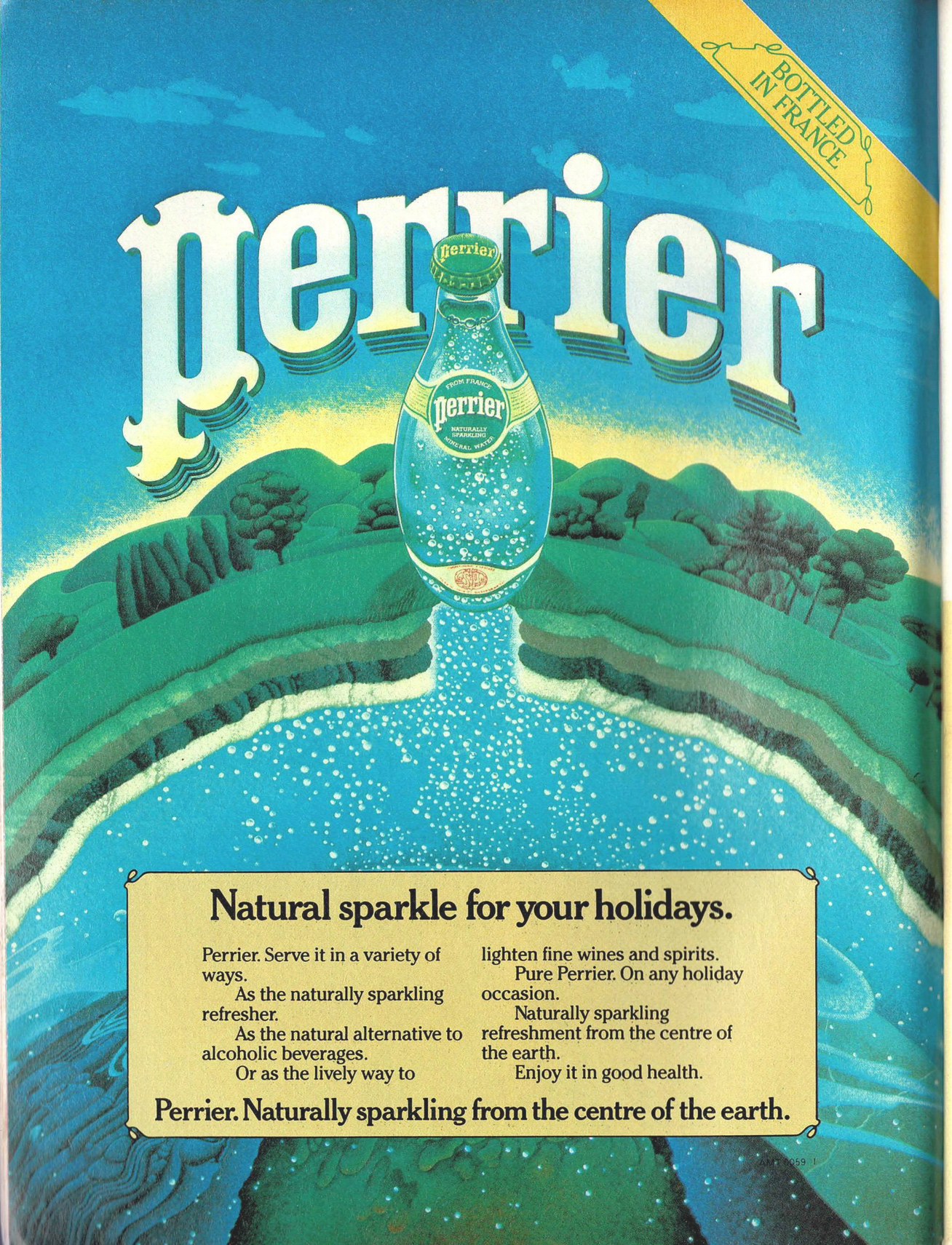
How to get into the spirit of things during the bubbly season.

CHRISTMAS CHEERS

BY PAUL DAY



There is no question that cold champagne is the ideal start to any festivity. While all of us would like to drink French champagne on such occasions, the sad reality today is that it's just far too expensive, so it's necessary to look for attractive alternatives. There are some excellent imported sparkling wines in the $4 to $10 bracket, ranging from bone dry to sweet spumante wines, and what you choose is a matter of taste and availability. Measured in terms of value for money, many low-cost sparkling wines from Spain and Italy are very good. Farmer Brothers in Canberra offer a Spanish sparkling wine for rather less than $4, which puts it in the same financial field as the mass of Australian bubbly. Apart from true French champagne and a few other premium lines from Europe, the best Australians are now up to the $10 mark, so practically the entire range from around $3.50 up is complemented by imports. It goes without saying that there are some good wines and some that should never pass the lips of a self-respecting drinker. The Australian market fairly bristles with possibilities that range from Tyrells 1979 Pinot Champagne at $11.25, Tullochs Brut 1978 at $9.60, Taltarni Cuvee Daly — which will probably be hard to find, more's the pity — at $5.75, the beautifully presented Orlando Carrington at $5.10, Yalumba Brut de Brut at $5.00 (but often discounted to $3), Wynns Romalo at about $5, Penfolds Minchinbury (which is a better wine than Great Western) at $5.75, but often discounted to $3.50. Talking of discounts, Great Western may be worth considering if you need a "free" umbrella, you don't mind advertising Seppelts by using it, or you need an umbrella to protect you from a shower of popping corks, bubbly spray or Melbourne rain. A most reliable low cost bubbly is Bleasdale Brut, from Potts at Langhorne Creek. You could certainly do a lot worse at a higher price. When you recognise that you are going to be admired by friends who won't



Natural sparkle for your holidays.

Perrier. Serve it in a variety of ways.

As the naturally sparkling refresher.

As the natural alternative to alcoholic beverages.

Or as the lively way to lighten fine wines and spirits.

Pure Perrier. On any holiday occasion.

Naturally sparkling refreshment from the centre of the earth.

Enjoy it in good health.

Perrier. Naturally sparkling from the centre of the earth.

AM 0059 I

know the difference or will lace it with orange juice, settle for San Bernadino, the type depending how sweet a tongue you have.

Yaldara Demi Sec or Extra Dry are in the reasonable value category, as is Hardy's Courier, another Demi-Sec style.

Since most wine drinkers like a bit of variety — or should — we now turn our attention to white wines. Here the selection problems can assume alarming proportions.

The usual final criteria must be how much you want to spend and what is good value for that much brass. I am not prepared to recommend casks — anyone who reads *Penthouse* should be able to run to something reasonably respectable for Christmas. For starters, look at the Lindeman range. Their wines have a well-earned reputation for consistency and reliability. I remain convinced that their Ben Ean Moselle is one of the best-blend, best-value nationally distributed wines in the country. At the top end, you have the fine four bin number wines, most often made from Hunter Semillon.

Another white wine leader is Orlando. Their basic rieslings and white burgundies are good value — the special labels are frequently among the best white wines made in Australia and they cost between $2.50 and $4.50. Another modestly priced wine that has impressed — particularly with a little bottle age — is Stanley's Spring Gully Riesling at $2.50 a bottle, but often discounted. Brown Brothers of Milawa are noted for their consistent quality in the $2.50 to $4 range.

Depending on personal taste, the drier wines are best suited to entrees and to cold meats and salads.

Chardonnay is the most recent varietal to become fashionable, but at a price. Most cost between $4 and $6 and the highly prized Petaluma is about $9.50, if you are lucky enough to find some. Few Australian winemakers can handle this variety well and create wines of the stature of those made in Burgundy or in California.

The exceptions are Tyrells, Lake's Folly and Petaluma. Brown Brothers of Milawa, Draytons and Tisdall have made some good wines.

Light summer reds are a bit thin on the ground, but probably the best made so far is the Yalumba Beau Vais I reviewed a few months ago.

Unfortunately, not much was made, so perhaps by next year, encouraged by the good reviews of their first try, Yalumba will make more in useful quantities. Orlando Jacob's Creek, while not a light weight, is in fact an excellent red at a modest $2.80. Frankly, the best light reds come from Europe — Beaujolais, some Cotes du Rhone, Chianti from Italy, Bordeaux from petits chateaux. Pleasing wines should be obtainable for about $4 to $6, but it is not easy to recommend specific wines because few imports with national distribution are worthy of recommendation.

If you see them, Beaujolais or Beaujolais Villages from Robert Sarrau or Georges Duboeuf can be relied upon. Sarrau also makes some excellent, light, youthful, fruity Rhone wines that sell for about $4.25, but availability other than in the Sydney market would be a problem. Some young light Bordeaux reds from good years like '75, '76 or '78 can be good value, but most are limited imports not widely available.

Some fine late-harvest Spatlese and Auslese styles are better reserved for dessert courses; however, it is best to keep something far richer to cope with a Christmas pudding if you are determined to hang on to at least that much tradition. A really good rich plum pudding will overwhelm all but the finest French Sauternes and since a good Chateau d'Yquem can

The ayes have it, for Gordon's gin.

Gordon's and orange. Gordon's and soda. Gordon's and dry.
Gordon's and bitter lemon. Gordon's martini.
Gordon's and tonic. Gordon's and water. The gin preferred internationally by more people who prefer gin.

It's got to be Gordon's.

AB449/80

GS4389

AB777/80 563.P176

Black & White Scotch Whisky

set you back at least $80 these days, a rather better idea is a good port, tokay or muscat.

While good examples like Galway Pipe or Seppelts Para Liqueur Bin 103 can emerge from the Barossa Valley, the best source of really great Australian ports, muscats and tokays is north-east Victoria.

You can really indulge your fancy from between $5 for a Morris Old Tawny or a Baileys Award Muscat (also $5) to an All Saints Old Tawny in a really nice glass decanter at $10.40, or Baileys HJT Muscat or Tokay at $9.65, or Lindemans Old Liqueur Muscat at $9.05, or a Morris 120th Anniversary Liqueur Tokay for $20, or the Muscat at $24.

Other flights of fancy are the Berlingieri 1933 Tawny in hand-made bottles of a style used more than a hundred years ago for $100 — give or take a little — or track down an old Seppelts Para like a

‘The ultimate may be to really have a fling and buy an 1878 or 1879 Seppelts Para for $1500.’

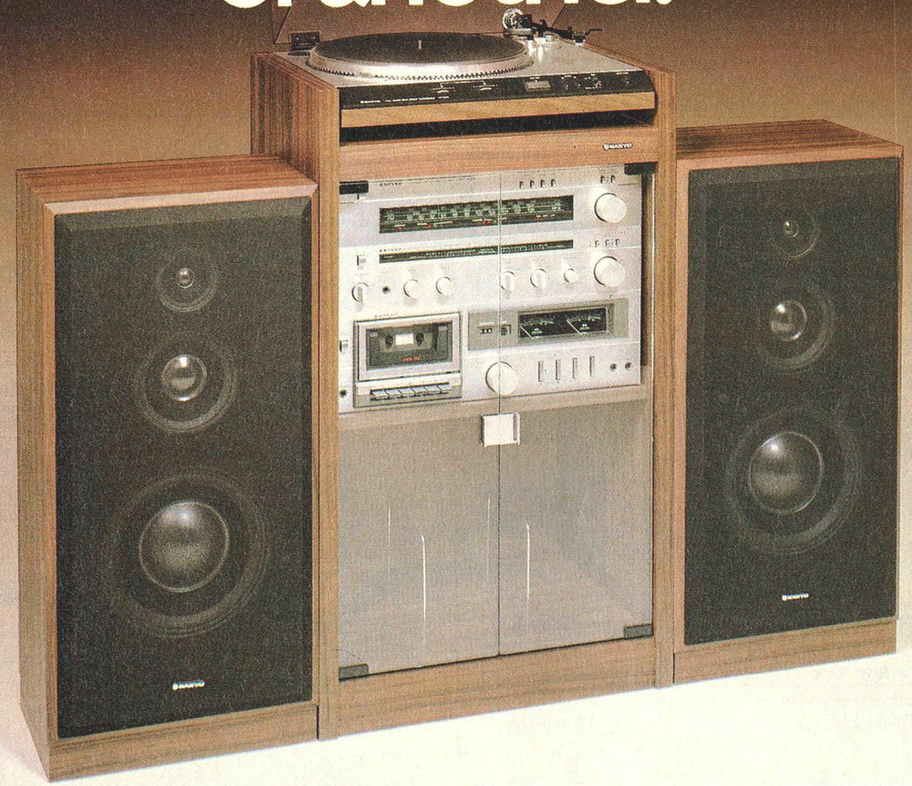
1930, or '27 or '22. The ultimate may be to really have a fling and buy an 1878 or 1879 Seppelts Para for $1500. I would suggest, however, that excellent value can be found between $5 and $10, and it always pays to look around before you buy your supplies. If spirits are your go, then we do have a few very fine old brandies that are all relatively expensive because we have to pay our government so much for the pleasure of being allowed to have them.

What you drink will, in some cases, depend on the weather. If you are in Melbourne, keep this guide until a day or so before Christmas, check the forecast for the Sydney-Hobart yacht race and decide if the foregoing is any good to you.

If you appear to be facing a fairly typical Melbourne Christmas day, keep the bubbly, rush out and get a few good bottles of red, hang on to the Sauternes, Ports, Muscats etc, and grab a few more of them just in case the chill sets in.

P.S. Don't forget the soda water, mineral water, Alka Seltzers, vitamin B and C, and to leave the wheels at home. — Merry Christmas.

Sanyo G Series Systems. One great feature on top of another.



At the top of the Sanyo range of G Series music systems is the G-4, pictured here.

At the bottom of the picture, a cassette deck with wow and flutter of just 0.08%, timer standby and Dolby noise reduction.

Above that, a 40 watt per channel amplifier with all the controls you could ask for, and LED power output meters.

Then, a sensitive AM/FM tuner, with filters, and LED signal strength and timing meters.

On top, a fully automatic turntable with DC servo motor and stroboscope.

Housing it all, a matching rack with room for your records and with glass doors on the front. Beside it, 3 way speaker systems with 25 cm bass drivers.

G SERIES MUSIC SYSTEMS

Other systems in the Series are the less expensive G-3 and G-2 systems.

Each of them is a neat idea in the way of hi-fi.

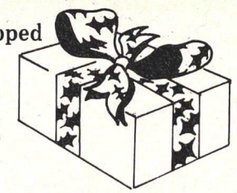
SANYO

PHG 3794

PERFUME

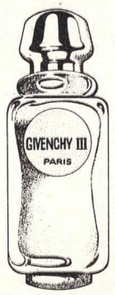
CHOOSE FROM 108 DIFFERENT FRAGRANCES

Gift Wrapped FREE



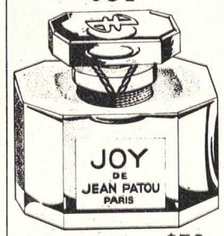
The Gift every Woman Adores

GIVENCHY III



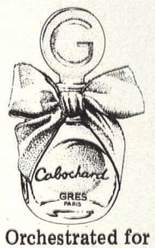
Very gentle and very feminine
60 ml Spray **$25**
7 ml Parfum **$32.50**

JOY



7.5 ml Parfum **$76**
The costliest perfume in the world

CABOCHARD



Orchestrated for elegance
From $15

ARPEGE

Promise her anything but give her Arpege

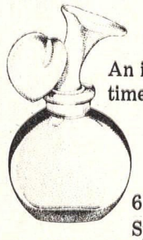
From $29.50

CORIANDRE

Love through experience

60 ml E.D.T. Spray **$29.50**
7 ml Parfum **$36**

CHLOE



An idea whose time has come

60 ml E.D.T. Spray **$25**
7.5 ml Parfum **$50**

MA GRIFFE

Meaning 'My Signature'
5 ml Parfum **$25**

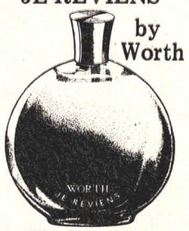
CARDIN de pierre cardin

If Paris were a Perfume it would be Cardin
7.5 ml Parfum **$37**

TAMANGO

An exotic floral
From $25

JE REVIENS by Worth



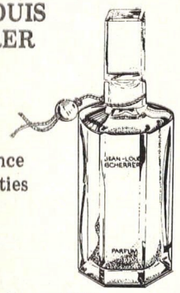
The legendary azure-blue fragrance
From $23.95

SHALIMAR

Guerlain's masterpiece
From $24.95

JEAN LOUIS SCHERRER

The fragrance of the eighties



From $30

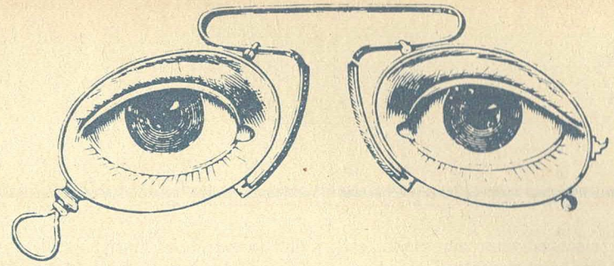
AVAILABLE AT

Happy Christmas

from Paris with love

Perfume & Cosmetic Specialty Stores

SYDNEY CITY: ROYAL ARCADE (02) 264 8391, C.B.A. CENTRE (02) 27 4481, CENTREPOINT (02) 233 2249, THE STRAND ARCADE (02) 231 6949, BAULKHAM HILLS (02) 639 3822, BONDI JUNCTION PLAZA (02) 387 4353, BURWOOD PLAZA (02) 74 0259, CAMPBELLTOWN (046) 26 3340, HORNSBY (02) 477 5214, HURSTVILLE (02) 570 4402, MOSMAN (02) 960 3674, NORTH SYDNEY (02) 922 6551, PARRAMATTA (02) 635 6360, DUBBO SQUARE (068) 82 5147, NOWRA (044) 2 2012, TAMWORTH (067) 66 5993, CANBERRA (062) 48 0058, MELBOURNE (03) 63 1648, ADELAIDE (08) 223 5703.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE ANGRY CAMEL LADY

BY RENNIE ELLIS

Why couldn't they understand that some of us just don't want to be famous," pleads camel expert and desert trekker Robyn Davidson in her recently released book *Tracks*. Robyn is the 30-year-old woman the international Press dubbed as the "camel lady" when, in 1977, the media discovered her nearing the end of an eight-month, 2720km cross-country odyssey from Alice Springs to the West Australian coast.

With a support system of four camels and a dog and an unrelenting determination not only to explore the remote areas of the Australian desert but a deep well of her own resources, Robyn caught the imagination of the job-shackled, routine-addicted public as no other adventurer had in recent years.

The fact that she was a young woman, an attractive one at that, created an impact. The repercussions left her confused, angry and cynical of the manipulative power of the Press.

Now back in Australia to promote the book, her views on Aborigines and the place of the individual within us all, Robyn Davidson was confirming her opinion that society is, as she puts it, fucked.

"The most profound learning experience of the whole project has been in dealing with the Press," she insists. While she took two years learning to handle camels and preparing for the journey, she neglected to ready herself for, or even to perceive, the eventual media focus. And it is her treatment by the Press rather than the ravages of the desert that has had the biggest effect on her.

Essentially a very private person, she admits being "stupidly naive" in this area. "I really didn't think anyone would be all that interested. After all I am not exactly the first person to venture into the Australian desert by camel. All the attention came as a real shock."

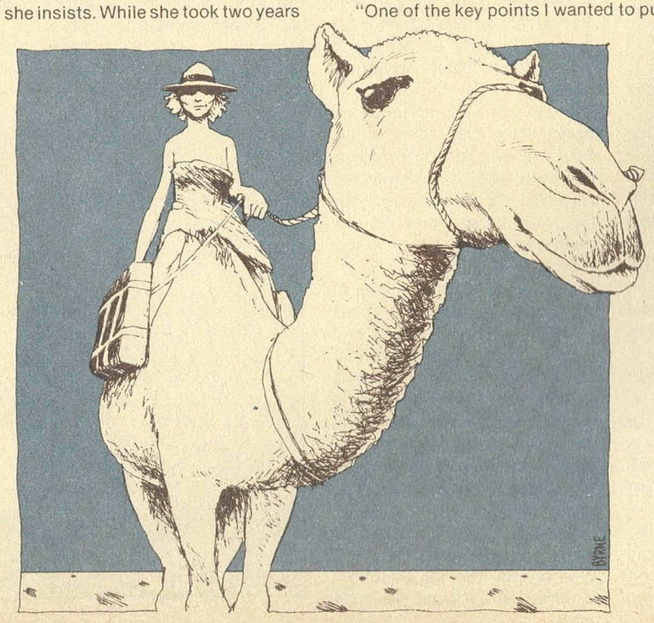
She is particularly harsh on the reporters who pursued her over the last few days as she neared the coast. "I hated strangers, especially insensitive strangers, coming out interrupting what I thought was a very private undertaking and writing stories about me that were just not true," she said. .

The stories, she felt, had nothing to do with her as she knew herself. They made her appear exceptional and different. "And that was the antithesis of what I set out to do. The thing about the trip was that if I could do it, then anyone could do it. But the media created a creature to whom ordinary people could not relate or have access to. The first 18 months after the trip were extremely difficult because I hadn't really worked out what was going on.

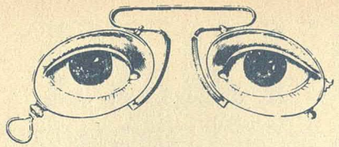
"It was like I was confronted with an identity kit called the camel lady which everyone had a perspective on except me. It was almost a psychotic experience. You see yourself one way and you are being presented to the world in another way. And suddenly people are relating to that other identity and it's very confusing."

Since then, she says, she's got much tougher about what it all means. During her recent publicity junket around Australia she tried to use the media to talk about the issues arising from her journey that she felt were important. More important than what happened to her dog or how she felt when she reached the coast.

"One of the key points I wanted to put across was that from living with the Aboriginal people I realised they are undergoing a total decimation of their culture and are dying from malnutrition and related diseases. But that information was in many cases effectively left out of what finally went to press or to air.



"I think the media supports an image of the Aborigine that is just not true. The emphasis on them being drunk, lay-about parasites. Sure, there are a lot of drunks, but if you or I had to live under similar appalling conditions and our culture totally ripped asunder we would probably be drunks, too. How can the Government cut back Aborigine spending when Aborigines have one of the worst health rates in the world and one of the richest cultures?" she asks with



increasing despair. "What we have to come to understand, and it's not easy, is the Aboriginals' feeling for their land. It is everything — their law, their ethics, their reason for existence. Without that relationship they become ghosts. Half people. When they lose their land, they lose themselves, their spirit, their culture. This is why the land rights movement is so essential. By denying the Aborigines their land, we are committing cultural, and in this case, racial genocide. People need to be more aware of what is being destroyed. How valuable and important it is to us, as well as the Aborigines. This destruction is like burning books."

Seeing as Robyn had, and still has, no interest in being a famous personality, why then did she write the book and allow the media access to her? There seems to be a contradiction.

"I wanted to set the record straight, to tell the truth — my story in my way," she said. "And I also wanted to share with people the fact that I was an ordinary bumbler, not some amazing creature as the media would have you believe. I wanted to show how I came to terms with myself and the society I live in. I learnt a lot about me.

"The important thing is that more people should make those kinds of decisions about their lives and not be manipulated or forced into boring, predictable patterns of behavior. I was lucky and privileged to do the trip. But even people burdened with responsibilities as I was not, need to make decisions about the sort of person they want to be and what they want to do with their life. It can be as simple as deciding to divorce a husband or getting out of a job you know is not developing you. Of accepting challenge and not being continually frightened of whether you have the capacity of living out your potential. I firmly believe that if you force yourself into a difficult situation you then discover your real talents and your real strengths.

"We need to be pushed into a position where we realise what the world is doing to us, and we ought to be appalled and frightened and angry at it."

SCENES

PYRAMID POWER

The connection between sex and pyramids has never been obvious, but a pair of Sydney women are out to change that. Carole Carson and Dawn Farley, both in their mid-thirties, are selling pyramids — the small variety — in a bid to show people their wondrous qualities.

They point to an array of books lining their new Pyramid Power Shop claiming pyramids can perform all types of tricks: revitalise you, improve your sex life, mature wine, preserve food, mummify meat, sharpen razor blades and even sweeten water!

It must be said that neither of the women knew much about these tricks until a doctor told Dawn, a headache sufferer, that she should sit under a pyramid. Dawn claims she's hardly had a headache since and, better still, her two-metre high pyramid has revitalised her and her sex life. "I've never looked back," she told us.

Their shop, in the heart of Sydney's eastern suburbs at 116 Bronte Rd, Bondi Junction, features multi-shaped pyramids with varied prices and shapes. Top of the range is the $55 model, an aluminium or wood 2m frame pyramid which is large enough for a small army (or at least two or three people) to laze under.

The "cheapest" is a $15 energy grid, named because of the multitude of pyramids built into a small plastic box. Carole Carson says the grid isn't as strong as the larger pyramids, but can still age wine, "energise water", aid ailing plants and help germinate seeds.

BURGER BUSINESS

There's coals to Newcastle, refrigerators to the Eskimo and hamburgers to the Americans — or so we might have thought up to now. One enterprising New Zealander, James Daemar, decided there was nothing funny about flogging hamburgers to the Yanks, unless you think a potential $12 million market is something to laugh at.

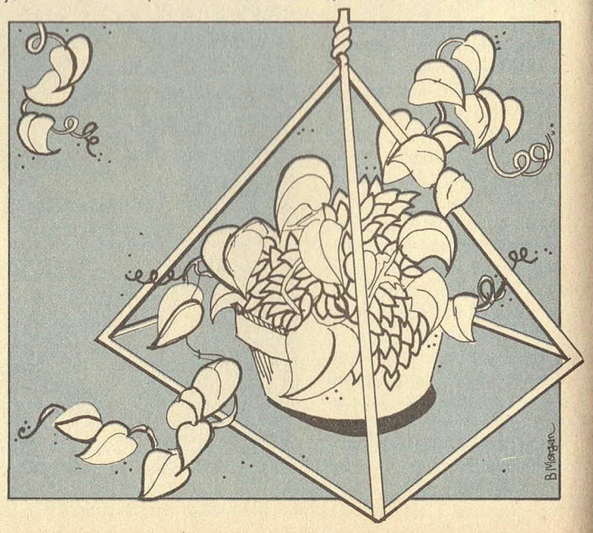
Daemar, 36, has beaten everyone to the punch by coming up with a viable hamburger vending machine. He has saturated New Zealand with franchises, has just about sewn up Australia and is now turning his attention to offers from the US, Singapore and a chap who wants to put 50 — selling "lamb-burgers" for the Moslem market — into Bahrain airport.

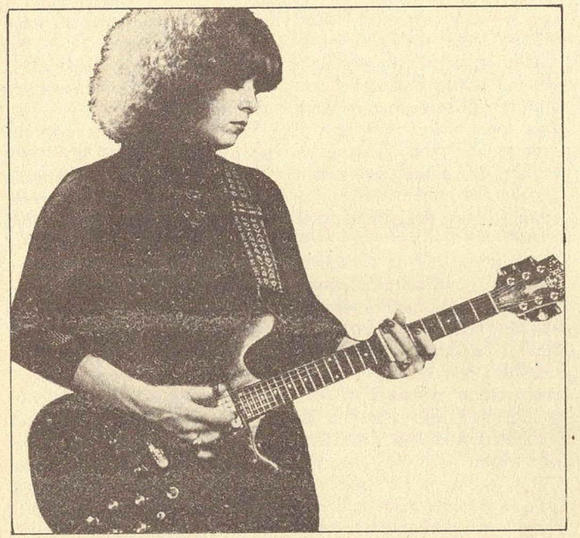
One gentleman from California offered Daemar $3 million for the whole US franchise, an offer Daemar had no hesitation in declining: "If the US franchise for a line of herbal hair products is sold for $12 million (which it was), how can we be worth any less?"

If that seems like a lot of bread, then the evidence so far suggests Daemar's Torro Burgers will gobble up a good bit of the fast food market. Some of the prime NZ sites, such as service stations, bars and company canteens, are doing 90 burgers a day and Daemar is confident some Australian sites will manage 300 to 400 a day.

As well as the franchises — which range here from $20,000 for South Australia to $70,000 for Victoria and Tasmania — Daemar collects a royalty on each burger bought, and a piece of every $4500 machine placed.

The key to Torro Burgers success is the vending machine, which holds 20 burgers hot and ready — at $1.20 a time — in an





Ellen McIlwaine, the singer/songwriter/guitarist/pianist with a large cult following in this country, is receiving great acclaim and full houses during her "Sliding Across Australia" tour with Margret RoadKnight. Concerts are being held in most capital cities, and details are printed in daily papers.

electrically-heated, forced-draught oven. Apparently there were too many problems associated with building it as a microwave oven.

Once the 20 are consumed, the machine is restocked from a chiller and the heat raised to 180 deg C for about 20 minutes to prepare the next batch of foil-wrapped burgers. The temperature then drops to 80 deg C, the vending heat.

Like a lot of good ideas it sounds very simple, but developing the machine from the basic idea took Daemar five years. In that time he got into what he calls a "succession of fringe businesses", such as an escort agency, just to keep body and soul together while he worked on the Big One.

The burger, which literally is quite a big one with a meat pattie of 125g, or almost 4.5oz, could have been designed for the US market since it comes with herbs and spices, but none of the traditional salad dressing Australians are used to. Even though the product is dumped if unsold after 24 hours, the salad turns to powder after a couple of hours of constant heat.

But Australians are already well on the way to being educated out of their preference for fresh dressings, and a survey by Daemar shows that people rate convenience at least 25 points more important than taste in their fast food purchases.

Now, about that shipment of refrigerators/freezers heading for Lapland . . .

JOB BOOM

In any job-popularity contest, prowling through thick bush searching for faulty artillery shells which might explode at a touch must come pretty far down the list.

It is an indication of the unemployment situation throughout Australia in general and Western Australia in particular, that 68 men between 20 and 60 years old are delighted to have been signed on for just that task — while nearly 450 other volunteers among the State's many jobless are disconsolate at having missed out.

The bizarre assignment had its origins in World War II when a coastal bush area near Warnborough Sound, 60km south of Perth, was pressed into service as a practice range for Australian artillery units before they were posted to fighting zones in the Middle East or the Islands.

The area was regarded as so remote that only desultory attempts were made to clear it when the war ended and its use was discontinued. But the development of WA's main heavy industrial complex at nearby Kwinana converted Warnborough virtually into a dormitory suburb — and early residents were soon reporting rusty but potentially lethal ammunition finds within a few hundred metres of their new homes.

For more than seven years, responsibility for removing this menace was the subject of buck-passing between the Federal and WA governments.

Canberra refused to let the Army tackle what was obviously a nasty and dangerous job, rendered more hazardous because explosives in the shells would have deteriorated and become increasingly unstable during the past 35 years. Instead, federal authorities agreed eventually to finance a scheme whereby clearance was undertaken by civilians after a two-week period of instruction in the use of metal detectors — the phrase "crash course" has been sedulously avoided.

Within the first three days, two of the clearance team found a 25lb shell, capable of demolishing a good-sized building, 20cm beneath a graded road frequently used by four-wheel-drive and trailbike enthusiasts. Finds since have included live shells from 18lb field guns, 76mm mortars and 20mm cannon as well as quantities of metal ranging from shell fragments to old cans and bottle-tops which confuse the detectors and make the task more dangerous still.

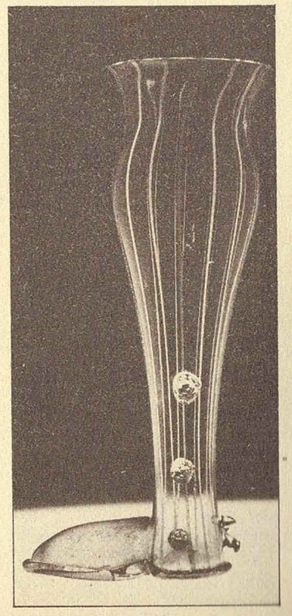
Even so, the main fear among team members is that the job may end too quickly and throw them back on the dole; though admittedly that is not an immediate prospect, with an estimated 12 square kilometres of bush to search in parrallel sweeps which extend little further than a man's arms.

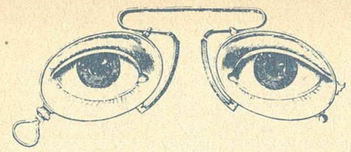
In the meantime, each man is keeping a tally of his shell finds in an impromptu monthly competition for the highest score.

As one volunteer explained: "It makes things a bit more exciting . . ."

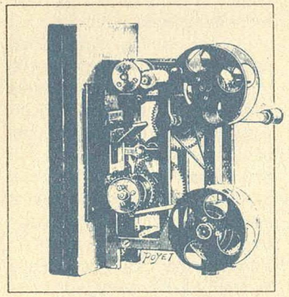
CLASSY GLASS

If it was for sale, you could impress your mates by drinking your beer from the 16th Century boot glass pictured below. It's part of the $2 million Cinzano Glass Collection on exhibition at art galleries from January 15.





FILMS



SAVED BY THE BLUES

What is there to report about John Landis' long awaited follow-up to the huge success of his first feature, *Animal House*? The riotous gutter humor campus comedy was a surprise to both film-makers and distributers alike. It was the sleeper of 1979, racking up millions of dollars. So it was with great anticipation that all waited to see what Landis would attempt next.

It was — and I suppose — had to be, a comedy. *The Blues Brothers.* A white man's salute to the musical culture of the blacks. And it almost works. The overall level of the comedy is just as basic as it was in *Animal House.* The pacing, at times fast and furious, also flounders, as if director Landis wondered what to do next.

A reported $30 million extravaganza, this film suffers heavily from too much footage . . . an exhausting 133 minutes which crams each and every frame with an overload of action, noise of an indescribible level, soul music and much too much car crashing and smashing. No matter how those elements are tossed around together, in the end it remains just that, a mishmash of discordent elements that somehow never come together. There is simply too much for the viewer to assimilate.

The fact that the film runs so long does little to keep bums on seats, bums which in the past several years have grown accustomed to the newer, shorter length features. Anything over 90 minutes simply has to be good and have a lot going for it to hold the attention. The *Blues Brothers,* unfortunately, is not one of those films.

The slenderest thread of a plot holds together the energetic shenanigans which some may find amusing, but many more may find merely exhausting. The credits alone must hold the *Guinness Book Of Records* award for length, seeming to roll on endlessly. A rough count disclosed at least 400 different names and positions that were responsible for *The Blues Brothers.* Oh, if the effort put into listing all those names could have been diverted into producing a more agreeable product!

Animal House's very own fat man slob, John Belushi, and deadpan Dan Aykroyd, together make up the Blues Brothers, Jake and Elwood.

Jake and Elwood's first sighting on the big screen is indeed picture. Jake (Belushi) is released from prison. A much-abused police car waits outside the prison gates. A long and lean Elwood (Aykroyd). eyes hidden by sunglasses, is waiting. The gates swing open. The sun is rising. And in the golden glow is the silhouette of a man.

The music (by Ira Newborn) swells to biblical proportions worthy of any Charlton Heston epic. The two walk towards each other . . . it's the Blues Brothers reunited. The scene brings a good laugh because of the seriousness with which it is presented. A dramatic send-up well staged.

But there is a problem. Elwood informs Jake that the penguin is in trouble and only the Blues Brothers can help. The penguin is Sister Mary Stigmata (Kathleen Freeman, overbearingly effective), director of the orphanage in which they were raised, and she needs $5000 to save the parish.

Of course the only legal way Jake and Elwood can raise such a sum is to put their old band back together again. It turns out to be a feeble excuse to wreak havoc upon the unsuspecting city of Chicago.

At each and every stage of the story, the Blues Brothers are singly and jointly pursued by the police, the army, the marines, the Nazis, the fire department and everyone on Universal Studio's lot. This leads to more than one or two car chases.

In the final analysis, the movie becomes one long car chase with a few jokes thrown in for good measure. The gnashing of hundreds of bumper bars does not a good movie create. The addition to the plot of Carrie Fisher as the Mystery Woman who goes about blowing up everything in her path, does little to add to the proceedings.

The film's great — and only — pleasure lies not so much in the acting finesse of Aykroyd and Belushi, whose singular highlight is when they discover "religion" at a black revivalists' meeting led by pastor/singer James Brown, but in the sweet sounds of soul music as it should be presented. The talents, both acting and singing, of the likes of Cab Calloway, James Brown, Ray Charles, Aretha Franklin and the Blues Brothers Band, do much to lift the dismal and repetitive quality of this comedy whose jokes are, at best, merely amusing.

The Blues Brothers *suffers heavily from too much footage.*

Nicholas Roeg's films are always interesting, particularly because of the unique visual style he manages to achieve with his long-time cinematographer, Anthony Richmond. It's an intimate, close-up, totally involving technique that takes the audience right into the life and times of those depicted so graphically within his films.

Films like *Walkabout* (filmed in Australia), *Performance, Don't Look Now* and *The Man Who Fell To Earth* all had personal appeal. But, with Roeg's new film, intimacy is taken just that little bit too far. Called *Bad Timing,* the title was perhaps a shade too prophetic.

Again Roeg uses Richmond to capture the enervating tale of a downbeat love affair between Dr Alex Linden (Art Garfunkel . . . yes, the same Garfunkel of Simon and . . . fame), an American psychoanalyst teaching at a university in Vienna, and Milena Flaherty (Theresa Russell), an attractive American girl married to a mysterious Czechoslovakian.

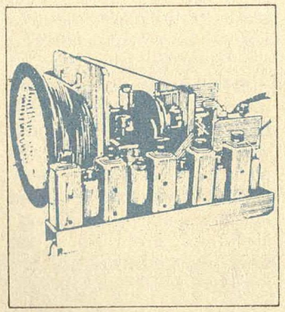
Bad Timing chronicles their strangely obsessive love affair, consummated with equal amounts of love, hate and jealousy. It is in depicting their relationship that Roeg takes intimacy too far. There are interminable scenes of this mismatched pair's trip down the winding road of obsessive love.

Roeg fills valuable screen time with close-ups of the two, with Milena doing what she does best, picking up other men or voicing drunken recriminations, and Alex screaming out his jealousy. Then there's the loving "small" talk they share prior to and just after their violent lovemaking. It's interesting "small" talk if one happens to be a participant . . . boring if one has to sit and listen. Lines like: "Ever been married?" "Nope." "God, I hate these sheets." Yale Udoff, the scriptwriter, clearly lacks imagination.

The fact that Garfunkel as an actor is hardly charasmatic does not in the least help. Competent, yes. But the man, unfortunately, has no screen presence. Roeg might as well have cast Humphrey Bear in the part. At least *he* has some personality. Russell as Milena is fine. She is, in fact, quite convincing as a far-out lass who gets her kicks equally from men and alcohol.

Had Roeg and Udoff spent more time developing two more accessible, identifiable characters, it just *might* have worked. As it is, it's a flawed work that has only its visual appeal to rely upon. — *Alex Anthony.*

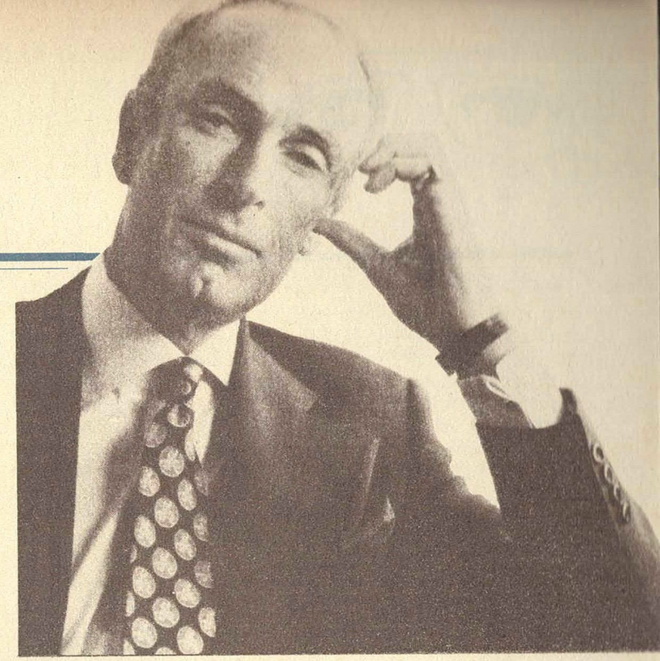
TV



THAT'S SNOW BIZ

Ladeez un chennelmun. Velcomm to Chennel 0 Eznik Telfishin." Calm down Al Grassby, that is not, repeat not, a dig at the mighty Macedonians, battered Slavs and other new citizens responsible for multilingual television being brought among us.

It is merely a form of dyslexia of the brain caused by peering at a TV set snowing like the North



Gyngell's come a long way since Name That Tune.

Pole, with both horizontal and vertical holds spinning like a Bhuddist's prayer wheel.

I can't understand it. I watched the *Penthouse* Pet of the Year program the same night (I only watched it for the articles) and everything was loud, clear and sharp as the proverbial meat skewer.

Maybe the ethnic people have different eyesight. I can recall a cricketing friend once telling me that the reason the Nawab of Pataudi scored so many runs was because "Indians have special eyesight".

He was referring, of course, to the Nawab of Pataudi Snr. The Nawab of Pataudi Jnr only had one eye.

Somehow we have gotten off the track.

Anyway, needless to say, we were dead keen to watch the opening night of Channel 0, or Channel 28 on your UHF receiver, whatever that means.

We wanted to see Bruce Gyngell again. We remember him fondly from *Name That Tune,* one of television's earliest game shows, in which scenery would fall on contestants, buzzers would stick like car horns in a traffic jam and Gus Merzi would get his fingers caught in his accordian.

Bruce Gyngell is now El Supremo (just an ethnic touch) of Ethnic Television or the guru of it all, as he modestly proclaimed on Channel 9's *60 Minutes* program. Indeed there is little in the world of TV that Gyngell has not been El Supremo or guru of. He seems to have that certain something that appeals to both governments and the people who run the channels.

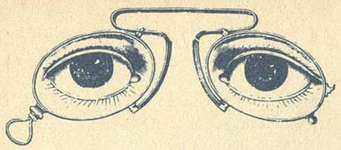
Without ethnic television, there would have been nothing left for him to be guru of. Bruce has come a long way since *Name That Tune.*

But what we have so far seen on ethnic television after having taken to the fine tuner with a hammer and chisel, does not seem to be terribly ethnic.

The musical variety shows, in which the participants have been Italian and French, owe little to their native cultures. They have come across like slightly more lavish versions of *The Don Lane Show* — minus Don's Wheel, of course. I don't know what Tin Pan Alley is in French or Italian, but that is what it is all about.

There is schizophrenia in the air. They staged a French musical show called *Numero Un,* which is really having a little each way.

There have been Yugoslav films and Swedish films, all suitably ethnic with English subtitles and no doubt interesting to the Yugoslavs and Swedes among us. But I doubt whether Tony and Maria and the rest of



the gang from the hills of Calabria would be held spellbound.

That, of course, is the one great weakness in a multi-racial society such as ours. By trying to please everybody, you wind up alienating the majority.

Frankly, ethnic television would suit me right down to the ground if we could rely on movies like *Elvira Madigan, Ballad of a Soldier, The Bicycle Thieves* and some of the classics of neo-realism being screened at some sensible and civilised hour.

We could watch them in their original languages, following the sub-titles, rather than endure the appalling dubbing into raw Brooklynese that always seems to happen whenever a commercial channel is daring or foolhardy enough to screen a (gasp) Continental Film.

But the fact that only a tiny proportion of ethnic television's potential audience actually saw Bruce Gyngell open the station, must say something for the cynicism of our politicians.

With a Federal election in the offing, ethnic TV became a rush job. It is quite evident the bugs that plague ethnic TV were not even considered in the haste to get it to air. I have not spoken to a single person who manages to get interference-free reception from Channel 0.

Things may get better, but I doubt it. All the experts seem to agree that there are problems with Channel O's signal that can be remedied only by a $200 aerial. Frankly, I do not have that kind of money to splash around on multi-lingual culture. I have been snowed again.

I know the elections are dead and buried and it is hardly fitting to be talking about them so long after the event, but I have been at boiling point ever since I saw George Negus at his insolent worst in interviews with Malcolm Fraser and Bill Hayden on *60 Minutes*.

I can forgive TV interviewers practically anything, because I realise just how taxing their jobs can be. But I cannot forgive an interviewer for not doing his homework. Negus was guilty of that. He was armed with no facts at all when he tackled Fraser and Hayden and seemed to think that because Fraser used an accountant to do his tax return, he was some kind of silvertail.

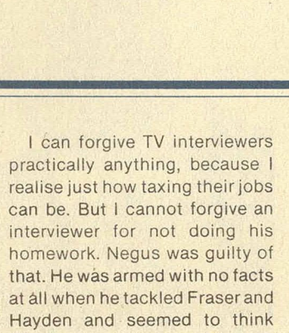
He hammered away at this trivial point until the Prime Minister, no doubt exasperated by it all snapped back: "Well, I am the Prime Minister, after all."

The Hayden interview was one long slur from beginning to end and the Leader of the Opposition would have won a few votes by restraining himself from hanging one on the Negus jaw.

It is said that after the Fraser interview, Negus said to the Prime Minister: "Well, that was pretty good," to which the PM replied: "It was bloody awful."

It was one of the few times I have agreed with Malcolm Fraser. — *Neal Akerman.*

SOUNDS



REVIEWS REVIEWED

The usual mixed bag of records crossed my desk this year. The good, the bad and the mediocre. I've picked the seven albums I believe to be the best releases of 1980, and they are, in the order in which they were reviewed:

Cold Chisel are improving with every album.

Various artists, *No Nukes* (Asylum) — Average age 30 plus, the stars of *No Nukes* are firmly-rooted in the ideals of the Sixties, and dated though those ideals may be, it sure is good to see them back on display. Springsteen and the Doobies take out the honors for good honest rock, Jackson Browne, James Taylor and Crosby, Stills and Nash win the emotion stakes hands down, hearts on sleeves. Let the music keep our spirits high indeed.

Split Enz, *True Colours* (Mushroom) — I have to admit I'd given up on Split Enz, the artful crazies who preceded New Wave by a good two years and always seemed to lack a positive direction because of it . . . the band's sixth (yes, sixth) album has taken me completely by surprise. There isn't a bad cut here. The Enz have had a chequered career which seemed to bottom out with the dreadful *Frenzy* and some shocking live gigs. They've not only turned the corner, they've crossed town.

Ayers Rock, *Hot Spell* (RCA) — a long time out of the studio, the Sydney jazz fusion band has come back revamped and slicker than ever. The songs are short and to the point, and there is little of the intra-band grandstanding that characterised their earlier work.

Cold Chisel, *East* (WEA) — Rough, throaty, eloquent and devastatingly powerful in its spare delivery, Barnes' is the voice of a true rock hero, and *East* is its best vehicle to date. Cold Chisel is developing into a raw rock band capable of rare subtlety — an Australian Rolling Stones — and improving with every album.

Pete Townshend, *Empty Glass* (Atlantic) — This is a bitter, heartfelt and brilliant album, the world seen through the bottom of a glass of the favored drop of the middle class rock star — Remy Martin cognac. The music is inspired throughout. Inspired by bitterness, and, as the man says: "I stand here at the bar / I hold an empty glass."

Richard Clapton, *Dark Spaces* (Festival) — Richard Clapton has developed a style of music which stands apart from considerations of fashion. He is the consummate singer-songwriter, spinning tales of hard times and lost loves, and weaving moods of black despair and occasionally faint hope. But black as it is, the album inspires hope in this reviewer — hope that Clapton will continue to torture himself and delight his listeners for years to come.

The Dugites, *The Dugites* (Deluxe) — The Dugites put down your basic Sixties pop with a hard edge, a la B52s or locally, The Reels, but what makes them so special is the infectious enthusiasm with which they approach a fairly dated musical form. When their sophisticated musicianship is allowed to surface, it comes not as a surprise but a tantalising taste of the riffs that lie ahead. The Dugites are going to be big. — *Phil Jarratt.*

Jerry ***Leiber*** and Mike ***Stoller*** have written more hit songs than you can shake a music encyclopaedia at. They were one of the most creative and aware songwriting teams of the rock and roll era, developing several unique styles including the comedy rock songs featuring spoken word and singing, such as Along Came Jones, Yakety Yak and Little Egypt (all recorded by the Coasters).

Those three songs, and 27 others, are now on a double album set, *Only In America* (WEA), featuring the original artists. There's Ruby Baby (Dion), Kansas City (Trini Lopez), Spanish Harlem (Ben E. King), Jackson (Nancy Sinatra and Lee Hazelwood), There Goes My Baby (The Drifters), and a selection of Coasters hits including Poison Ivy, Charlie Brown and Searchin'.

Although I enjoyed all the tracks (only five are in stereo, but what the hell), read with interest the extensive liner notes by Robert Palmer and appreciated the inclusion of year-of-release dates on each song, one thing really bothered me — I knew all the words!

Another album featuring a variety of artists is the Sesame Street record, *In Harmony* (Warner Bros). Much, much more than a kids' album, *In Harmony* is a collection of sensitive, ageless songs by top performers. Standout tracks (and they're all good) include Wynken, Blynken and Nod by ***The Doobie Brothers***, Jelly Man Kelly by ***James Taylor***, ***Bette Midler's*** Blueberry Pie, I Want A Horse by ***Linda Ronstadt*** and ***Wendy Waldman***, and ***Al Jarreau*** singing One Good Turn.

After an avalanche of big production soundtrack albums, *The Secret Policeman's Ball — The Music* (Island through Festival) was a welcome, refreshing relief. This is a companion record to *The Secret Policeman's Ball*, which features the "words" of the movie of the same name and its stars, John Cleese, Peter Cook, Billy Connolly and Michael Palin.

The Music album is acoustic, except for ***Neil Innes'*** Spontaneous, which features the John Altman All-Star Big Band. All tracks are outstanding — from the opening cut, ***Pete Townshend's*** voice and guitar on Pinball Wizard and Drowned (from *Quadrophenia*), to ***Tom Robinson*** with 1967 (So Long Ago) and Glad To Be Gay, and ***John Williams*** playing Cavatina, Bach's Bourree and his duet with Pete Townshend on Won't Get Fooled Again.

You don't need to have seen the movie to appreciate the album. — *Carol Ashdown.*

Crosby, Stills and Nash at the No Nukes concert.

WORDS

PICK OF THE BUNCH

Now is the time most reviewers, given the task of choosing some books for a "year's best" list, whinge about what a thankless task it is to pick a few from such a wealth of riches . . .

Cods. The year has been much like any other, turning up a couple of exceptional works among the vast sea of good-average efforts. Publishing being a venture intended to make profits, out-and-out rubbish is not all that common — although some weeks, one wonders.

The criteria we used for choosing these books are straightforward: they are all books which have already been reviewed in *Australian Penthouse*, since we don't waste space on complaining about rubbish (an exception to that rule would be a shot at an inferior work from an established writer who should know better) and having made it into our pages is already a measure of worth; we also believe a reader, whether learning or relaxing, has a right to be entertained and stimulated by talented prose. A book doesn't have to be dull to be informative.

So among the books listed here are several which make us think about ourselves and our place in the world, and about others. There are some who believe the most important expression of talent is making that talent universally accessible: there's little point in being recognised as the world's leading authority in a field if only five other people can understand you.

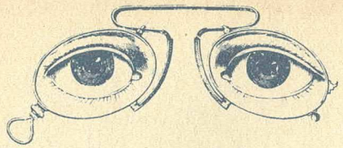
But whether you're reading about double-helix molecules or escapades in East Berlin, we think you'll agree we haven't lost sight of the most important (well, maybe second-most) spice of life, entertainment.

The books are, in the order in which they were reviewed:

The Eighth Day of Creation by Horace Freeland Judson (Jonathan Cape, $23.35) — "Judson has so exhaustively researched and covered his topic that his book moves out of the realm of dessicated texts into a sweeping montage of the personalities involved in perhaps the greatest detective story ever written, that of the hunt for the elements of life."

The Unlimited Dream Company by J.G. Ballard (Jonathan Cape, $13.40) — "It is the popular . . . response to Blake, as well as his own response to the powers he assumes, which generate the energy for the book's sweep in allegorical, almost prose poem bursts without losing that vital link to our mundane psyches rooted in today's truths."

Elvis '56 — In The Beginning, by Alfred Wertheimer (Cassell, $8.95) — "They are stunning, intimate pictures of a Presley few people ever saw . . . they not only



document the beginning of a showbusiness era, they show us the freewheeling side of a man who spent the rest of his life running for cover."

My Brother Chilperic, by Paul Murray Kendall (Allen & Unwin, $16.50) — "One is wizarded into thinking one is reading straight, narrative history ... Kendall's wealth of knowledge about the period, from the rules of kingship down to the minutest detail of everyday life ... the book is a serious political statement, but the first impression ... is of watching a conjurer and having a lot of fun."

Thy Neighbour's Wife, by Gay Talese (Collins, $15.95) — "He is not a hound for elaborate detail, like Tom Wolfe, and yet he manages to describe the minutiae of everyday life of the famous in such a way that the reader comes to fully understand the thought processes of the men he profiles."

Bear Dinkum, by Neil Curtis (Wobbledagger, $9.95) — "A visual and verbal record of an ocker koala's journey. A parody on all sorts of things, from the pretensions of elitist art to matters as close to true-blue ockerland as the all-in brawl. It's a chronicle of 'grass-roots survival and the stiff-arm tackle as Art'."

The Garden of Weapons, by John Gardner (Hodder & Stoughton, $15.95) — "A classic tale of cunning and resourcefulness, duplicity and despair ... a brilliantly conceived, very well executed example of the art."

We're certain you'll enjoy all these books for their various qualities, whether you're looking for a light holiday read or something to get the brain cells working. — *John Hampshire.*

You can't swing a cat in a crowded pub these days without collecting at least a couple of authors of sociological studies of Australia. God knows who buys these books and why, but there have been some real stinkers, full of pretension, pomposity and words considerably longer than "bus conductor" and therefore lost on the bulk of the populace. Some of these books have been fair cows. Right now, however, we speak of three books broadly on the subject of the Australian condition which, along with liberal doses of the aforementioned pomposity and pretension, have a certain charm.

They are ***Days Of Wine And Rage*** by Frank Moorhouse (Penguin, $5.95), ***Time Of Hope*** by Donald Horne (Angus & Robertson, $12.95) and ***The Australian People*** by Craig McGregor (Hodder & Stoughton, $12.95). Unless Australia is about to hit American-style pits of introspection there is no way all three can sell well, which is something of a pity because, while all purport to offer insights into our journey through the past couple of decades, each has something special to offer.

To take Frank Moorhouse's collection of the journalism, fiction, poetry and drunken remembrances of the Seventies first: now here is a book which wanks openly and honestly and although I dearly wanted to hate it (former surf bum gives Balmain trendy what-for) I couldn't put it down.

That Frank Moorhouse and everyone else who was either a Whitlam staffer or on a Literature Board grant seemed to spend most of the Seventies in the New Hellas restaurant is of little or no consequence. Moorhouse's collection of his own and other people's literary odds and ends is touching and infuriating. Touching because it was a decade which encouraged the kind of thinking nationalism we could do with more of, and infuriating because it was also a time of great and largely unrealised expectations.

Wine and Rage is also worthy of special attention because it resurrects a literary shit-fight between playwright David Williamson and playwright and critic Bob Ellis and their respective wives, which by anyone's standards should never have been published in the first place but now that it's been out in the open for some time, let's be honest and admit that it's a very good read.

Donald Horne's book looks at Australia in the years between Menzies and Whitlam because he believes, as do most sociologists, that the political climate has some real bearing on the national psyche. I have my doubts but it is hard to find anything bad to say about the erudite Mr Horne's work.

He localises the great international youth culture movement of the time to a degree which I find somewhat parochial, but he also has some compelling things to say about peculiarly Australian cultural trends, like our growing acceptance of a multiracial society and our (perhaps) growing sophistication. The book is enhanced by news photos of the period and only pissants and pedants will note that between pages 10 and 11 there is a very rare picture of Harold Holt emerging from the waters of Port Philip Bay in a wetsuit to be greeted by his daughters in (according to the caption) November 1972.

Craig McGregor's revision of his 1960s sociology, *Profile of Australia*, does not have a lot to say about life in this country that is new: but then *Profile* was a very good little book and way ahead of its time. In fact, McGregor foresaw the countercultural move to the land and cleverly explained the reasons why such a shift was inevitable.

His revised work offers no such insights into how we will be faring at the end of the Eighties, but it does include some examples of the best journalism of the late Seventies. McGregor is at his best when he is observing rather than sermonising. He describes Bob Hawke's chance meeting with Ron Barassi in Melbourne's Windsor Hotel: "He strides through the main hallway of the Windsor, and as he does people call out to him, rush up and shake his hand, congratulate him on settling the petrol strike ... Barassi comes up, hits Hawke on the shoulder, and they stand laughing and shouting at each other. 'G'day fuckface,' says Hawke." — *Phil Jarratt.*

The World's Best Party Jokes (Aries Imprint, $3.95) is aimed at filling that Christmas I-haven't-forgotten-you-but-I-didn't-want-to-spend-too-much market. It's almost 500 jokes, some old, some corny, some new, and some very funny, allegedly collected by Dame Norah Titov, who, we are told, is the daughter of a Bulgarian count and a Volga boatwoman. She told her first joke at the age of eight months when she ripped the head off her Winnie the Pooh doll and called it a deadshit. As the cover says ... don't read it in public because you'll laugh till tears roll down your legs. Available at newsagents.

Before discovering Australia the Dutch had already developed the art of making fine cigars.

Long before Abel Tasman discovered Australia in 1642, the Dutch were practising the art of producing and enjoying fine cigars.

Holland's seafaring explorers and traders – most of whom were employed by the Dutch East and West India Companies – had brought back fine tobacco leaf from their voyages to Cuba, Peru and Brazil.

The subsequent colonisation of the Dutch East Indies (known today as Indonesia) led to the introduction of Sumatra Sand, an exceptionally fine tobacco highly prized for the outer wrapping of a cigar; and which can only be harvested once every four years.

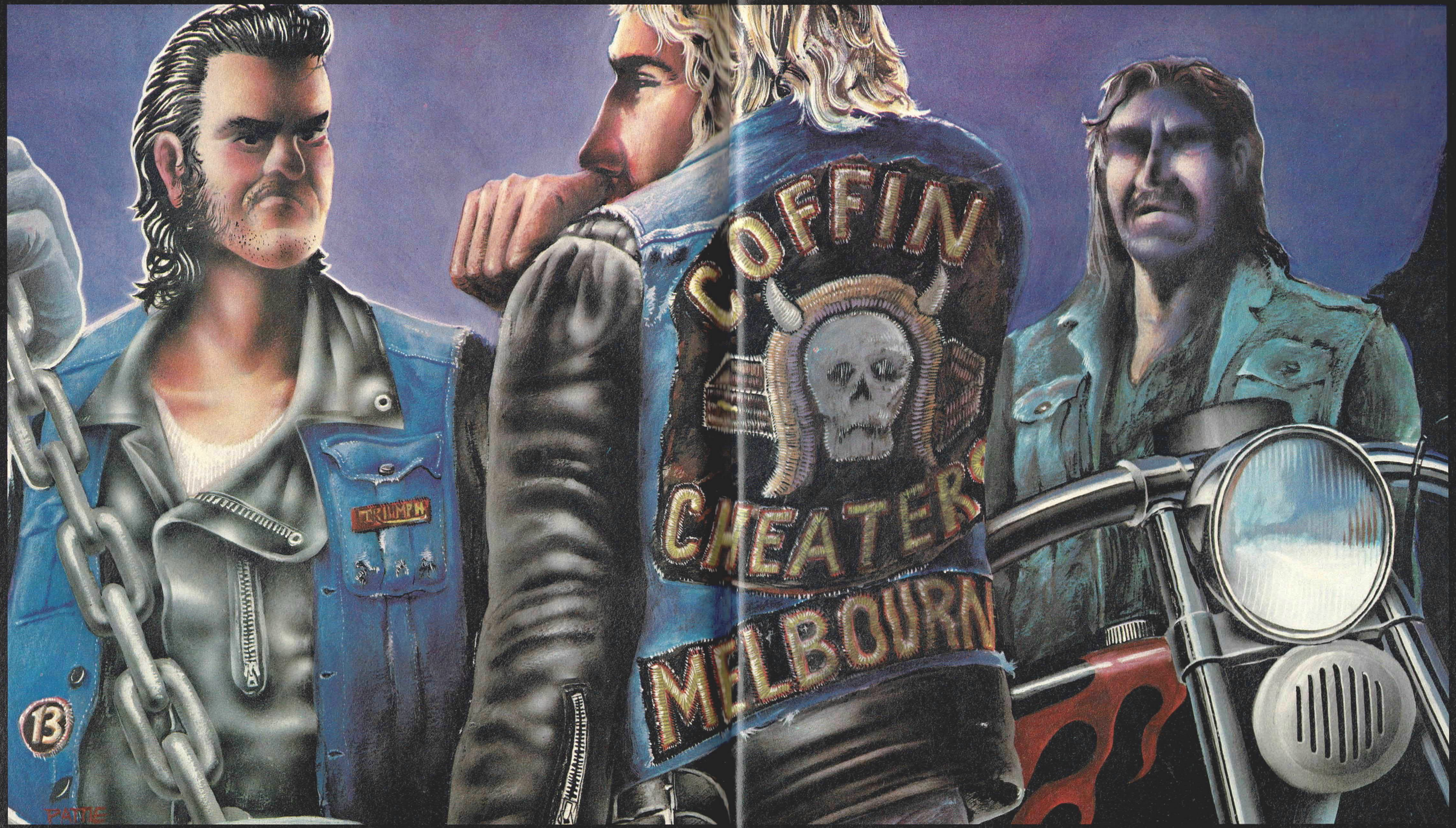
On maturity, each leaf is separated into two halves and rolled into either a 'left hand' or 'right hand' cigar.

Today, the House of Ritmeester still blends Sumatra Sand leaves with others from Cuba, Brazil and Java to produce their fine cigars. The pleasure of such quality is a discovery you can share with the Dutch the next time you enjoy a Ritmeester cigar.

Ritmeester – a discovery the Dutch would like to share with you.

RITMEESTER

PMC/117



WEEKEND OF HORROR

The genuine bikie is a rare animal who earns his place among the elite only after a brutal apprenticeship.

BY ANDREW CARSTAIRS

Illustration by Paul Pattie

The petrol station forecourt seethes with menace. It has the air of a hornet's nest seconds after a child has poked his stick in too far. Eighty bikies, all greasy denim and matted locks, swarm around the chrome and steel of their spitting, rumbling machines. The garage is on the outskirts of a drowsy country town in Victoria's western district. Now it is delicately poised on the outer limits of terminal violence. Just one small spark and the whole hideous carnival could erupt. The boys are on their way to a funeral deep in Malcolm Fraser country. One of their more beloved brethren has pushed it just that fraction too far, and they're going to see him off in the way he would have wanted. The 80 are perhaps a quarter of the army travelling the 320km from Melbourne to pay their last respects. Dead centre in the eye of the hurricane, parked at the bowsers, is a small lime-green car. So far its occupants have barely been noticed. All they want to do is slip surreptitiously clear of this awful circus. They might have made it, except Vomit had been looking for somewhere to pull his party trick. He stoops and peers

inside the car, sneering and gibbering at the terror he conjures so effortlessly.

Swaying, he suddenly leaps into the air, crunching down two-footed on to the car's bonnet, his army surplus boots biting hard into the paintwork. Legs astride, he unzips the fly of his oil-encrusted jeans. Slowly and elaborately he unfurls his flaccid but improbably huge penis.

Then, cupping it lovingly in both hands, he points its baseball bat dimensions up at the sky. Immediately a fine, golden stream of liquid jets out and up in a graceful arch. Vomit's head is thrown back, his mouth wide open, and incredibly the urine fountain ends on his lolling tongue. His Adam's apple bobs rhythmically as he takes it all back in. Not a drop is spilled.

As he wipes the back of his hand across his glistening lips, he soaks up the applause of his peers and lurches down from his perch. Today, six years later, somewhere there is a family which will never forget Vomit's party trick.

Their experience was typical of many a brief, traumatic encounter between the public and that alien phenomenon known as the bikie movement. They escaped, as is usually the case, revolted and with bruised egos. A small price to pay for a first-hand glimpse of a unique species.

Perhaps more than any other group or cult existing on the outer fringes of society, or even within its boundaries, the genuine bikie is an absolute. The real McCoy, and that means perhaps one in 50 of the outlaw club breed, is a rare animal.

He exists in a type of self-imposed exile. His only dealings with the public are on his terms. His only friends are his peers. To mix outside the club is unthinkable. His life style is governed by a rigorous and clearly-defined code. He helps elect, then unswervingly obeys, his leaders. He gives, and receives, total loyalty in all his dealings with those who wear the same club colors. And perhaps most importantly, he earns his place among the elite only after an often brutal and continually humiliating apprenticeship which can last for several years.

It is a myth that bikies display courage and fighting ability only in packs. The genuine article can, and often must, fight alone when heavily outnumbered for the honor of his club colors.

Another myth is that all bikies are bone stupid. Club presidents and members of the hierarchy are more often than not astute men possessed of the mental resources necessary for the control of groups of free and rebellious spirits.

A third myth says his motorcycle is always the first priority in a bikie's life. Not so. The club always comes first, the bike second. Family ties generally tail behind a distant third.

Again, most of this applies only to a tiny percentage of the thousands of so-called outlaw bikies who form clubs, don colors and ride Australia's highways. This elite probably numbers less than 300.

The undisputed aristocrats are the Hell's Angels. Although the Angels themselves would never admit it, there is one other club, based in Melbourne, which — if for no other reason than sheer notoriety — once came close to the role of pretenders to the Angels' throne.

They are the Coffin Cheaters, and on a Sunday in November 1976, they exploded on the nation's consciousness with precisely the blood-chilling horror only a supreme act of barbarism can evoke.

This was no high jinks on a garage forecourt. This was the Real Thing. If they'd been biting off heads it could hardly have been worse, and Mr and Mrs Middle Australia found their boiled eggs curdling inside them as they read about it in the Sunday morning papers over breakfast.

The Coffin Cheaters. Who were these frenzied, blood-lusting outlaws?

> The club's vice-president, Robert "Gorilla Snot" Stevenson, had paid the ultimate price — shot down by a young girl.

Over the next few months that question was answered. Most of the answers would come, not in the media coverage of the events of that awful night, but through the subsequent Melbourne County Court hearing. For 10 weeks the innermost secrets of the alien world of the Coffin Cheaters were laid bare by a group of men with refined manners and wigs. Secrets about a ritualised life style that would normally have remained sacrosanct under threat of maiming and disfigurement were revealed. Fluorescent woodpanelling, rows of leather-bound legal tomes, and everything you always wanted to know about bikies but were afraid to ask.

The trial began on March 1, 1977, four months after Melbourne had woken up to banner headlines screaming: "Brutal 24 Hours." The Coffin Cheaters had chosen the same night for their barbarism that a group of Pentridge prisoners had picked for a riot. The acting chief of the city's homicide squad, Detective Senior Sergeant J. Coates, had lumped the whole bloody mess together and described it as "the most lawless and violent weekend in Victoria for many years".

Details of what had happened in Gippsland's La Trobe Valley that weekend were scarce. Four Coffin Cheaters were charged immediately afterwards, making it legally impossible for newspapers to do more than hint at the details. Even so stories of death, gang warfare, pack rape, torture and terror leaked out during the months leading up to the trial.

Just about the only certain point was that one of the Coffin Cheaters would not be standing trial. The club's vice-president, Robert "Gorilla Snot" Stevenson, had paid the ultimate price — shot down by a young girl during the mayhem of November 5, 1976.

The eight other Coffin Cheaters who travelled to the township of Morwell that night were eventually all rounded up, one from as far away as Western Australia, during the four months leading up to the trial. They were:

Club president, Paul William Stephens, 24, motor mechanic, of Elsternwick.

Sergeant-at-arms, Neville John Bean, 25, brick stacker, of Richmond.

Peter Alan Doyle, 22, welder, of Burnley.

Daryl Francis Robinson, 21, motorcycle mechanic, of Elsternwick.

David Sargentson, 21, sheet metal worker, of Oakleigh.

Timothy George Elliot, 21, gardener, of Mildura.

Ian Charles Reid, 24, computer operator, of Bentleigh.

Douglas William Dempster, 23, builder, of Mallacoota.

Between them they pleaded not guilty to a total of 168 charges ranging from rape, malicious wounding, inflicting grievous bodily harm to aggravated burglary. Elliot was the only man not to be charged with an offence of a sexual nature. Since nicknames are a vital part of the bikie existence, and many never get to know one another's given names, a list of the eight club names is essential. They were Stephens — Scurvy; Bean — Goliath; Doyle — Doggy; Robinson — Rabbit; Sargentson — Dingo; Elliot — Tramp; Reid — Glug; Dempster — Dirty Doug.

Each of the eight was represented by a barrister — all but one on legal aid — at an estimated cost of $200 a day. Representing the Crown was Mr Gordon Taylor, and presiding was Judge Leo Lazarus, in purple and black robes and wig. Only two of the 12-member jury were women. The Coffin Cheaters, awkward in suits and ties, looked out of their depth and uncomfortably removed from the proceedings.

The court's introduction to the bizarre world they were to inhabit for the next 10 weeks came from a relatively minor witness, but one who was to go a long way towards pulling away the curtain of

New Seiko Duo
gives you the best of both worlds.

STOPWATCH measures up to 60 minutes in minutes, seconds and 1/100s of a second.

ALARM which can be set in 12 or 24 hour time to sound daily and for hourly time signals.

SECOND TIME ZONE which can be set in 12 or 24 hour time to any time zone.

DAY AND DATE CALENDAR automatically adjusts for short months (except February 29)

You've always wanted an elegant watch. But you also appreciate the functions a digital watch offers. Now Seiko offers you the best of both worlds with the brilliant new Seiko Duo. See the Seiko Duo Collection now at your local jeweller or department store.

Model illustrated HV009, $165 recommended retail price. Water resistant. Stainless steel. Other stainless steel and gold plated models are also available.

J.687

SEIKO DUO
First in elegance and technology.

secrecy surrounding bikie customs and morals.

He was Stephen John "Smokey" Dawson, president of a club called Satan's Cavalry, and long-time friend of the Coffin Cheaters' sergeant-at-arms, Goliath.

Dawson's role in the events of November 5 was minimal — the Cheaters called in on him for a brief visit during their journey from Melbourne to Morwell — but Dawson went on to reveal, albeit reluctantly, a point bikies always strive to keep from outsiders: how many members there are in their particular clubs.

Satan's Cavalry, he said, had 15 full members with colors (the insignia or patches adorning the back of the denim cutaway jackets worn by almost all clubs) and between eight and ten nominees, or trainee members. The club's heirarchy typically consisted of a president, vice-president, secretary and sergeant-at-arms, all democratically elected.

It emerged that Satan's Cavalry had started out with a book of rules governing conduct of members.

"And what happened to members who disobeyed those rules?" asked P. Cahill, representing Dirty Doug Dempster.

"Usually we just kick them out," said Dawson. "We tell them nicely to . . . I will say to them: 'Would you come here please?' and I will take his colors off his back, and then we just tell them to leave. We don't want anybody in the club that doesn't want to be in the club."

This, added Dawson, was typical of other clubs with which he had experience, clubs like the Warlocks, the Coffin Cheaters, the Vigilantes, the Immortals and the Satan's Sinners. After he had corrected Mr Cahill on the false information that no member is allowed to pass the club president on the road, Dawson went on to explain the significance of colors.

Colors were held in the highest esteem and never, in any circumstances, worn in cars. Nominees were only allowed their colors after a "hard time". Dawson enlarged on this: "The purpose being, if a guy wants to wear colors, he has to earn them, you don't give them to him out of a cereal packet." It had taken Dawson 4½ years to work his way up from nominee to club president. He knew what he was talking about.

The next witness was Glenn Harrison, an apprentice fitter and turner, giving evidence a week before his 21st birthday. Although the jury didn't know it then, Harrison was one of the victims of the Coffin Cheaters.

Harrison didn't really know it himself, either. The events of November 5 had been forever obliterated from his mind. Later in the case, when it was suggested Harrison's memory was perhaps more convenient than absent, a surgeon ruled this out entirely. His examination of Harrison in hospital immediately after his admission convinced Mr Francis Keiller, of the Central Gippsland Hospital, that memory loss was genuine.

Harrison, known as "Pig", told the court that in November 1976 he had been president of a club called The Resurrected for a year. Based in the Morwell area, the club numbered around 15, including nominees.

Harrison's evidence then moved on to May 1976 and a night which was to have a vital bearing on the events to follow. According to Harrison, he and his club were asked to visit the Coffin Cheaters on their home territory in Melbourne. The chosen venue was a pub in Beach Road, Hampton, a bayside suburb, where 20 Coffin Cheaters, under the leadership of their then president, Kevin "Shades" Marshall, had already gathered.

By the time of the trial Shades, like a frighteningly high percentage of the Coffin Cheater heirarchy, was dead.

> Shades was buried at Cheltenham Cemetry with full bikie honors. No fewer than 370 were in attendance.

But his death had a special significance. His shadow loomed over the proceedings, making its presence felt in a variety of ways, not least in the strange tattoos worn by almost all Coffin Cheaters. To the uninitiated they were meaningless, but holding them up to a mirror explained the mystery: they read "In memory of Shades".

Under the leadership of Shades, the Coffin Cheaters had been a club which put less emphasis on the almost military discipline enforced by his successor, Scurvy Stephens. According to Dirty Doug Dempster, giving evidence much later in the case, Shades was a highly unusual bikie: "He struck me as a person different from other bikie presidents I had met. I developed a deep friendship with Shades and got along with him. Shades was like a second father to my boy, and often played with him. He asked me to join his club, and offered to nominate me, and because he was different, and kind to my family, I readily agreed."

This was after Dempster had given up on the bikie life style, after a run-in with his previous club, where his bike had been burned and a button had been sewn on to his bare stomach. After Dempster joined the Coffin Cheaters, he said, Shades had been killed and Stephens took over as president.

"From that time on the club became more military, and Scurvy and Goliath more domineering, wanting to make the Coffin Cheaters the best club. Scurvy insisted that everybody do what he ordered.

"I remember vividly on one occasion I was late for a meeting, and he abused me, not listening to my excuse. Later that night he told me I didn't know how close I was to getting it," Dempster said, during his unsworn statement at the trial's conclusion.

Other Coffin Cheaters spoke with similar affection towards their dead president. Shades, like his immediate predecessor, a president called Fritz, died violently — Fritz allegedly from a drug overdose, Shades from a car crash.

The special significance of Shades' death was that it directly caused the events of November 5. It happened outside the Hampton pub on that May night in 1976.

The exact date was the 13th, a particularly ominous number for the Coffin Cheaters! Fritz had died on June 13, 1975, and the verdicts in their trial, although they did not know it then, were to be handed down on May 13, exactly a year after Shades' death.

According to Pig Harrison's evidence, the first thing that happened when he and The Resurrected pulled up outside that Hampton pub on May 13, four Coffin Cheaters — Shades, Scurvy, Gorilla Snot and Goliath — came out to them and demanded a levy of $10 a man. Another Cheaters' demand was even less palatable — they wanted The Resurrected to change their name. Both requests were refused, and there were no takers for a third — that the two clubs join battle on the nearby beach.

Eventually The Resurrected decided to leave and head home to Morwell. Pig Harrison takes up the story: "The Coffin Cheaters told us to follow them, and a few of our members told them where to get off, and then the break in the traffic came, and we took off to the right."

What followed was hotly disputed, but according to Pig a Coffin Cheaters' vehicle, being driven by Scurvy with Shades as a passenger, tried to run him down. The car ran off the road and, unknown to Pig, Shades was killed. The following morning, back in Morwell, Pig heard the news on the radio. That was to be his last contact with the Coffin Cheaters until six months later on November 5.

A few days later Shades was buried at Cheltenham Cemetery with full bikie honors. No fewer than 370 were in

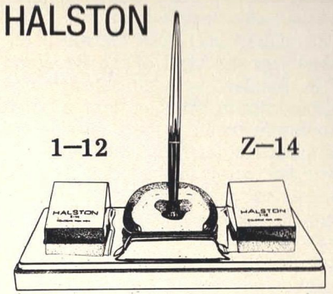
GIVENCHY
GENTLEMEN
After Shave
From $13

Eau de Toilette
From $18

GUERLAIN
HABIT ROUGE
AND
VETIVER

Vetiver
or After
Shave
From
$14.95

HALSTON

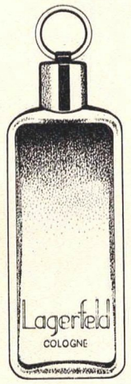


Desk Set with both fragrances
1—12 and Z—14 $9.95 with
any Halston purchase.
Cologne from $16

Your fragrance is as personal as your signature. It is the most subtle way to make your statement to the world — to stand out in a crowd — to lead — to enjoy success and all that goes with it. We stock over 37 different men's fine fragrances.

FRAGRANCE
FOR THE INDIVIDUAL MAN

MAKE YOUR STATEMENT TO THE WORLD.



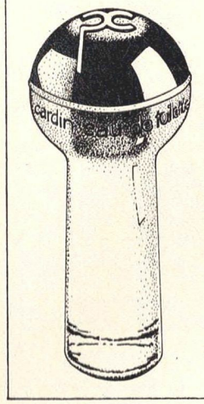
LAGERFELD
After Shave
from $16.50

Cologne
From $19.50

CARON
POUR
HOMME

After
Shave
From
$16.50

Cologne
From $19



PIERRE
CARDIN
After Shave
Lotion
From $15.75

AVAILABLE AT

from Paris with love

Perfume & Cosmetic Specialty Stores

SYDNEY CITY: ROYAL ARCADE (02) 264 8391, C.B.A. CENTRE (02) 27 4481, CENTREPOINT (02) 233 2249, THE STRAND ARCADE (02) 231 6949, BAULKHAM HILLS (02) 639 3822, BONDI JUNCTION PLAZA (02) 387 4353, BURWOOD PLAZA (02) 74 0259, CAMPBELLTOWN (046) 26 3340, HORNSBY (02) 477 5214, HURSTVILLE (02) 570 4402, MOSMAN (02) 960 3674, NORTH SYDNEY (02) 922 6551, PARRAMATTA (02) 635 6360, DUBBO SQUARE (068) 82 5147, NOWRA (044) 2 2012, TAMWORTH (067) 66 5993, CANBERRA (062) 48 0058, MELBOURNE (03) 63 1648, ADELAIDE (08) 223 5703.
ALSO: PINOCCHIOS LOOKING GOOD BOUTIQUES
— SYDNEY CENTREPOINT (02) 241 2588, MELBOURNE (03) 63 1648, NORTH SYDNEY NORTHPOINT (02) 922 6551

attendance from every club in Victoria, from the Hell's Angels down.

One of the more bizarre aspects of the funeral was the sight of the Reverend H.F.G. Randall, who officiated in full religious regalia, swigging from a bottle of Southern Comfort at the grave-side. He told reporters later he had been too frightened to refuse the bottle when it was passed to him by one of Shades' mourning fellow-members. Surrounding the Reverend Randall at the time were Gorilla Snot, Scurvy, Rabbit and Dingo.

Soon after the funeral Scurvy was elected president, and the Coffin Cheaters began to reflect on the role The Resurrected had unwittingly played in the death of Shades.

Harrison came up to the day of November 5 and told the court his last memory was of cleaning his bike during the afternoon. The next thing he remembered was waking in hospital with a hideous catalogue of injuries. Under cross-examination by Mr Woinarski, representing Scurvy, Harrison ran through a list of the nicknames of members of the Resurrected, taken from a black book he identified as the club's rule book. The names included Cockroach, Dactyl, Foreskin, Fart, Head, Hoges, Critter, Weasel, Rotten, Skunk, Silence and Hump.

Pig was then asked by Mr Woinarski if he had ever heard the expression "onion".

"A name for a girl that goes sexually with all the blokes," said Pig. Property, he later explained, was the name for a girl attached to a club member, and there were distinct rules governing the behavior of property.

Rule 30, for instance, in the Resurrected's black book was read to the court by Pig — "A nominee or property strikes a full member for no reason, they'll get the same back." And Rule 31: "Property is private, and no member can touch another member's property. If a member violates this rule, he's out." And Rule 32: "Property must wear denim at all times when on bike." Later in the trial the 'property' of a member of The Resurrected gave evidence. "I just had a patch," she said, "to say that I belonged to . . . nobody else could touch me."

Next Pig moved on to the most mythical subject of the colored wings worn by many bikie club members. Wings, he explained were awarded to particular members for certain deeds.

Yellow wings, for instance, were awarded for drinking urine. "Beg your pardon?" asked Mr Joseph Gullaci, representing Doggy Doyle. "Drinking urine," repeated Pig. "Drinking what?" echoed his Honor, Judge Lazarus. "Urine," said Pig.

Weeks later another member of the Resurrected, Terrence Coady (Dactyl) further enlightened the court. Brown wings, he said, were awarded for the "baring of a member's backside in public." Agreeing with Mr Bruce Walmsley, representing Goliath, that such wings were worn with pride, Dactyl added that red wings were presented: "When a person has oral sex with a girl . . ." Mr Walmsley: "Who is menstruating?" Dactyl: "That's right."

White wings, he thought, were awarded when a member has oral sex with a girl who has just had group intercourse. "These are the badges of rank, situations to aspire to, are they not?" asked Mr Walmsley. "Yeah, I think so," agreed Dactyl. Later in the trial Scurvy Stephens spoke of "woolly wings" awarded for "sex with a sheep."

The next witness of any significance after Pig was the surgeon, Mr Francis Keiller, who examined the Resurrected's president after his admission to hospital soon after midnight in the early hours of November 6. Early examination was hampered by Pig's extreme restlessness, said Mr Keiller.

> I was pushed back down into the chair, and I had this double-barrelled shotgun shoved in my face.

Pig, although unconscious, had been throwing himself around to the extent that it was quite impossible to get near him.

Mr Keiller said: "We couldn't even put an intravenous drip in him at that time." He added that such symptoms were typical of serious head injuries and "usually due to some form of brain damage". When Mr Keiller was able to make an examination, some hours later, he found the following catalogue of injuries:

"Severe bruising of the right side of the face, both eyes being completely closed; a fracture of the right cheekbone, which had been pushed in from the side; a straight line fracture in the left temple region about 4½ centimetres in length; a compound fracture of the end bone of the index finger of the right hand, the flesh had been opened up so that the bone was in communication with the outside; both ears were very swollen; there were cuts on the upper lip and chipped front teeth; a very untidy jagged laceration of the back right part of the scalp; lacerations of the left elbow, and a generalised bruising of all the limbs and the trunk. There were also on the back, up to about a centimetre in diameter, little circular lesions which looked like burns from a cigarette."

Mr Keiller added that Pig's awful beating had left him with a deformity of the index finger, while electrical tests of his brain function showed evidence "suggestive of brain damage".

The next witness on the stand was the 19-year-old girl who had been with Pig, in his home at Morwell, when the Coffin Cheaters broke in. Since the victims of sexual assaults cannot be identified under Australian law, this girl is referred to by the fictitious name Kathy.

She emerged from her ordeal in the witness box with quite amazing courage, almost as much as she displayed on the night of November 5.

So far the jury had heard no first hand account of the events of that night. Harrison's injuries and Mr Taylor's opening address had given some indication of the extent of the nightmare. Now the jury was about to encounter it face-to-face.

Kathy's story began between 10.30pm and 11 o'clock. She and Pig were sitting in front of an open log fire in the sitting room of the bikie president's home. Kathy lay across the couch with her head in Pig's lap. They were drinking cider and watching TV.

As do many horror stories, Kathy's began with a knock on the front door.

"Glenn (Pig) had just got up to fix the fire and turn the television over," she told the court. "There was a knock on the front door. He got up and went into the passage, towards the front door, and about three or four guys jumped him from behind from the kitchen."

Unknown to Kathy and Pig, several Coffin Cheaters were already inside the house by the time the other members of the gang knocked on the door. She went on: "I jumped up to see what was happening, and I heard all this thumping and that, and these two guys with two guns came in from the kitchen. I saw a couple of guys jump on Glenn, and I went towards the door.

"I was pushed back down into the chair, and I had this double-barrelled shotgun shoved in my face. I was told to sit down, you know, 'Sit down or else you'll get it,' so I sat there, and then they dragged Glenn into the room. He was unconscious by this stage and he was bleeding pretty bad.

"They dragged him up towards the couch and a guy came in towards me and handed me a piece of paper. I started to get up and he hit me down with the back of his hand on the left hand side of my face. He gave me a piece of paper and a biro, and said: 'Write down some names and addresses of the other members of

In 1847 Johann Gramp, founder of the Orlando estate, planted his first vines in the Barossa Valley.

And so began the great winemaking tradition that 133 years later has led to the release of Orlando Carrington Champagne.

Light and delicate, Carrington displays a perfect champagne bead, tiny and lively. The distinctive bouquet is refined, and the flavour crisp and clean throughout.

Now, at last, we can boast a premium champagne worthy of our name.

And you can savour a champagne that is well worth its wait.

ORLANDO

It's taken us 133 years to produce our premium champagne.
But it's worth its wait.

ORL2068

AB719/80

the club.' There were about eight or nine of them in the room."

With the help of another blow across the face Kathy provided two names: "I felt really rotten, because I didn't want to get any of my friends into any danger. They were trying to get Glenn up on the couch, and they just started kicking him and making fun of him and that. They couldn't get him up. They dragged him down on the floor and rolled him on his back.

"One of the guys had a knife and they cut his denim across the shoulder, to get it off him, and they cut it up the back. They pulled his jeans and his underpants and his T-shirt off him. He was still unconscious, and he wet himself. They started laughing at him and called him Batman. They thought it was a great joke.

"One of the guys was on his back, and one of the guys just had a smoke and was rolling it on his back, burning him. There was about four or five around him all the time, and I saw about four kicking him around the body area.

"They came in with a vibrator, and one guy came in through the kitchen with a container of margarine. And they put that on his anus, and then they started using the vibrator on him. They were just pushing it in and out, and then one guy put his foot on it, and pushed it up really far, like the whole length of the vibrator, and said: 'Oops, nearly lost it,' and they all started laughing.

"Glenn had this German helmet with a spike on top and one of the guys went and got it, and they put that up his anus too, the point of it. One of the guys came through from the kitchen with some pigs' eyes and they started to put them in Glenn's mouth, to try to make him eat them. I ran over and got them out of his mouth, and they pushed me back down on the couch again.

"One guy came and sat next to me and grabbed hold of both my arms and started saying: 'How would you like a bit of sex?', and I just sort of shouted out: 'No,' and just turned away. And then they all started saying things like: 'Yeah, that'd be good.' There were about eight in the room, I'd say. Glenn was still unconscious and bleeding.

"They all started to walk towards me. There was no one over near the fireplace, so I ran across there to get away from them, and then they were all sort of standing, on the other side, and they started to say, you know: 'Get your clothes off,' and that, and I sort of stood there.

"Then one of the guys came up and knocked all the things off the fireplace. By this stage I sort of couldn't control myself, I was pretty shaken up and that, so I started unzipping my jeans.

"And then they said: 'Keep going,' so I sort of took off my underpants as well, then they said: 'You haven't stopped yet,' and I sort of just stood there for a while, then one guy came towards me and then I quickly got my top and that off.

"I was feeling pretty lousy, really terrified. I stood there sort of trying to cover myself in the corner away from everyone, and they'd put Glenn's jeans, and a couple of the club colors down on the floor, and they sort of pulled me over there, and pushed me down on the floor.

"I was trying to close my legs and there was this guy holding on to my feet, pushing them up towards my chest. The margarine, one of them sort of slapped it on my vagina, then one guy moved in and had intercourse with me. My legs were up in the air, pushed down to my chest, the guy that was behind was holding on to them, pushing them forward and sort of out. Then another guy had intercourse the same way. They were holding my hands, trying to get my hands away from my face. I was covering my face. After

> Kathy's statement was broken by crying . . . delivered in front of the men who had violated her.

the second guy was finished I started to get up, and I was twisted round a different way, they pushed me down on to my hands and knees.

"These guys were trying to grab my hands to try to masturbate them, and one guy tried to have intercourse with me. I think he had a bit of trouble trying to get at me at first, but he did eventually. There was guys on either side, and one guy came in front of me, and he put his penis in my mouth. I wasn't expecting it, and he sort of got it in my mouth, and I spat it out, and he grabbed hold of my hair, and he yanked my head right back. My mouth opened, and I was right back, and he did ejaculate in my mouth. It was only in there a couple of seconds, and I spat it out on the floor.

"They were saying things like: 'You've got a good set of boobs.'

"I remember looking up at one stage towards Glenn, and he just started to come to. One of the guys left me and walked over there and jumped on his head, you know, sort of stood on his head and jumped.

"I was too scared to fight back, I didn't know whether I'd get my head blown off or what.

"I started to get up to move away from them, and I was pushed on to my stomach, straight down. I was being held by the arms, and one guy had intercourse with me that way.

"I sort of looked up and one of them used a vibrator up my anal part. They pushed it up really far, and it really hurt, and I yanked it out, and I just turned round and looked at him, and I thought to myself: 'Oh no, I'm going to cop it now.'

"Just after that one of the guys had a bottle of my nail polish remover, and they poured it on to and into my vagina, and I screamed and yanked it away, because it really burned. I screamed and moved it away because it was burning. It was a new bottle, and I sort of grabbed it away, and there was about half an inch left.

"Then I think they wanted to get going, they'd been there about an hour and a half I think, and they said: 'Come on hurry up Doggie, we've got to get going.' And he said: 'Hold on, I'm ready to come,' and a couple of guys grabbed him, and Goliath, the big guy, said: 'Don't ring the police, if you do, we'll come back and get you.'

"And he said something like: 'You're lucky you're here, bitch, or else he would have been dead.' Referring to Glenn. He was being continually kicked throughout the time they were there. He had red marks all over him. He was bleeding from the mouth and the head and that. Just before they left one of the guys had a bottle, it was a full bottle, and he bashed it over Glenn's head. It sort of showered around him.

"When they had gone I went to put on my top, and someone had wiped their bottom on it. They had dirtied all over Glenn. I didn't see it happen, but Glenn was dirtied all over his back, and they had wiped it on my clothes.

"I was lying on my back, one of the guys who'd had the bowel action on Glenn tried to get me to lick his anus, and I refused to do it. He sort of pushed right down on to me, so I sort of just wiped my nose to make out as if I was doing it, and then he got off."

That was Kathy's statement. It was broken by bouts of crying and periods when she was allowed a rest. It was delivered in front of the men who had violated her, and probably left her with emotional scars for the rest of her life. It was not one continuous monologue as printed above, but was interspersed with questions and promptings from Mr Taylor, and the odd objection from defence barristers.

Towards the end of it she told the court how she had dressed herself in the darkness after the Coffin Cheaters had left, how she tended Pig and wrapped him in a blanket and, most incredible of all, how her next thought was to warn the friends

The Bose® 901®/550 Music System. Dollar for dollar, there is no better value.

It's a fact. More than any other component, the speakers you buy will determine the final quality of your music system. So it makes sense to get the best you can afford.

Bose 901 Direct/Reflecting® speakers are the state of the art. Unequivocally. No other loudspeaker can match the legendary spaciousness and clarity of the 901 speaker.

Bose has designed a low-cost receiver specifically for 901 speakers. The Bose 550 Receiver. It has a built-in 901 Active Equalizer that saves you more then $100 when you buy a pair of 901 speakers. And 40-watt DC amplifiers that can drive the highly efficient 901 system to output levels equal to a *160-watt* receiver with conventional speakers.

The Bose 901/550 Direct/Reflecting® music system. Now you can't afford not to own 901 loudspeakers.

BOSE®

Better sound through research.

For more information, write Bose Corporation, Dept. HF, 100 The Mountain Rd., Framingham, MA 01701.

Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending.
© Copyright 1980 Bose Corporation.

whose address she had been forced to reveal.

She left her home in a dressing gown and used a neighbor's phone to alert those friends, then to call an ambulance. It wasn't until she went back to Pig's house that she noticed one of the Coffin Cheaters had scrawled "Get fucked" in Pig's blood on the wall in the corridor. Soon after the police and ambulance arrived, and she and Pig were taken to hospital, Pig still unconscious.

There a Dr Ivan Cox examined Kathy, finding her in a state of shock with multiple bruising to the face and body. There were also abrasions, including one on the left nipple, and inflammation of the vaginal area, caused by the nail varnish remover. Within days she was experiencing nightmares and crying bouts interspersed with "a sort of quiet, solemn state," said the doctor.

While Pig and Kathy were on their way to hospital the Coffin Cheaters were driving, in their two vehicles, the few miles from Morwell to Yallourn North and the home of Dactyl, or Terrence Coady, the Resurrected clubmember whose name Kathy had given to her tormentors. Her phone call, made immediately after the Coffin Cheaters left, threw Dactyl's home into near panic.

That night he was there with three teenage girls — his sister, his girlfriend and his brother's girlfriend. The 22-year-old apprentice electrician described to the court how he and the girls barricaded doors with furniture, telephoned the police, loaded guns and sat back to wait. They didn't have to wait long. Crouched in the darkness they watched as the Coffin Cheaters pulled up and surrounded the house. The impromptu barricades didn't last long, and Coady found himself confronting shadowy figures in the hall.

"Somebody came through the door," he told the court, "and I had the shotgun pointed at them and I tried to fire it, but it didn't go off. The person grabbed the shotgun off me, and I was hit on the head with something I thought was a pistol. There were about five or six of them, one was hitting me with an iron bar. Someone said: 'There's a smart bitch in here with a gun.'

"There was a bit of a noise and then a shot went off, and then there was people running everywhere. Goliath came out and hit me with the shotgun in the face and the back of the head, and then him and Rabbit held me and Scurvy was hitting me with something."

What Dactyl didn't know as the Coffin Cheaters fled from his home was that Gorilla Snot was dying. The bullet that had taken his life had passed through him and lodged itself in Scurvy's body.

The three girls in the house told the court how they hid themselves in a bedroom as the Coffin Cheaters broke down the barricade.

One of the three, an 18-year-old salesgirl, remembered one of the gang confronting her with a "steel chrome object": "And then at that stage the gun I was holding discharged," she said. All three were punched and kicked before the Coffin Cheaters left.

The action then moved to the car park of the Moe Hospital, where two of the Coffin Cheaters had driven their dying vice-president. By the time the police arrived, medical staff had already told the gang there was nothing they could do for Stevenson.

According to police, there was a brief scuffle in the car park when one of the gang levelled a shotgun at an officer. Before long Scurvy was safely handcuffed to a pole in the car park, and it was not until an hour later, as he was about to be loaded into a police vehicle, that he mentioned, quite casually: "Excuse me officer, I think I've been shot." Examination revealed a hole under Scurvy's arm and he was immediately admitted to hospital. Goliath was arrested.

> "There was a bit of a noise and then a shot went off, and then there was people running everywhere."

Within hours three other members of the gang, Doggy, Dingo and Rabbit, had been arrested at a police roadblock at the Warragul saleyards about 80km away on the road back to Melbourne. Six down, three to go. Tramp was picked up a month later in Mildura, Glug was picked up in January 1977 in Fremantle and Dirty Doug in February in Mallacoota. The great round-up was over, and the Coffin Cheaters were ready to stand trial.

At the end of the prosecution case all eight men elected to give evidence in the form of unsworn statements. Scurvy, in particular, was impressive, if only for his obvious intelligence, eloquence, and attempts to master some of the finer points of the law.

Predictably, all eight men gave totally different versions of the night of November 5. The massive Goliath remained steadfastly loyal to his president; Rabbit, a master of understatement, described the events as: "A Friday night that got a bit out of hand." Sargentson produced an impressive array of character witnesses; Dirty Doug Dempster and, to a lesser extent, Tramp Elliot, tried to disassociate themselves from the club.

Tramp, the only Coffin Cheater nominee on trial, hinted at intimidation, and told of another member who had had "a row of buttons sewn on to his stomach" for some trifling indiscretion.

The jury deliberated for 17½ hours, and it was May 13 when those verdicts were delivered.

Tramp Elliot and Glug Reid were acquitted on all charges.

Scurvy Stephens was convicted of aggravated burglary, grievous bodily harm, theft, rape and malicious wounding. He was jailed for 13 years with a minimum of ten.

Goliath Bean was convicted of aggravated burglary, grievous bodily harm, wounding with intent, theft and rape. He was jailed for 12 years with a minimum of nine.

Doggy Doyle was convicted of aggravated burglary, grievous bodily harm, theft, rape and malicious wounding. He was jailed for 11 years with a minimum of eight.

Rabbit Robinson was convicted of aggravated burglary, grievous bodily harm, theft, rape and malicious wounding. He was jailed for 11 years with a minimum of eight.

Dirty Doug Dempster was convicted of aggravated burglary, grievous bodily harm, theft, rape, indecent assault, and malicious wounding. He was jailed for 11 years with a minimum of eight.

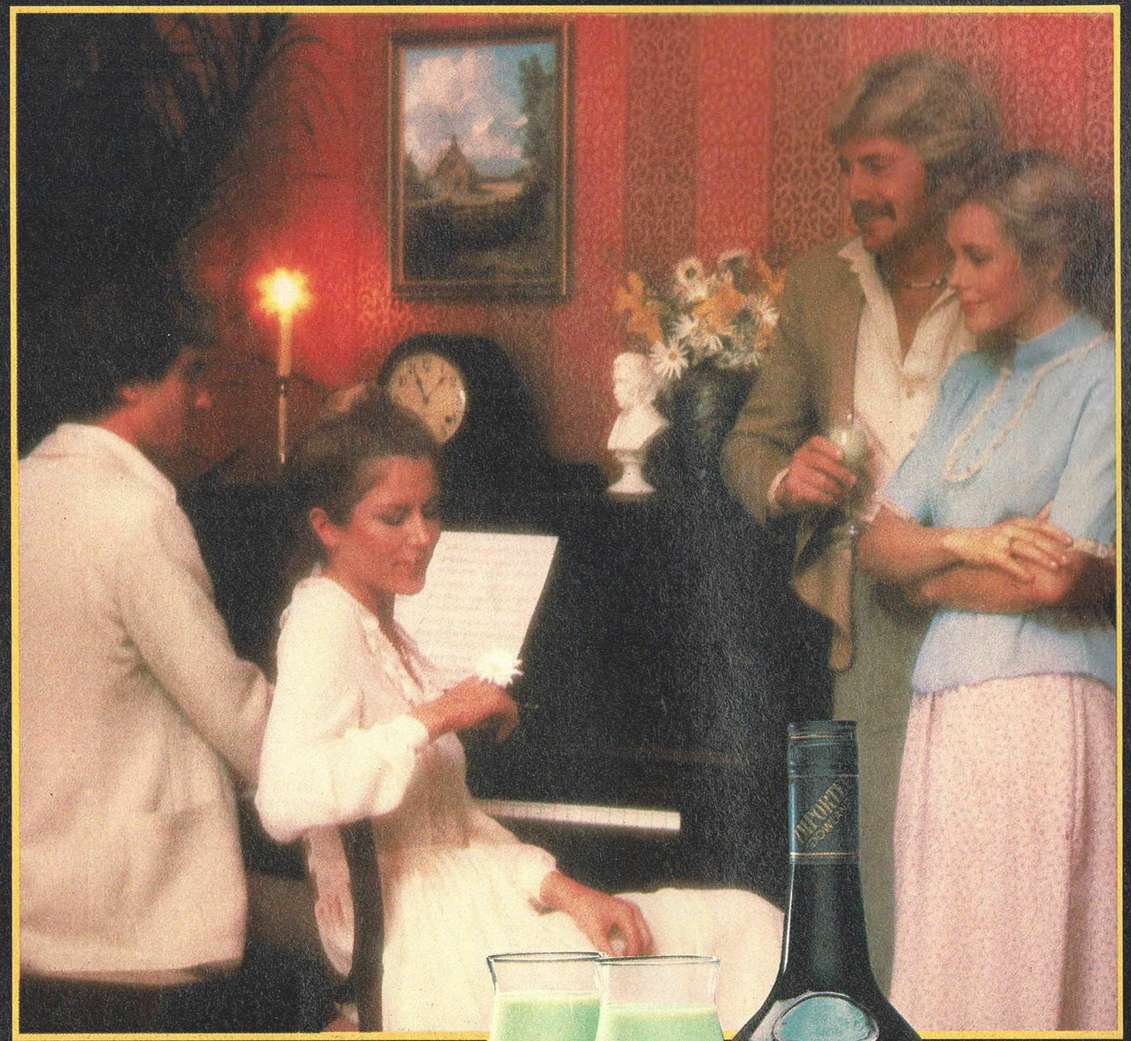
Dingo Sargentson was convicted of aggravated burglary, grievous bodily harm, theft and malicious wounding. He was jailed for six years with a minimum of four.

Passing sentence, Judge Lazarus said of bikie clubs: "They dehumanise their members, and those with whom they associate; they enshrine sacrosanct rules and customs, a code of conduct which is at its best purile, and at its worst bestial, degrading and depraved in the extreme. Their attitude towards women and girls is at least as vicious and despicable as that of any cult, past or present, of which I am aware." He described Kathy as "a girl of absolute purity, complete innocence and considerable nobility of character." Of Pig Harrison, he said: "He was kicked, beaten, and abused in every conceivable way, some of them too vile to mention. It appears to me quite remarkable he survived."

The following morning the media had a field day. The day after, a police motorcycle club criticised Judge Lazarus for generalising, while the Auto Cycle Union Of Victoria demanded he apologise for his remarks.

Six months before the trial, the Resurrected had disbanded. The Coffin Cheaters are still in existence.

THE CREAM OF AFTER DINNER DRINKS



Greensleeves.
Real cream and
French brandy with
just a hint of mint.

AB592/80

GBSP0048

THE BLUEST MARILYN MONROE

"Though a recently discovered stag film features a younger, plumper woman than the Marilyn we knew, the resemblance suggests that the legendary screen star may have been a lady with a past."

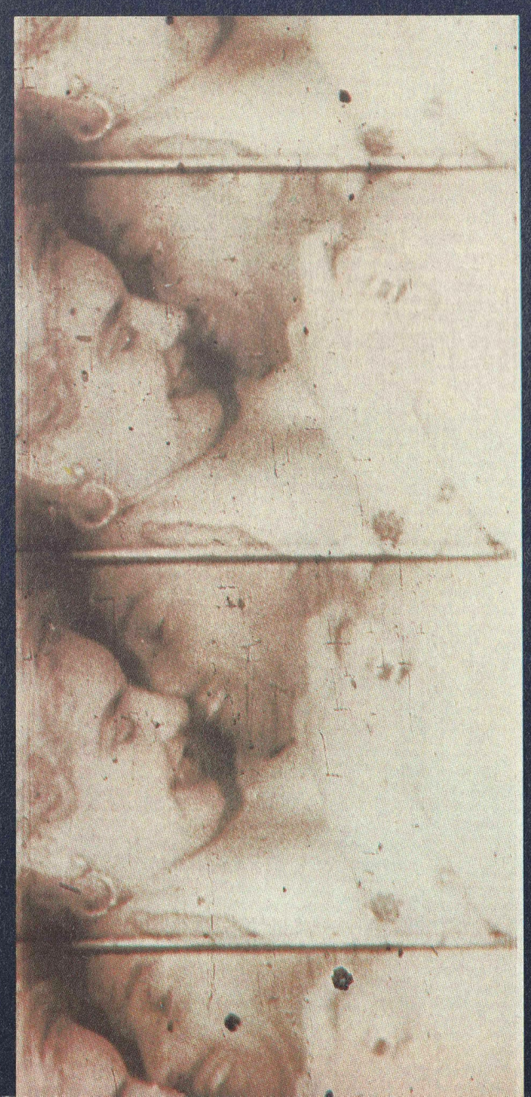
Like all world-famous legends, Marilyn Monroe is now as much the province of posterity as she was the province of the columnists and publicists who defined her during her lifetime. Overwhelming evidence suggests that a 16mm stag film recently unearthed by the Swedish magazine FIB-aktuellt, may well display a young, plump, and flagrantly uninhibited Marilyn, starring in the most sexually explicit performance of her career. If this is indeed the real Marilyn Monroe, as Swedish experts maintain, her legend will have to be redefined in a broader context. Presumably, the film was made before 1948, the year that Marilyn made her first movie for Twentieth Century-Fox, but it wasn't until recently that a Swedish photographer discovered the film in his files and brought it to the magazine's attention. Here, in grainy celluloid, may well be the still-unglamorised sex goddess the public never knew, before plastic surgeons, stylists, and designers transformed her. It's a thought to fire the imagination of every man who ever dreamed of Marilyn.

Comparisons between the blurred but radiant woman in these frames and the carefully made-up screen siren pictured at right dramatise the startling resemblance: both display the famous little-girl features and the womanly comehither look that were her trademark. As critic Diana Trilling writes, Marilyn was a fascinating enigma: "Her sexual flamboyance and bravado which yet breathed an air of mystery and even reticence, her voice which carried such ripe overtones of erotic excitement and yet was the voice of a shy child — these complications were integral to her gift." Fittingly enough for this girl-woman, the fantasies Marilyn nurtured as a naive young child were eventually fulfilled during the peak of her career. The lonely child who claimed Clark Gable was her "secret father" later shared the crowning moments of her career with Gable, when they starred together in their last film, The Misfits.

Despite the latter-day sophistication, the careful makeup, and the stylish hair, the earlier ungroomed Marilyn beams through unmistakably in these frames.

That picture provided the spark that launched her explosive career and also launched the truest and longest-lasting love affair of Marilyn's life: with the always uncritical, unconditionally loving lens of a camera. Imagine the apoplectic furore that would have greeted the revelation that the movie star everyone wished to see nude had actually performed in such a graphically explicit blue movie! The storm would have dwarfed the already considerable furore that resulted when Twentieth Century-Fox studio heads learned of the much tamer calendar photo she had posed for in 1949 for a much-needed $50. Accounts of this sex kitten's actual bedroom performance vary, but most reports agree that while she was pleasant in bed, as Mailer asserts, she was "receptive rather than innovative, and somewhat ceremonious — like a geisha, as though the act was a tender turn in a longer passage . . ."

Her rise to fame was less than the meteoric one her myth would have us believe. As a beginning young model, according to her teacher Emmeline Snively, Marilyn was the most driven, determined student she'd ever had. The photographer who shot Marilyn's first screen test claims that the



results gave him "a cold chill . . . She had a kind of fantastic beauty like Gloria Swanson . . . and she got sex on a piece of film like Jean Harlow." Billy Wilder, who directed Monroe in Some Like It Hot and The Seven Year Itch, agrees: "Flesh impact is rare; flesh which photographs like flesh. You feel you can reach out and touch it."

As Norman Mailer observes, Marilyn was a woman of many paradoxes: "A queen of a castrator who was ready to weep for a dying minnow, a lover of books who did not read, and a proud, inviolate artist who could haunch over to publicity when the heat was upon her faster than a whore could lust over a hot buck; . . . a fountain of charm and a dreary bore." Though she was instantly contracted to Twentieth Century-Fox on the strength of her electrifying screen test, Marilyn was scarcely an overnight sensation. From 1948 until 1953 she was relegated to bit parts. Her development into a critically acclaimed actress came only after 1955, in such hits as Bus Stop and The Misfits. But they didn't alleviate the deep depressions that had haunted her. No one will ever know whether it was merely a night's sleep or a final peace she was seeking when, in 1962, she died of an overdose of sedatives. Regardless of what may come to light, the place she holds in the memory of the millions who loved her will remain secure. Whether or not the photos presented here are truly those of the human and vulnerable Marilyn, a goddess who may have had feet of clay, the reader must decide for himself.

Illustration by Tony Pyrzakowski

After three years
serious questions remain about
the alleged Greek
social security fraud..

THE GREEKS: HIT OR MYTH?

BY MARTIN RIORDAN

At 1am on April 3, 1978, three Commonwealth police knocked on the door of Mr Anestias Georgalas' home in the Sydney suburb of Marrickville and told his son, George, they wanted to talk to his father.

Mr Georgalas was not at home. He has terminal cancer of the stomach and bladder and had gone to stay with a relative so he would be closer to the city to keep an appointment with a cancer specialist that morning. Poor Greeks think any distance you cannot walk in an hour is a long way, and they never catch a cab.

The Commonwealth police would tell George Georgalas only that they wanted to see his father at the Commonwealth Police NSW headquarters, in the TNT Tower at Redfern, because they thought he was a crook. Young George had been born in Australia, but he retained enough of a ghetto fear of authority to be impressed to the point where he phoned his father at his uncle's home.

Anestias Georgalas had lived in Australia for 23 years, but his European-bred fears of authority were strong enough for him to forego the appointment with the specialist and go straight to the Commonwealth Police.

It was probably when he put his foot in the door of the police headquarters that the true human horror of the Greek social security alleged fraud began in earnest.

But he was not alone. On the same morning, 100 Commonwealth police called at more than 100 homes of Greek migrants in inner Sydney suburbs. Bank books, passports, medical records, letters and personal documents were confiscated, and hundreds of Greek migrants were "invited" to accompany police to headquarters.

In some ways Mr Georgalas was one of the lucky ones. He could speak English and answer the police who questioned him from 9am until 5pm. He tried to explain that he was dying of cancer and had gone to the police purely because of his respect for authority. It was not the story the police wanted to hear so they told him the simplest and most decent thing he could do was confess that he had been ripping off Commonwealth sickness benefits for the $62 a fortnight pension he was then drawing.

He would not confess to something he did not understand, and at 8pm at Sydney's Central Police Station they charged him with conspiracy to defraud the Commonwealth.

As well as not being able to speak English, most of the other Greeks were married with children and, in the Greek tradition, the wives and children followed them to police headquarters. To a racist Australian, the scenes that followed would have represented a mob of ignorant wogs getting what they deserved. To the Greeks it was a return to the worst of authoritarian Europe.

The families waited outside while the officers of an unknown law questioned the men inside.

The other men were offered the same deal as Mr Georgalas — if they signed a confession they would not get hurt. As with Mr Georgalas, they were fingerprinted and photographed and the word "Greece" placed under their names.

Mr Georgalas was given $1000 bail, which it took him three hours to find, and told that, despite his cancer, he had to report to Marrickville police twice a week. His passport was confiscated.

With more than 100 other Greeks, he appeared in Sydney Central Court the next morning, where he was remanded to appear the next week. When he appeared again he was remanded until an unstated date and told he need not appear again as there were so many defendants involved the defence would be handled by the charged Greeks' solicitors.

Mr Georgalas had been granted legal aid, so being at the mercy of a solicitor did not worry him as much as some of the Greeks who had to pay to be represented.

For the next 18 months his life fell into a pattern that to some would have been worse than going to jail — he reported to the Marrickville police twice a week, lived off his pension, his wife's salary and the charity of friends and relatives, felt his cancer spread and developed a nervous disorder.

If he wanted any light relief he could, from time to time, read of the scandal of the great Greek social security fraud in the daily papers.

It all ended in an anti-climax late last year when his legal aid solicitor told him the charge had been dropped. The Commonwealth police had discovered that Mr Georgalas was indeed dying of cancer, and it was only unfortunate that he had been treated by a doctor they suspected was involved in the fraud. That is how they got his name.

Despite the dropping of the charge, Mr Georgalas' passport has still not been returned, but when you are a Greek in Australia you learn to put a new scale of values on your luck and he thinks he is lucky in that he can die in peace.

Now, almost three years later, none of the other Greeks has been convicted of anything, and only 21 of the 180 charged have faced committal hearings.

> They were fingerprinted and photographed and the word "Greece" placed under their names.

Estimates are still guesstimates about when all those charged will face the final act before the courts.

More than $1 million in legal fees has already been paid, with the two main prosecuting barristers, Sydney QC David Rofe and P.R. Arden, collecting nearly $250,000 each.

Federal Police charged all 180 Greeks originally with conspiracy to defraud the Commonwealth of social security benefits, some alleged offences dating back to 1975. Some have faced additional charges.

Five doctors were included in the conspiracy charges, and were named by the Crown as principles in the alleged fraud with five other men.

When they first appeared, the Crown Prosecutor, Mr T. Griffin, told Sydney Central Court magistrate, Mr Bruce Brown, that he had a "very strong prima facie case in the matter".

But it wasn't long before the same magistrate had taken a different view. Mr Brown said the Crown had been guilty during the arrests and the case of "a fundamental denial of the defendants' rights".

Speaking in Central Court last year, he said the Crown was in no better position to proceed with the conspiracy charges than when it began nine months earlier. He said the defendants had suffered hardships while waiting to see what happened to them, and many were still completely uninformed of the precise nature of the charges against them. He added that the Crown, "Has provided only a surface cover . . . a veneer to show cause to continue the matter". He said the conduct of the case wouldn't be condoned in any other court.

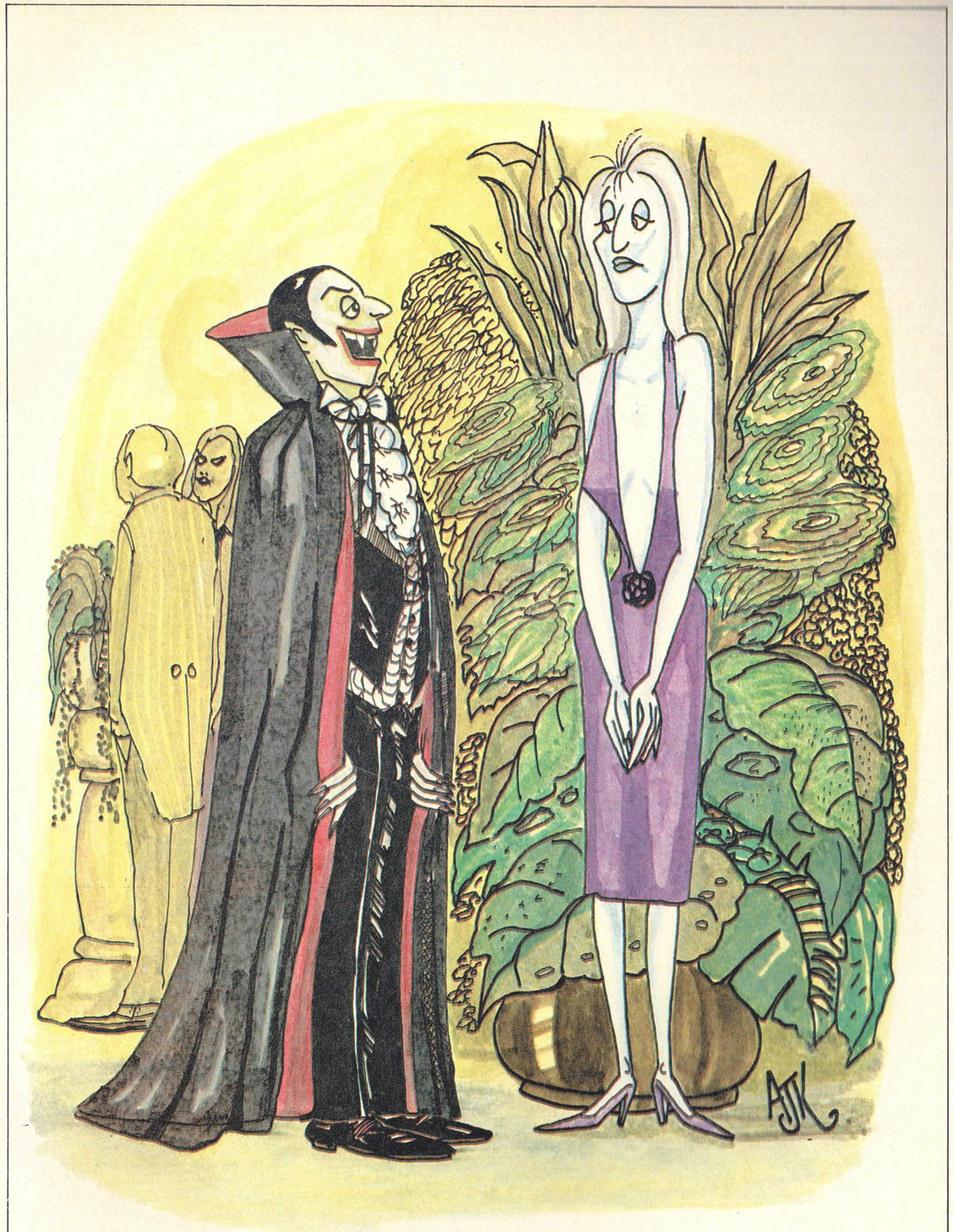
Outside the court the Greek case is a continuing embarrassment for the Fraser Government, especially for the Minister for Social Security, Dame Margaret Guilfoyle. The Federal Attorney-General's Department, finds itself burdened with a fearfully costly and increasingly doubtful case. Charges against 27 people initially accused of conspiracy have been dropped. The number and nationality of the people involved is an onerous legal burden for the prosecutors. Remembering the names of those charged is often too much for both prosecuting and defence counsel.

Magistrate Brown is constantly seen smiling as both sides spend time simply trying to pronounce Greek names. As one defence lawyer told *Penthouse*: "If we're having trouble remembering names and faces, consider how an uninformed jury would go . . ."

The charges were planned on the night before Mr Georgalas was arrested at what has become known in legal circles as Don's Party. The Party was held at the same NSW Commonwealth Police headquarters to which Mr Georgalas was taken, and the guests at this exclusive function included only the top brass in two different, but suddenly friendly arms of government.

The Don of Don's Party was Don Thomas, detective chief inspector of Australia's Commonwealth Police. Also there was Patrick Joseph Lanigan, OBE, a former tax agent turned bureaucrat. Pat Lanigan, then just 53, was the recently appointed head of the Federal Department of Social Security. For the two hours the party lasted, the sole topic of conversation was a multi-million dollar pension fraud the Commonwealth Police and the Department of Social Security believed they had uncovered. The Department of Social Security uncovered the first clues late in 1976.

Several leading members of Sydney's Greek community informed the department a fraud could be operating in the city's inner suburbs. According to senior departmental sources, the information was relayed in a series of telephone calls, received in an ominous whisper over the



"I would ask you back to my place for a drink, but I don't think you've got one in you!"

phone. There was one call giving limited details of some alleged practises by one or more Sydney doctors. Weeks followed before further phone messages were received.

A dozen or more Department of Social Security investigators began working on the leaked information, but realised any probe of this size would be beyond their resources. Sources say a full report was provided to Pat Lanigan, who immediately placed the case in the hands of the Commonwealth Police.

The case has been in the hands of the national police force ever since, and today Inspector John Wheatley, who heads the Sydney office, admits to knowing little about the alleged Greek fraud. Most talk of the case has occurred outside the court. Federal and State Parliament, television, radio and newspapers and even public meetings have been the main forum for discussion. As one lawyer in the case said it has become Australia's most public prosecution.

One victim of the messy proceedings has been the principal to the party, Don Thomas. Today Thomas is a sick and silent man, off from the force on extended sick leave. Six months ago he had a near-fatal heart attack. The attack and the stress from being embroiled in the drama of the case, has left him nervous and he refuses to speak about the investigation.

Thomas was full of confidence in the early stages. After the first court appearance by the Greeks, he appeared on the steps of Central Court and spoke to reporters about an earlier statement that a total of 1000 Greeks had been identified as being involved in the alleged fraud. Thomas said that hopefully all 1000 would be charged.

"We have identified another 300 people who have received pensions and have returned to Greece," he said.

However, when delays set in, senior government ministers became wary of the prosecution. A Greek named Chris Nakis, who was at first accused of being one of the leading conspirators, was granted a full pardon and immunity from prosecution. Nakis had driven a taxi in Sydney while trying to leave Australia on a pension.

The pardon caused a furore in Federal Parliament, resulting in countless censure motions and calls by the Opposition for the resignation of three senior ministers.

Thomas' future is uncertain. Inspector Wheatley says it's not a case of when Thomas will return, but whether he'll return.

"Don underwent incredible stress during the case and early days of the investigation," said Wheatley. "No wonder he had such a heart attack."

In Central Court, Thomas explained that COMPOL (the Commonwealth Police) was rushed into making the arrests, rather than continuing with the investigations. "The Department of Social Security set the date," Thomas told the court.

Asked whether he would have acted at the time he did when making the arrests, he said: "No, I would have extended the inquiry."

Thomas denied the department had pressured him for results, but added: "There was certainly pressure to complete the inquiry as much as we could by March 31."

A secret minute to the then Minister for Administrative Services, Senator Withers, from the former Commissioner of COMPOL, Mr J.M. Davis, written on February 24, 1978, says an arrangement with the Department of Social Security to continue paying the allegedly fraudulently obtained benefits only extended until March 31, 1978, making it clear the police were under pressure to act.

The same minute raised the matter of illegal bugging by police during the case. It says the first application by COMPOL to allow bugging of phones was made under the NSW Listening Devices Act on the day it was written, February 24, 1978. But in his evidence to Central Court, Inspector Thomas said devices had been attached to phones to record conversations on December 23, 1977, February 9, 1978, and February 27, 1978.

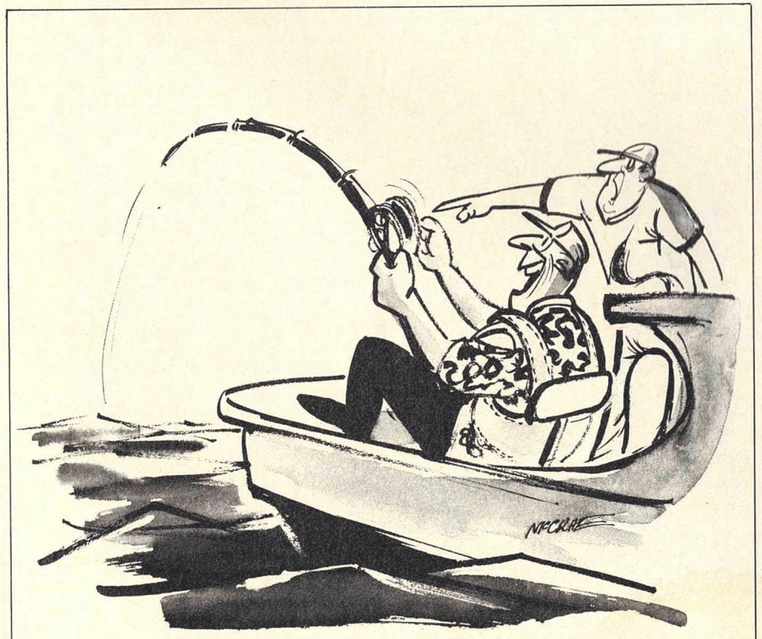
Thomas said on the three occasions a junior officer had used the phone in his office to record conversations between the junior officer and another person in a foreign language. Thomas said at no stage had he used a warrant as "I was not aware I needed it".

According to a legal opinion from the Federal Solicitor-General, Mr Maurice Byers, QC, to the Attorney-General, Senator Durack, two ministers, Senator Guilfoyle and the then Services Minister, John McLeay, both misled Parliament in November 1979, when they said there was no illegal phone tapping by police during the investigation.

Byers said in his legal opinion, revealed earlier last year by Senator Durack, that there were only two occasions when it became lawful to record phone conversations without a warrant and without the parties' permission. They were when a standard Telecom device which emits a warning pip is used and when a microphone recording the sound entering or leaving the receiver is used.

Neither Minister resigned after Inspector Thomas admitted telephone taps had been used before permission was obtained.

In his minute to Senator Withers about the late application for permission to bug, Commissioner Davis said certain Sydney doctors had been "penetrated in part by an undercover police agent carrying a



"Old Carruthers taken, eh? That means they're biting on live *bait!"*

Parfums Louis Féraud. PARIS

concealed tape recorder". But Davis said that for "further admissible evidence against" another two persons in relation to "both Medibank and social security frauds, it is requested that the Minister utilise the powers invested in him by Section 4(2)(b) of the NSW Listening Devices Act of 1969 and authorise the use by Commonwealth Police of listening devices at the surgeries of" two people.

He says: "While this is the first occasion since the introduction of the Act that Commonwealth Police have made application for authorisation to use listening devices, it is considered that it is very much in the public interest that this request be approved. This is because without such an approval the chances of bringing to book these patently corrupt medical practitioners and their fellow conspirators will be very much reduced."

He dismisses as "insignificant" the question of invasion of privacy of such action because of the massive fraud which could be involved.

The use of bugging is not the only thing which has created legal confusion in the extended drama. The chief prosecutor, David Rofe, QC, was forced to seek advice from the NSW Bar Council when Chris Nakis, the man the Crown alleged was a co-conspirator but was granted a pardon, was mentioned in cross-examination by Inspector Thomas as being a police agent.

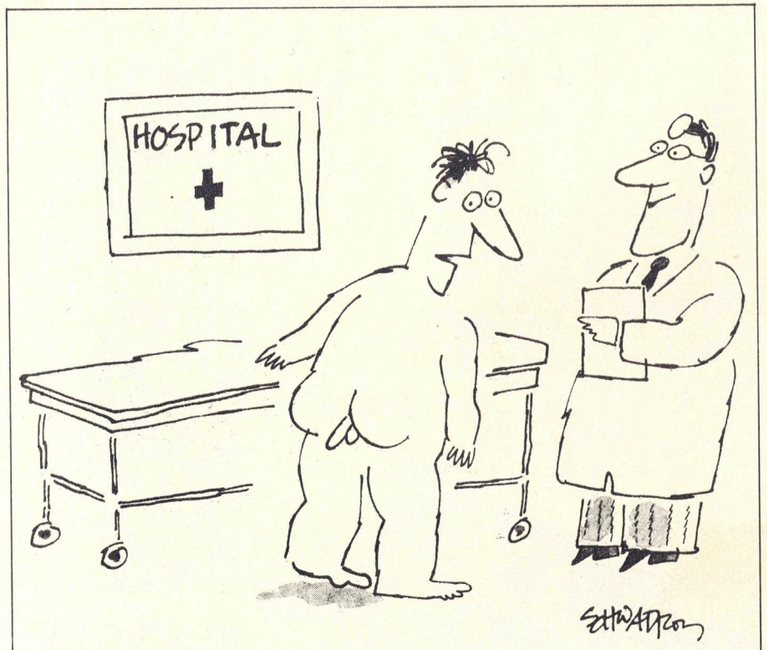
Then came reports and court evidence about the size of a reward which Inspector Thomas and others involved in the Crown case had discussed some time before with Nakis. Sums of between $30,000 to $200,000 were mentioned.

At the time, Senator Durack told the Senate he thought it "unprecedented" for a person to be given a pardon and a reward for helping police. Later, the Governor-General, Sir Zelman Cowen saw Senator Durack at Government House about the matter.

A Government House spokesman refused to say whether Senator Durack had been summoned or had asked to see Sir Zelman.

Another key Crown witness, Miss Artopoulou, known as Tassia, who had been given a Royal pardon and flown to Australia from Greece to take part in the case, was withdrawn and her evidence disregarded after nine days in the witness box. Mr Rofe said he regretted the sudden withdrawal. He had earlier told the court the case was costing more than $20,000 a day.

Miss Artopoulou, a draughtswoman and former secretary to one of the men before the court, known as Demos, became unreliable, the Crown said. Instructions were difficult to obtain from her, she was quarrelling with interpreters and began making remarks to people inside and outside the courtroom.



"You mean this is the only way you can reverse a vasectomy?"

At the time of her withdrawal the hearing was into its 61st day. Magistrate Brown said the application for a withdrawal of a Crown witness so far into her evidence was "unique" in his experience. He said she seemed fluent in English during her evidence-in-chief, but relied heavily on an interpreter during cross-examination.

Outside of the legal confusion nobody knows what the eventual cost of the affair will be, but in September last year the Senate Estimates Committee revealed Mr Rofe, QC, had been paid $214,710 and his assistant, Mr Arden, $244,601 so far. Commonwealth witnesses have cost almost $20,500, while interpreter services have totalled $17,925. Consultant psychologists have collected more than $17,600.

Expenses for accomodation for witnesses and others involved in the case have cost $11,629.

The affair now brings into question the ability of the Department of Social Security to properly investigate any fraud against it.

Senior personnel of the department say no one had noticed that over several years from the early 1970s, the number of pensions, particularly invalid pensions, paid to nationalised Australians living in two middle European countries, rose sharply.

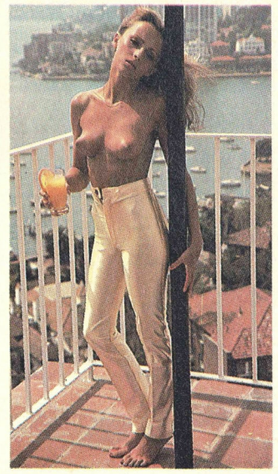
Incredibly, the Social Security Department office, based in Geneva, which is responsible for probing all suspect claims for the whole of Europe has remained the same size throughout the alleged Greek pension scandal. Only two officers and a collection of telephonists and typists are situated in the Geneva office. The office's responsibility covers the servicing of pensions to eligible Australians or migrants everywhere but in Great Britain.

In Australia, six months after the case went into Sydney's Central Court the department claimed it had discovered another fraud in the inner Sydney suburb of Redfern where, it said, 187 Aboriginals were falsely obtaining $600,000 a year.

Police wanted to charge the Aboriginals but, after delaying a decision for weeks, the Department of Social Security said it would take no action through the courts and would contact the people involved separately.

In the same year there were magazine reports of pension frauds involving Lebanese and Maltese groups. Senior officers again said no action would be taken. The lower ranks, who still hear such complaints, say it is obvious the government does not have the confidence in itself to launch any new prosecutions. As Mr Georgalas says: "The Australian departments are very funny things — sometimes they do too much and hurt people, other times they do nothing."

DONNA



DOUBLE DELIGHT

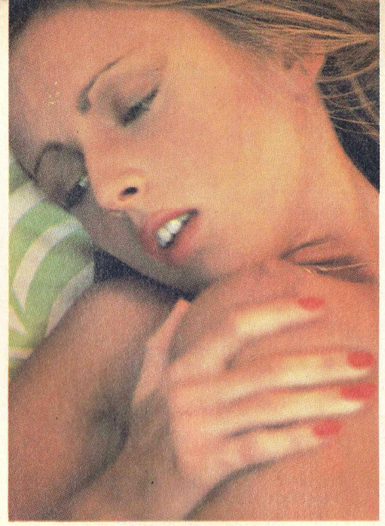
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LENNART OSBECK

There are many beautiful girls in this country, and the odds against two delightful 18-year-old Sydney girls with the same name both appearing in *Australian Penthouse* must be astronomical — but long shots come in. So meet our second Donna Turner (our first Donna was Pet Of The Month in September), a petite, easy-going girl who takes life as she finds it — and she usually finds it exciting!

Locations: Berida Manor, Bowral, NSW, and the Penthouse, Hotel Marquis Sheraton, Sydney.

Donna Two, as she has been nicknamed, is proud of her 34-21-33 figure. "That's why I posed for *Penthouse*," she says. "I get admiring glances when I go topless at the beach, so I thought appearing in the magazine would be fun — and it is. The photo sessions were an absolute joy, and it was very exciting to go from being a receptionist one day to a *Penthouse* Pet the next."

"I'm a sexy person," admits Donna, "and I like to have a good sex life. Although I haven't had too much experience, I'm very free, uninhibited, about what I do in bed. I prefer the man to be more dominant in bed, but there must be equality — a mutual sharing — in the overall relationship."



Donna confesses to having "a couple of little vices". She would much rather be at the beach or riding a horse than working. "I am a bit lazy, and if the sun's shining and the sea is sparkling, I can be very lazy — just lying on the beach enjoying myself. My other vice is that I spend too much money. I love to go out and I love to buy clothes. I know it's a bit naughty, but being a bit naughty can be very, very nice!"

Lingerie and shoes, Raymond Castles; satin sheets, Estelle ; trousers, Selfridges ; hair, John Coiffure; clothes, Cash Palace and Merivale; boots, Gentry Cobbler.

SEX THERAPY IN AUSTRALIA PART II

In the strange, dark world of bondage and dominance, respectable Australians pay big money to be bound, whipped and humiliated.

THE HOUSE OF DOMINANCE

BY PAUL LESLEY

They all want to serve me. Every man and woman who comes here and most who don't. But none of you are worthy to serve me. No slave can attain the unattainable, and you'll be punished severely for your impudence."

"Yes mistress."

"Yes mistress indeed. That's why you're here, to grovel to your mistress. Ball torture, I believe. You may raise your eyes now."

"Thank you, mistress."

"Don't look at me. Look at those balls in that jar on the shelf. They belonged to another of my slaves. When I geld you I think I'll have yours shrunk, polished, and mounted as earrings."

The slender, auburn-haired woman in the full leathers and the stiletto-heeled boots wasn't reciting from the Arabian Nights or the Nuremburg war crimes evidence. She was issuing her own valid threat while pointing her whipstock ominously at the pair of recently detached testicles languishing forlornly in their unaccustomed formalin abode. The speaker was Mistress Toni. The submissive we shall call Marcel, yet another of the wealthy fetishists to forsake the ancient dungeons of Hamburg and The Hague to pay homage in Sydney to the supreme dominatrix of the universe, the fulfiller of unmentionable fantasies and the weaver of semen-scalding erotic enchantments.

Marcel would not leave the House of Dominance without his rocks, though he'd get them off in a symbolic ritual wherein he'd actually believe he was being castrated. No whore or trick-cyclist could help restore Marcel's emotional stability. Mistress Toni could and would, and the balls in the bottle were her first prop. The domina's words were contrived to waft to the ears of a priest and a schoolteacher in adjoining waiting rooms. Unlike Marcel, they knew the jar's grisly contents had formerly belonged to Jeremy, now Linda, a transsexual who'd been overjoyed to surgically exchange her unwanted gonads for a shapely set of magnificent new boobs. Though the aura of satanic authority permeating the dungeons cried out for massive exorcism rites, the priest bore no bell, book or candle. He was there for another of the mother-loving, nappy-changing, soapy enema sessions that kept him a good priest, while next day the teacher would again face his pupils confidently after having been chained in suspension, cock-whipped and soundly raped with a biggish dildo.

"Different strokes for different folks" is the go at the House of Dominance in the inner Sydney suburb of Redfern, where the most bizarre needs of practising fetishists are met with the utmost aplomb and understanding. There is no time limit set for the stated fee. Nobody pays for half an hour's whipping or an hour in bondage. Each session proceeds until satisfaction is achieved. No straight sex is permitted on the premises, but in this context, the words "satisfaction" and "orgasm" are interchangeable.

And since the mistress also derives intense sexual gratification from punishing a responsive client, the slave who maintains his defiance through to the very last stroke has the added "satisfaction" of achieving simultaneous orgasm with his tormentor.

The sole and unlikely bond between the European industrialist, the humble priest and the custodian of adolescents' education is that all three have sought sexual therapy at the hands of Mistress Toni, who derives distinct

sexual benefits in identifying and assuaging the real and imagined guilt of her clients.

A pedant might repudiate Mistress Toni's claims to therapeutic excellence on the grounds that her remedial procedures promote neither healing, cure, nor rehabilitation. However she sees her command of complex sado-masochistic techniques as being meaningfully therapeutic in that they enable her clients to live more happily with themselves and those about them, and to fare better in whatever vocation they chose, or had inflicted upon them.

"If a competent dominatrix had got stuck into Mozart with a whip every now and then he'd have lived longer and perhaps doubled his output. He was so guilt-ridden that he needed regular bondage and discipline to tame his raging neuroses," is a claim that might startle musical purists into accusations of sacrilege. But Mistress Toni attempts to back it in with references to the strange perceptions of her childhood.

As an eight-year-old in her birthplace of Dubbo in western NSW she played a recording of The Magic Flute because the title suggested it was a fairy story. But on discovering her error she found herself incapable of taking the record off the turntable.

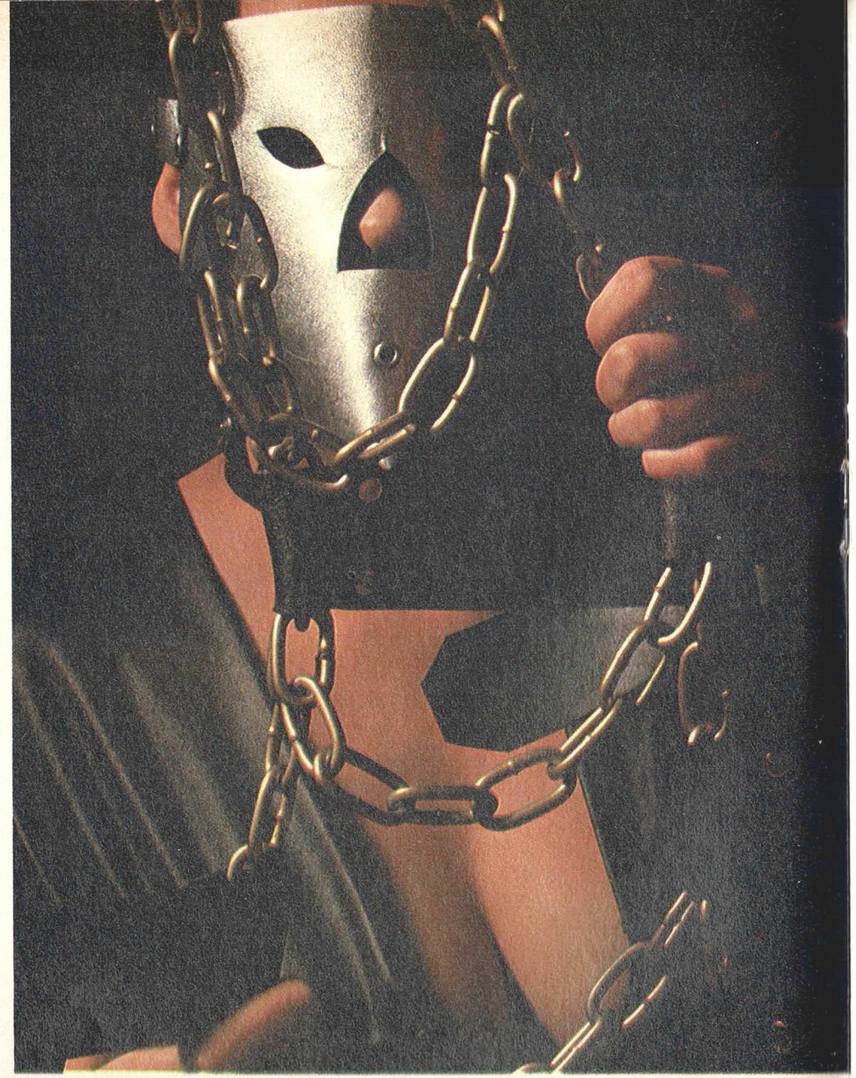
"The music entranced me. I had to play it again and again," she recalls. "I knew the man responsible for it had committed grave sins, and would have to remain forever lonely and misunderstood until somebody came along to punish him and mitigate his guilt, even if nobody could expiate it completely."

All of this was confirmed in her late teens when she read a biography of the composer's life. It came as no surprise to her that Leopold Mozart had completely dominated his son's early life and career. It figured, to her, that the youthful Wolfgang would conceal his marriage to postpone facing the parental wrath. She also lamented that the ineffectual Constanza had remained passive despite her husband's obvious craving to be beaten and humiliated.

"They've called me a sex maniac for saying that," she admits with unruffled equanimity. "But I know better. And I think 'mania' is a quaint word in a society that unthinkingly differentiates between a mad sex maniac and a normal sex maniac."

What kind of maniacs, then, are Marcel, the priest, and the teacher? And how have they fared on Mistress Toni's brand of sex therapy?

She reveals few details of Marcel's background because, should any of his Australian business connections suspect his identity, he would become a prime target for blackmail. She mentions only that in all cases of male sex-guilt there are elements of castration-fear and castration-wish, and that on Marcel's first visit she elicited from him that his only form of sexual release was by masturbating while fantasising on being castrated.



Mistress Toni sees her command ot complex sado-masochistic techniques as being meaningfully therapeutic in that they enable her clients to live more happily.

This in itself was a significant breakthrough, because fetishists are notoriously evasive about facing up to their problems, let alone revealing them to another human. Most of Mistress Toni's clients make up to a dozen telephone appointments before finding the courage to attend, and at the first interview they concoct stupid lies to conceal the real nature of their visit.

Marcel was no different, but when Mistress Toni convinced him that his case was by no means unique or alien to her experience, he had no difficulty in relating the roots of his problem inasmuch as he knew of them. After reassuring him that all would be well, Mistress Toni arranged an appointment for Marcel to visit a prostitute the following day.

Then she wheeled him into the dungeon, ordered him to strip, then lashed him up in a typical crucifixion posture save that his ankles were shackled three feet apart. When restrictively tight rubber bands had been affixed around his scrotum, she blindfolded him and went into a variation of the castration routine best suited to his needs.

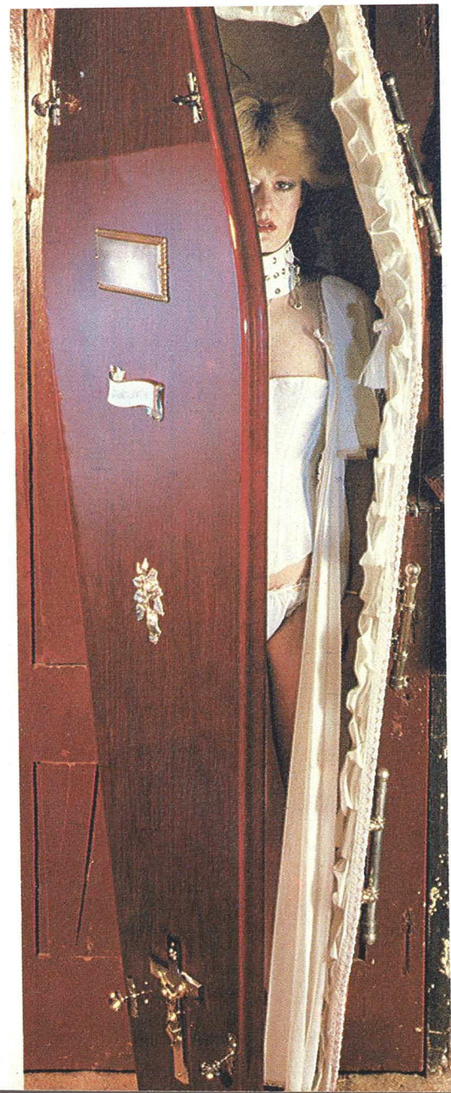
After an hour of indulging his castration wish, she was utterly convincing in announcing that the coup-de-grace was imminent, and that she was about to take his balls with a white-hot scalpel. By this time Marcel's cods were numb and swollen, and he shrieked in orgiastic ecstasy as his mistress touched his scrotum with a heated paper-knife, and a slave gushed warm "blood" down his legs.

"He went off like a geyser, and I was obliged to duck for cover. If I didn't watch out I'd be forever washing my hair," Toni says calmly in revealing one of the hazards of mistresshood. That the slave applying the "blood" wasn't allowed to duck also reveals another hazard of self-sought servitude.

"I mention this because I see it as being symbolic of releasing pent-up tensions in my client's psyche. He was infinitely better off for it, nobody was the worse off, and if anybody finds depravity in that kind of emotional release, I suggest they consult me about their own hang-ups."

When Marcel visited the prostitute she'd already been briefed on the procedures she should follow. Treating him with undisguised contempt, she led him to her room and ordered him to mount her. Her taunts permitted him to sustain his erection throughout the sex act, and as he neared his climax she reviled him in the most foul terms, at the same time inflicting hideous pain by squeezing his testicles as hard as she knew how to.

Marcel no longer has to masturbate and fantasise, for he now employs a full-time "secretary" well versed in administering humiliation and pain during copulation.



While his sex life is as near to normal as it ever could be, he still visits Mistress Toni twice a year for his ultimate in mind-blowing sex therapy.

The priest has an outsized Oedipus complex that none of the many shrinks he visited came close to dispelling. His earliest memories are of the comforts his mother lavished on him, particularly those relating to the washing, oiling and powdering of his genitals. Other pleasurable memories involve the regular enemas his mother gave him, when she would pull her dress up to her lap, lay him over her warm thighs, and insert the syringe nozzle into his obviously highly-sensitive rectum.

He loved everything about his mother. Her breasts fascinated him. He looked up her dress, or spied on her dressing or undressing, whenever the opportunity arose.

At eight or nine he began to get throbbing erections as the enema treatments continued. At 14 he knew there would never be another woman in his life, though he does not associate his later call to the priesthood with any conscious desire to escape physically from his mother, the source of his incestuous fantasies. As he immersed himself in his studies he gradually outgrew the painful impulses of his youth.

Early last year he was the happiest of all men. His aged mother took great joy in his work in his parish, and in the reciprocal love that existed between him and his parishioners. But on his mother's death, all the long buried guilt surfaced to manifest itself in a welter of masturbating over fantasies engendered in his infantile sexuality. Discreetly he began visiting Mistress Toni.

"His life is serene again," Mistress Toni explains with unfeigned sincerity. "There was never any fall from grace. He has always been a devout and devoted priest, and his visits here are just as unconnected with his life's work as are another priest's visits to a doctor for asthma."

Life has also been rough on the teacher, a 34-year-old virgin whose penis cops heaps whenever he visits the House of Dominance.

"I didn't do anything to that little girl. I swear to God I didn't touch her," he wails as Mistress Toni lifts his leather-encased cock with her quirt and inspects it as she would a bird on its perch. The exposed head of the circumcised organ protrudes hugely as though protesting at the agony coursing through its tightly-corsetted shaft. The lacings binding the leather were slack enough when the cock itself was slack, but now those same laces are strained taut and unyielding.

"You miserable scum. You inconsequential dead-shit of a child molester. You'll grovel as no man has grovelled and you'll suffer as no man has suffered. You've got nine more strokes from this quirt coming, and you won't come until the last one slashes across the head of that worthless prick," Mistress Toni snarls.

"As you say, mistress. Be merciful to me, mistress. I crave your forgiveness. I beg . . . aaaaeeeeoooowwweeeeyyoooooowwww . . . you fucking bitch . . . you heartless whore . . . you prick-teasing fiend . . . I'll . . ." the teacher wails as an excruciating quirt-flick crimsons the purpled head of his bouncing member.

The teacher can perve on women, but he can't get it off with any of them because he loses his erection at point of entry. His father saw to that when he was a child.

The country town the boy was reared in had little time for preachers in obscure religious faiths, particularly since his father had tried to justify publicly the withholding of a vital blood transfusion that had cost another member of the family her life.

And when the boy was caught playing "show us yours an' I'll show ya mine" with a six-year-old whose knickers were down to her knees, he was branded a sex pervert at the age of seven.

The family fled the town, but the boy could not escape his punishment, which consisted of weekly cock-canings followed by two-hour family prayer sessions begging the Almighty's forgiveness for the disgrace the depraved child had brought on himself, the family and, above all, the faith.

"That makes eight to go before I finish you off."

She is toying with him. Though he is still defiant enough to abuse her, he fears the eight strokes which must be delivered at her leisure before she straps on her hip harness and dildo rapes him. The violent anal invasion, occasioned by his guilt over an unsuccessful foray into homosexuality in an attempt to break his bitter sexual drought, will be bountiful. It will induce the orgasm that will trigger the ejaculation that will make his cock flaccid.

A flaccid cock he needs to deflate the pressure on his constricted erection, but erect he will remain until his mistress deems otherwise.

The name of this exercise is bondage and tease. He is in bondage and she is teasing him. Save for her mistress's collar, her thigh-length boots and her leather gloves, she is naked. She is adept in a thousand postures and sinuous bodily manoeuvres calculated to keep his dick pulsing frantically in its tubular prison.

The teacher looks, and he groans at what he sees. Already her ginger pubic beard is glistening with the juices of her

smug sexual excitement. She is a fiend. She is a bitch.

"I have to be. That's what they want, and they want because they need it to be that way," she says, drawing the shades on the sex lives of three human beings who are, as she present them to be, the adult victims of lawful child abuse.

Most of us have heard the story of the prostitute who ran screaming into the street to complain to a passing policeman that a client had tried to con her into an unnatural act. When queried on the nature of this unnatural act, the incensed whore cried "He wanted to screw me on credit".

Such an objection would seem to be equally valid on the bondage and discipline scene, with cash up front being an admirable basis for Mistress Toni's kind of operation.

But while lots of fetishists would go for either a freebie or a "fly now, pay later" session with their ears back, Mistress Toni insists that the recipient would derive no benefit from anything other than a pre-paid treatment.

"With a guilt thing it's essential that the submissive approach the mistress knowing he's atoned to the extent that can be attained by material sacrifice," she explains. "Some of my slaves pay for their sessions in work performed, and often I invent tasks, such as unnecessary errands, so that they feel they have fulfilled a certain obligation to themselves before they enter the dungeon."

A bare room can be a dungeon if the dominatrix has the personality projection to convince the client he is confined in a sinister place from which there is no escape.

But, as Mistress Toni says, there is no substitute for a dungeon dungeon, an underground chamber old enough to have been hewn by long-dead artisans, and preferably dank and unventilated. In fact Mistress Toni plans to move the House of Dominance from Redfern to another near-city location which has two century-old cellars which will easily convert into dungeons.

The nearest she has come to having the real thing was in suburban Clovelly, where slaves excavated beneath a rented house to provide her with an underground chamber of horrors. Anybody who descended into that cheerless place was already convinced he was beyond the reach of mortal aid. But the over-zealous slaves undermined the foundations to such effect that the landlord became suspicious when he discovered that the bath was literally suspended in space, and supported only by the attached pipes.

Perhaps the indomitable Mistress Toni lost a little face before her slaves as she went down in defeat, for none of her arrogance, wiles, firmness or cajoleries could stave off instant eviction.

While Mistress Toni acknowledges the success some psychiatrists achieve in areas other than her own, she has two immediate reasons to doubt their capacities to "cure" fetish cases. The first is that three of Australia's most highly regarded psychiatrists refer their patients to her to stabilise them for a period before attempting a detailed diagnosis of their own. Some remain her clients and never return to the shrink. Her second reason for doubt is that two practising psychiatrists and one psychologist are numbered among her regular clients.

"It's all so very simple," Mistress Toni tells you with disarming conviction. "Medical science is going so fast that it passes more than it catches up with. A fetish is merely a psychological factor, the successful accommodation of which produces relief from anxiety — and sexual freedom."

In contending that the ancients were more deeply involved with fetish outlets, and better equipped to accord them social tolerance than are we moderns, Mistress Toni warns that seemingly convincing evidence can never be taken at face value.

She says that while it was well documented that enema eroticism and enema fetishes were prevalent in many ancient European, Asian and African cultures, archeologists were astounded to come across Aztec drawings of youths and maidens frolicking in the sun and administering enemas to each other with devices made of skins and polished bone.

"Of course the old fogies leapt to the conclusion that the Aztecs had been heavily into water sports, and began involving themselves in earnest discussion as to whether the enema kick had crossed the Atlantic or been locally developed," she says, displaying her belief that men of science are not always with it.

"But their faces turned red when later translations revealed that those Aztec playmates weren't into a purely sexual trip at all.

"They were blowing their minds by squirting peyote up each other's bums, which was a wilder thing than the simple wine enemas many of my clients get out on today."

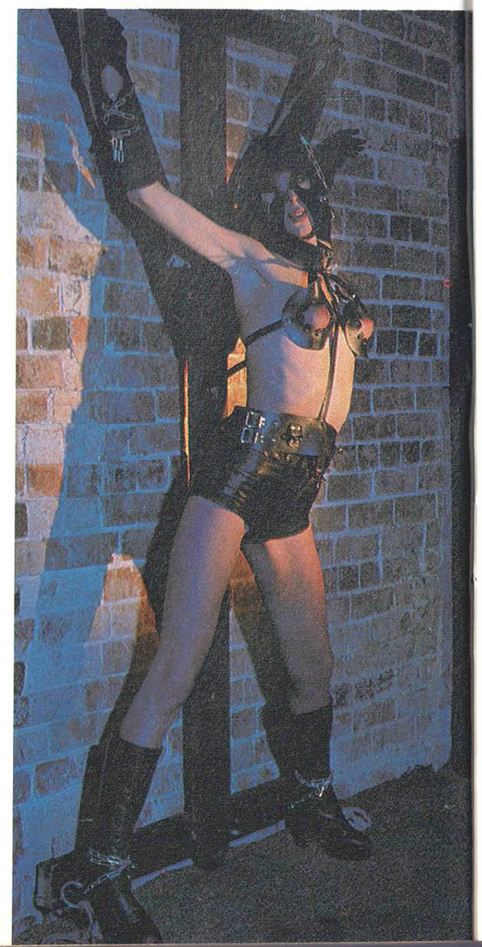
Mistress Toni's track record confirms her seemingly psychic powers to unerringly home in on a client's fetish, regardless of his best efforts to conceal it. Nobody doubts her status as Australia's outstanding practitioner, while her overseas clients are adamant that she has no equal in the world. This is no mean compliment when it's realised that several of her clients are orientals, who at home have access to the tradition of up to a couple of thousand years of Asian fetish culture on tap.

When given a meagre few hundred words to express her understanding of the underlying psychology of fetishism, Mistress Toni did her best. In the interest of brevity she reduced all human motivation to sexual aspirations, which might be called a lay person's understanding of the libidinal drive.

"In simple terms, I am dominant and Marcel is submissive, while most members of all human societies alternate between dominant-sadist and submissive-masochist," she began. "But it can't be supposed the dominant submissive is less successful in satisfying his innate drive than is the dominant sadist.

"They are inter-dependent because the dominant-sadist is powerless without a subject who is amenable to submission. Nobody knows this better, or is more adept in exploiting this knowledge, than the submissive-masochist. And the submissive has the tremendous advantage of knowing that his behavior is socially acceptable to the extent of inviting public sympathy, while the behavior of the dominant-sadist is always seen as reprehensible."

She instanced the case of a baby who was always screaming for nutrition, and giving its mother, and anybody else within earshot, a very bad time until she submitted and proferred the demanded nipple. But a second child might wake to the lurk that by adopting the submissive-masochistic role and refusing the nipple, everything falls his way. The nipple becomes available to him at any time, and in fact it is very often forced on him by his hoodwinked mother.



"All human societies alternate between dominant-sadist and submissive-masochist," says Mistress Toni (above top). "The dominant-sadist is powerless without a subject."

"You can see the same con being worked by geriatrics," Mistress Toni observes. "It doesn't change all that much from the cradle to the grave. And that's why, in the middle stages, there are so few of us successful dominants. Every submissive who comes in here knows, whether or not he's aware of knowing, that a dominatrix who fails to achieve domination suffers an immense emotional loss.

"In the ideal situation, both dominant and submissive achieve gratification, which is manifested in spontaneous orgasm."

Mistress Toni believes that one of history's most misunderstood and unjustly maligned men was the Marquis de Sade, from whose name the word "sadist" was coined. That his contemporaries were of differing minds on his life style and ethics may be confirmed from viewpoints expressed at the time. The doctor in attendance when he died in a French prison cell on December 2, 1814, wrote this in his diary:

"He expired of a pulmonary congestion in the form of asthma. He was a good soul and pious. May he rest in peace."

But another witness, giving evidence at one of the Marquis de Sade's many court appearances, recorded these words in his testimony:

"Some five are present, the Marquis included. All divest themselves of their clothing to confront one another in a perfect state of nakedness . . . there are in the company three women and two men. The second man is a virile youth. Presently, his body bloody from the Marquis's lash, this fellow is prevailed upon to mount the Marquis from the rear. Which he does with much force. When this has been accomplished, the Marquis, who is himself upon two other ladies, the one with his body and the other with his tongue, orders the youth severely flogged.

"Later, he whips two of the ladies while they play with one another, and then takes to lashing the youth and a lady as they make their play. When he himself is severely flogged, the Marquis cries out in a great voice that we should note the number of marks he bears, and with what fortitude."

Apart from suggesting that the said Marquis would be a top hand at any modern day fetish orgy, his playtime routines contrast markedly with his everyday life style, as indeed do Mistress Toni's and that of all her clients.

When Mistress Toni leaves the House of Dominance, she doesn't lurk in dark alleys seeking some unwary loiterer to flog. She retires to live a normal suburban

life in seaside Coogee home with her 12-year-old son, if such household accoutrements as five massive Newfoundland retrievers and an adoring, and adorable, female slave can be conceded as normal.

Similarly, Marcel does not prevail upon the office girl to squeeze his balls, any more than the priest asks an elderly parishioner to give him an enema, or the teacher gets a pupil to cane his cock. They all devote most of their time to following socially acceptable pursuits, and part of their time to undergoing the sexual therapy that permits them to do so.

One of Mistress Toni's most regular clients, and one of her dearest friends, is known to House of Dominance regulars as Susie Q.

Susie is a hulking, hairy-chested train driver who loves nothing better than to visit Mistress Toni's transvestite room and dress up in a bra, frilly panties, stockings with a suspender belt, and the latest in feminine outerwear. Atop all this he affixes his chosen wig from the house's ample range, and manages to change his appearance from a gross train driver in a boiler suit to that of an ungainly train driver in drag.

Nobody is fooled. It just makes him feel better, and when eventually he goes off into the knickers, they're easily washed for next time.

His workmates see him as a hard-working, hard drinking masculine guy who can answer any conceivable question on sport and who isn't afraid to lash out on a horse he fancies. He has never been Susie Q on the job and he never makes train noises during his sex therapy sessions.

Neither was the Marquis de Sade anything but gentle and compassionate when removed from his orgies. It is not generally known that he was the one aristocrat spared when the French revolutionaries stormed the Bastille, or that, in fact, he was feted, and many of his plays were performed publicly for the first time.

Yet, when given a position of great authority, the Marquis de Sade fell into disfavor with the new regime by deploring their excesses and refusing to pass sentence on those who were brought to trial before him.

"He was, in a very real sense, a social and a sexual revolutionary, for he postulated that it's by imposing guilt and repressing man's sexual inclinations that society keeps the individual submissive," Mistress Toni says in paraphrasing one of de Sade's quotations.

And Simone de Beauvoir said much the same, though in a different context, when observing that "In submitting, a man renounces both his authenticity and his freedom. The prejudices that condemn incest, sodomy, and all sexual vagaries have but one aim: to destroy the individual by imposing on him a stupid conformism."

Mistress Toni is well able to distinguish between the form of submission by which a man abandons his social and political freedoms, even the freedom to undergo sex therapy without harrassment and ridicule, and the submissiveness he might exhibit in her dungeons. And she knows the meaning of parental and social rejection.

When she was born in Dubbo 30 years ago, her mother took one look at her and renounced her as bearing the mark of the devil.

No amount of priestly or family inducements could induce her to accept the new-born child, who lay unclaimed for two months in the hospital nursery before her 13-year-old sister agreed to care for her.

That Dubbo was not kind to the unwanted child will be revealed on publication of the autobiography she is now writing.

> "There is no fetish fantasy with which Mistress Toni is not familiar and cannot gratify."

Naturally, the mothers of other girls were wary of the one branded "devil's child" by her own mother, and when she was denied the companionship of girls of her own age, she became the ringleader of a gang of boys, who obeyed her every command and indulged her every whim.

The book is not being written out of vindictiveness because it does not have to be.

Since the nineteen-year-old unmarried mother made the move to Sydney in 1970 with her infant son at foot and her purse empty, Mistress Toni has encountered and negotiated scores of seemingly insurmountable obstacles, any one of which would have broken a lesser woman.

Her adversaries have included her parents, her teachers, the law, the Mafia, drug addiction, cancer and, beyond all these herself.

Mistress Toni has had a disturbed client build a medieval castle, complete with moat and drawbridge, in which to imprison her to minister to his own peculiar needs.

She has successfully defended herself in court on a charge of attempted murder. She has set off alone on a frantic search to comb the United States for her kidnapped son, in a triumph of intelligent sleuthing and high adventure that would shame moviedom's most imaginative screen writers.

And after beginning her career as a dominatrix when a lesser Mistress Toni failed to appear in a Sydney parlor, she took the name herself and went on to become a sensation in the dungeons of San Francisco and Los Angeles, so much so that the established mistresses of those cities threatened to shelf her to the immigration authorities if she didn't jet off the scene.

In the world of fetishism, Mistress Toni knows it all because she has been there. There is no fetish fantasy with which she is not familiar and cannot gratify. By adhering to the truism "He who's convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still", she has restored to normal living many neurotic clients who were despaired of by professional psychiatrists and psychologists.

Though she bears no grudges, she is still capable of exhibiting traces of philosophy that revenge is sweet. For instance, when recounting the circumstances attending the loss of her cherry, she is still capable of saying: "I'd passed my eleventh birthday before I started fucking, but a lot of those little darlings who were protected from my contaminating influence started screwing a full year before I did."

Now, two husbands later, and with a lifetime in front of her, Mistress Toni is justifiably proud of her son, who is a brilliant student and captain of his school.

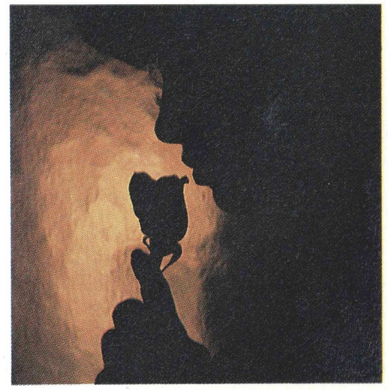
Next year he will attend a Catholic high school because, despite her own disenchantment with church authority, she has always encouraged the boy in the faith of her upbringing.

In contrast to the hectic life she has led, her plans for herself are relatively mundane.

She merely wants to finish her book, breed and exhibit her dogs and, in her own good time, proceed to establish herself as the greatest dominatrix the world has known.

"On a more intimate note I can say I'm lucky to be a young 30," she says immodestly, though her stunning appearance doesn't contradict her. "And I'm my own woman now because I've cleaned out all that shit they put in my head. I know I'm healthy again because I'm so horny again.

"But when I make it with a man or a lady in future it will be on a mutual day-to-day basis, with no more ridiculous long-term commitments." ○+



"I have a butterfly spirit — I flit from place to place."

ANNA

ISLAND DREAM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROSS BARNETT

"On dull, overcast days I curl up in bed in my flat in Melbourne and dream about being on a Greek island," says hazel-eyed Anna Knappe, our Pet of the Month. "And on this island is a handsome man who can't speak any English. We spend glorious days in the sun by the sea learning to communicate — and not necessarily with words, either! This may just be a dream, but if I get the chance to travel I'm going to make it come true."

Eighteen-year-old Anna has already done a lot of travelling since she came to Australia from Bavaria seven years ago. At 16, she worked with a circus for a while in Queensland, helping with public relations and occasionally performing in the ring as a clown. Later, she worked on a prawn trawler. "We had seafood at every meal," says our 34-24-34 Pet. "That may sound wonderful to some people, but we really were sick of it by the end of six weeks. And I *still* can't eat seafood."

Anna has been working as a photographic model in Melbourne, but now she's having a short break from work to see more of Australia and to visit her parents in Townsville. "Like every girl, I'd like to find a job that involves overseas travelling," she says. "I'd like to see my relatives in Germany, visit London and Paris and, of course, find my Greek isle. I've been in Melbourne for a year now, and that's the longest I've stayed put for some time, but I have a butterfly spirit — I flit from place to place and I never know where I'm going to be next."

White dress and ostrich coat by Sally Brown. South Yarra.

'I love the night life — it makes me feel so very much a woman.'

"I'm not looking for long-term relationships," admits Anna. "I like my freedom too much and I need a lot of breathing space. I don't want any hassles when it's time for me to move on to a new place or a new love. I find that I'm attracted to older European men — sophisticated, fun-loving men who'll take me to concerts, elegant restaurants and discos. I love the night life — it makes me feel so vital, so very much a woman." You're all woman, Anna!

MISS ANNA KNAPPE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY ALAN RENOUF

The author is a political commentator. He resigned from the Australian Department of Foreign Affairs after a dispute with the Fraser Government over the structure of the Australian mission to America. He was at the time, Australia's Ambassador to the US. He was previously permanent head of the Department of Foreign Affairs following a long and distinguished diplomatic career.

WHY THE PUBLIC SERVICE LEAKS LIKE A SIEVE

Up to the time of the Whitlam Government, "leaks" in Canberra were rare. One of the most notable appearances of the phenomenon was the publication by Max Newton of a classified telegram from the Australian Ambassador in Paris around 1970. This was notable not so much for the contents of the telegram, which were negligible, as for the fact that in a very unusual display of indignation, the government decided to prosecute Newton for a breach of the Crimes Act. As the government did not prepare its case properly, the episode turned out to be a fiasco. No government has since tried to enforce the law although leaks have become more commonplace.

Why, until the Newton affair, were leaks so rare? The answer is that generations of Commonwealth public servants had had drummed into them the security of confidential information, and access to it was strictly policed in accordance with a criterion called "need to know" (the information was shared only by those who had a need to know it so they could carry out their official duties).

On occasions, this was carried to absurd lengths; reasoning that if they alone knew all there was to be known, their value to Ministers would be all the greater, some senior public servants used to deprive their juniors of information they needed. The system was, as it still is, backed by sanctions, not only those in the Crimes Act but also by provisions in the Public Service Act which are very broad. But, the sanctions were not the main reason leaks did not happen — the explanation was rather that "leaking" was simply not a thing public servants did, being considered dishonorable.

This produced a situation where a large amount of information which could have been made public was withheld. Whenever a public servant had any doubt about the confidentiality or otherwise of information, he or she, playing it safe, "classified" it. Federal government in Australia became very much a closed shop. While this deprived the public of one of the principal means whereby it could judge issues and the performance of government, it was useful for politicians — it was harder to criticise them and when criticised, they could always reply that if the critic knew all the facts, he would better understand the government's attitude.

Aware of this situation and anxious to remedy it and zealous to reform, the first Whitlam Government came out with a policy of "open government". This went as far as removing the inhibition placed on public servants by regulation that they could not publicly comment on administration. It was a commendable policy, but its reach was a little too long. The policy should have been "more open government", for if a government is to operate effectively, there is a certain amount of information (not much) which cannot be made available to the public.

The Whitlam Government came to appreciate its mistake, but not before its policy led to licence. A lot of public servants took the policy literally — and Canberra began to leak like a sieve. What was worse for the Whitlam Government was that public servants of a conservative political complexion began to pass classified information to the Liberal-Country Party Opposition. Such leaks eventually became so common and so serious that Malcolm Fraser was obliged to offer the excuse that public servants sometimes had to put their duty to the public above their duty to the government of the day. It was not to be expected that when Mr Fraser became Prime Minister, he would agree with himself.

When the Liberal and Country Parties were returned to office at the end of 1975, they acted promptly to put an end to any degree of "open government". The flow of information was tightly bottled up again. In fact, the flow of information to the public was restricted to a degree unprecedented in Australia. And the flow within the machinery of government was more tightly controlled than it had been for a long time.

Like Henry Kissinger when he was in office in Washington, Mr Fraser believes, rightly, that a monopoly of information — or as great a monopoly as is possible — substantially assists the monopoly of power.

Nonetheless, the damage had been done, unwittingly and in good faith, by the Whitlam Governments. After them, public servants no longer have the same feelings about the sanctity of classified information, and leaks have become a recurrent feature of government. They are likely to remain so.

The reasons why public servants leak information are various. Fortunately, extremely few leaks are done for material reward. Very occasionally, a leak occurs because a public servant wants to gratify a sense of importance to a member of the media. Occasionally, a public servant transgresses for personal reasons, such as resentment of a superior or in an attempt to show that he or she is right about a particular issue and the superior wrong. Sometimes the public servant who leaks is inclined politically to favor the Opposition and wants to help it, but the majority of leaks can be attributed to higher motives than these.

The motives are that the public servant recognises the duty to the public that Mr Fraser once mentioned and, thinking that the government of the day is acting against public interest, decides to expose the mistake which he feels the government is making. Or, if the government is perceived as practising political deception on an unacceptable scale, the public servant is driven to let the public know the truth.

For any government, the question of what and how much information should be released is difficult. On the one hand, the public has the right to have as much information as possible, and the more it has, the better it can participate in the political process. On the other hand, the better informed the public is, the harder it can make the government's task.

An illustration is the proposal floated within the Department of Foreign Affairs during the time of the Whitlam Governments. This was that when the government made a decision the arguments for *and against* that decision should be revealed. This proposal proved too much even for the Whitlam Governments. Its adoption would have meant giving the Opposition arguments with which it could criticise the decision.

Be that as it may (and it shows how serious the Whitlam Governments were in seeking "open government"), a lot of politicians in Canberra normally prefer to withhold the maximum amount of information.

As for public servants, most of them want a quiet life and this means working to the utmost possible extent in secrecy. Like the majority of politicians, they like their share of power, and being privy to information not available elsewhere enhances their share of power. Information is a perquisite of their jobs, hence, they too choose to hold information to themselves rather than lay it open to the public.

This is an unsatisfactory state of affairs. Clearly, it is better that governments should lean towards informing the public to the maximum extent rather than the reverse. The question is one of finding the middle road. One extreme, "open government" strictly so-called is impracticable. The other extreme, "closed government", to the degree in which the Fraser Government pursues it, is bad.

There is only one country at the moment which appears to have found the middle road — the US. In revulsion against the "closed government" system of Nixon and Kissinger (which, incidentally, was never as closed as government now is in Canberra), the US has since moved to a position with its Freedom of Information legislation whereby the government is obliged to release a great deal of information unless it can show good cause before tribunals not to do so. By comparison with the situation in Australia, government in the US has, by this means, become extraordinarily open.

Experience under this system has demonstrated that it has not damaged the national interests of the US; experience with it has also shown it has made the Government more painstaking and careful in its decisions. Unhappily, the Freedom of Information Act with which the Fraser Government has been tinkering for a long time will not, assuming it is ever enacted, open up government in Australia to anything like the US.

Unless something like the US system is done in Australia, leaks embarrassing to government will continue to occur with the same frequency as in the past. The Fraser Governments do not appear to understand that the excessive restriction of the flow of information is self-defeating — it enhances the value of the leak and increases the temptation to leak. It also does not understand that the government cannot expect public servants not to be attracted towards divulging information without authority when it regularly leaks itself for its own political purposes.

One of the recent examples of this was the premature revelation by the Fraser Government of the impending Chinese missile test in the Pacific Ocean, a leak for which the government had to apologise to China (the purpose of the leak was obviously to show how intimate relations between Australia and China had become).

The Fraser Government does not understand that the sanctions against leaks as embodied in the law and the Public Service Act have broken down because experience has shown that it is very difficult to sheet home responsibility for a leak, and even when responsibility can be sheeted home, prosecution will tend to produce martyrs, not criminals.

The need for more open government in Australia is pointed up by another circumstance. The release of classified information is embargoed until no less than 30 years have elapsed. No one knows now just what magic lies in the figure of 30 but it begs the question why the period of non-revelation must be so very long. Surely, there can be no good reason why the period cannot be substantially shortened.

Now, the Australian historian of foreign relations can get a lot of information about his country from the US which he cannot obtain for decades in his own country.

"The Fraser Governments do not appear to understand that the excessive restriction of the flow of information enhances the value of the leak."

Illustration by Noel Stapleton

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

TONY ROCHE

‘I still enjoy playing tennis
and it would be silly for me to say
I’m retiring completely.
I’m just no longer interested in making
a living from playing the game.’

On December 18, 1979, Tony Roche, an authentic tennis genius, went to bed at 4.30am in his home at the Sydney suburb of St Ives. He had been fighting bushfires all night, which at one point had come within 100 metres of his house. He slept for three hours. Later that morning, unable to get back to sleep, he contacted the officials of the Nabisco NSW tournament to ask if the match he was scheduled to play that day against American Gene Makin could be postponed. Their reply: Roche would either play or forfeit. He played, and beat Makin in straight sets.

The story is typical of Roche’s remarkable career. From the very beginning he has been beleaguered by injury after injury, enough to drive a clerk into early retirement because of ill health. And yet for 16 years, since he set his first record at the age of 18 by winning the juniors single championships of Queensland, NSW, Victoria, and SA and WA all in the same year, he has remained, as player and coach, a dominating force in world tennis.

His career has been filled with drama, triumphs and setbacks. Born the son of a Roman Catholic butcher in a small town south-west of Sydney, he was first, and he feels most formatively, coached by his father. Chosen for the Davis Cup junior squad in 1962, he was immediately beset by problems with his stomach muscles which have plagued him to this day. Two years later, generally considered Australia’s brightest young star, eclipsing even his mate John Newcombe, he shocked the world by nearly upsetting Roy Emerson, then world champion, at one point leading by three sets to one. The same year, he pulled a muscle in his back.

The next year, seeded at Wimbledon, Roche was forced to see doctors regularly, once playing doubles with Newcombe against their specific orders. In 1970, it was the consensus that he would succeed the then-champion, Rod Laver, as the world’s leading player. In that year he was forced to take a six-month sabbatical because of an operation on his elbow. The following year he underwent another operation, again with no results. Newcombe said of him in his newspaper column: “Tony is one of the best players in the world — it’s a tragedy that his career has been hit by this injury.” In 1973, Roche had a “faith healing” operation on his elbow in Manila, an experience about which he talks in depth for the first time in this interview with freelancer and tennis fanatic Richard Deutch.

Now living comfortably in “semi-retirement”, Roche is occupied mainly with the business and pleasure of coaching young Australian hopefuls. He and Newcombe are partners in tennis camps all around the world, and he is head Australian coach of “Operation Tennis”, a project sponsored by Custom Credit, the LTA and the Federal Government, whose purpose is to put Australia back on top of the tennis world: which is where Roche would like to remember it.

Penthouse: On October 16, 1978, you announced your "semi-retirement". What exactly do you mean by semi-retirement?

Roche: Well, I don't figure on playing any more tournaments overseas. I still enjoy playing tennis and it would be silly for me to say I'm retiring completely from the game. I'd like to play some tournaments here in Australia if I feel like it, and if I'm fit enough, I'll play them. But I'm no longer interested in the world circuit. I suppose you could say I'm no longer interested in making a living from playing the game.

Penthouse: But you played abroad last year?

Roche: In 1979 I had a business commitment in America and since I was there I played two tournaments, one at Houston and then doubles in Las Vegas with Alan Stone.

Penthouse: How did you do?

Roche: Not very well.

Penthouse: We don't want to dwell unnecessarily on your injuries but they do play a crucial part in the shape your career, and your life, has taken. To play Davis Cup in 1962 you had to be cleared by doctors because of a torn stomach muscle. Did you have many health problems as a child?

Roche: No, I was never a sick kid. Most of my injuries I think happened because of the way I hit the ball. In my service motion I really put a lot of pressure on my stomach muscles, and I think that's the reason I had so many problems early. Then later on when I developed problems with my elbow — well, a lot of players who use a lot of top spin — using their arm more than their whole bodies — sooner or later get tennis elbow.

Look at a player like Rosewall, who proves that if you hit the ball nice and cleanly and don't put too much spin on, say, your forehand and backhand, or on your serve — you don't try for the big kick serve — you have fewer injuries. He's never had a major injury, right through his career. And guys like Laver and Ashe, who hit the ball with a tremendous amount of top spin, have all had problems with tennis elbow.

Penthouse: Your first tennis injury, sustained at the age of five, wasn't because of your service game but your opponent's. Yelling, "here's how you serve an ace!", he lost his grip of the racquet, which flew across the net and knocked out two of your front teeth. What was your tennis career between that incident, your first go at the game, and 1962?

Roche: Well, now. I lived in Tarcutta, a small place up near Wagga. My father was the town butcher, and he was very keen. We used to play in the afternoon when he finished work and up until he finished I'd go and hit at a brick wall. So I was getting maybe three hours of tennis a day against my father — and against a brick wall! And once a week we'd go into Wagga so that I could be coached by a chap named Bill Williams who was an excellent player. You wouldn't have known it to look at him, he was very fat. Died a few years ago. He was very helpful, but it was my father who was mainly responsible for my training until I came to Sydney.

I played little tournaments around the country areas and it wasn't unusual for my father to drive me 400 kilometres so I could play in a weekend tournament. Then when I was about 13 Bill brought me down to Sydney to meet Vic Edwards. He wanted him to have a look at me; I don't think Vic was very impressed with what he saw. Dunlops helped me a lot, though, probably more than anyone at that stage.

Penthouse: How?

Roche: My parents certainly couldn't afford to provide me with racquets and clothing and travel fares to all the tournaments. When I finally did leave home to embark on a tennis career it was only possible because Dunlops offered me a job. At first I was just in the office — just an office boy. I used to go in in the mornings and I had three afternoons a week off for practice sessions with Dinny Pails, who played Davis Cup in the Forties. He had a job going around to all the schools in NSW conducting clinics at lunchtime to promote tennis products. He started taking me along with him to play exhibition sets. We'd mark out a court in the quadrangle, and put up a net.

> Hopman made a point of making it really tough on me in my first year. I think everybody went through that initiation.

Penthouse: You first made big news when Davis Cup coach Harry Hopman selected you for the junior Davis Cup team, along with a skinny, non-mustachioed kid named John Newcombe. How did you two hit it off at first?

Roche: We didn't really see much of one another when we were juniors here in Australia. John is a year older than I am, so the first year we went abroad he went with the Davis team and I played the Orange Bowl in Miami. Then when he came back, he elected not to play any more junior events, he felt it was better for him to concentrate on men's tennis. The next year I went away on the team with John, but he was playing doubles with Ken Fletcher and my partner was Owen Davidson. In 1964 we were sent overseas with two girls and we had started teaming up before that because we knew we'd be playing together.

Penthouse: And the two of you became mates, or as the papers called you, "Tennis Twins".

Roche: Yeah, very original.

Penthouse: Did Harry Hopman, who said of your tennis development in 1963 that you were becoming "an expert shoe-cleaner, dishwasher and car driver", give the juniors a rough time?

Roche: Well, 1963 was the first year I was actively involved with Davis Cup and I was Australia's top junior that year and Hopman I think made a point of making it really tough on me in my first year. I think everybody went through that initiation. He made you do every odd job around and you didn't really get to play that much tennis. Especially me, because I'm a left-hander and that year we were playing America in the challenge round in Adelaide and there wasn't a left-hander on their team.

Penthouse: One of the more intriguing headlines in your file was, ROCHE INJURED WHEN HE AND NEWCOMBE BLOW UP WASHING MACHINE IN PERTH. How did that happen?

Roche: The machine was in our motel. I don't think John had ever seen a washing machine before and I certainly hadn't. My mother used to wash with a boiler and a stick. I think what we did, we reversed the machine while it was still going forward and blew it up. I remember I hurt my foot getting out because of the explosion. We thought it was really going to blow the whole place up and there were suds all over the floor and I slipped as I went for the door. We learned a lesson. I haven't done any washing since.

Penthouse: Are you and Newcombe still very close?

Roche: Yeah. You know, over all the years . . . we are very different in our personalities but I would regard John as my closest friend. And I am very happy to say that in all the time we've played together, with all the happy moments of winning and sad moment of losing — and now we're in business together here in Australia — in all that time we have not had one argument. Not even a small one.

Penthouse: He once said that when the two of you are playing doubles and he's at the net, he doesn't even have to speculate as to what you're going to do. He just *knows*. Is that also true of you?

Roche: Oh, yeah. And not only playing doubles. I've played John I don't know how many times in singles and watched him play so many other matches, and the same with him, that you just know which shots are on and which aren't. We play percentage tennis, and in doubles I like to know that if John doesn't like a particular shot he's not going to try it on a big point, so I know pretty well which shot he is going to play, and it all fits into place. The key to success in doubles is playing together.

Penthouse: Has he influenced your tennis style at all?

Roche: No, not really.

Penthouse: Back to the beginnings. When you first went to the Italian Open, one critic remarked, "He's a good boy, but he's no champion yet". The following year you were a champ. What problem, or problems, did you solve so quickly?

Roche: It took me a long time, actually, to adjust to playing on different surfaces. And I think that is the true sign of a champ. A player who plays particularly well on only one surface is not, to me, a champion. Borg has dominated on every surface there is and it's because of that he's probably the greatest player of all time. It took me a while to adjust from the fast grass surfaces here in Australia to the slow clay courts in Europe.

Penthouse: At about the same time another sports commentator said of you, "He has to be very careful because he has a tendency to allow happenings to irritate him." Do you still have this problem?

Roche: I don't believe that was a problem I *ever* had. Who said that?

Penthouse: Adrian Quist.

Roche: Oh, Adrian Quist [slightly irritated].

Penthouse: In 1965, when you were 20, the injuries seem to have started in earnest. You withdrew from the Queensland Championship because of a torn muscle in your elbow, and missed the NSW Championship, for the same reason. Is this when tennis elbow set in?

Roche: The elbow started to give me real trouble in 1969. Up until then there was nothing seriously wrong with my elbow to keep me out of tennis. Until that point it was mainly stomach muscles. You know, I'd have a rest for a week, be all right, come back for a few months and pull a muscle again. That's the only sort of injury that bothered me early in my career.

Penthouse: The year 1966 was a great year for you, even though the injuries continued. You won the Czechoslovakian championship a week before you took the Italian Open, then went on to win the French singles championship — after sustaining a leg injury in the doubles. What sort of injury?

Roche: We were leading 2-1 with a break in the fourth and I was serving and I was going to the net and something snapped in my leg and my foot and it just more or less crippled me. I mean, I just couldn't walk. So we had to forfeit that match. The next day I was supposed to play the singles final and our team manager went to speak to the officials and they said they were willing to postpone the match if my opponent agreed. He could have said "No, I want to play tomorrow" and I guess I would have tried to play, but thinking about it now there was no way. He did agree to the postponement and gave me a day's rest. I had injections and on the following day they pumped my leg full of pain-killers and I was able to play and win.

Then we went on to England to get ready for Wimbledon. Those three weeks [after Czechoslovakia, Italy and France] were probably the best I'd ever had because I'd won the Italian and French back to back, both on slow courts, and was seeded two for Wimbledon behind Emmo [Roy Emerson]. I didn't play in the first grasscourt tournament because of the foot-and-leg injury. Then I played the Queens Club Championship and — exactly the same thing happened.

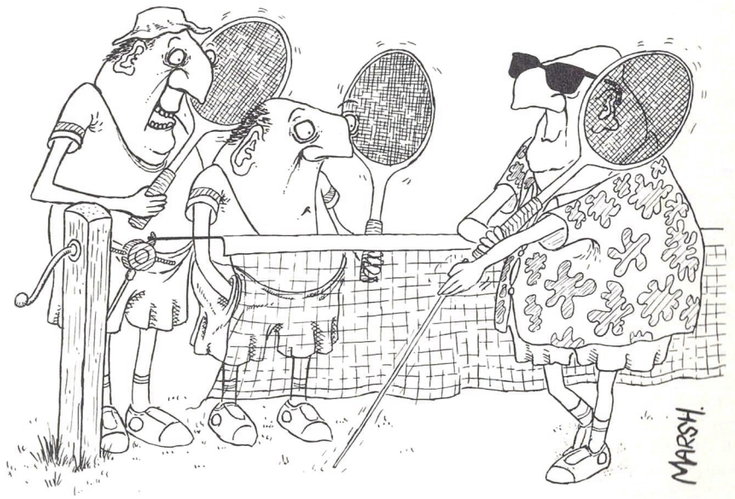
I was in the final of the singles, to play Emerson, and late on Friday night before the final I was playing a semi-final of the doubles with John and I went over, and sprained by ankle. This time I continued playing because it felt okay. But then when I cooled down, about two in the morning, it blew up like a balloon. So there I was in the finals of both singles and doubles at Queens Club and we had to forfeit both.

The manager had to go to the All England Club to ask the Wimbledon committee if they would postpone my first round. I think that had been tried, but I don't think it had ever been successful before then. They said okay. I managed to play the second day and I played a qualifier from Northern England and it was only that he wasn't such a good player that I managed to win through the first round. I had elected not to play doubles because I wasn't sure I'd be fit enough, so John played with Ken Fletcher and they won. [Roche had won the men's doubles at Wimbledon with Newcombe the previous year.]

Penthouse: It sounds almost as if you were jinxed. You've been called a superstitious player. Are you?

Roche: I think nearly all tennis players are psyched [sic] in some way. I had a lot of things tagged on me like that which weren't true. They said I had a "lucky" pair of shorts. Well, Roy Emerson taught me years ago that you didn't *need* more than one pair of shorts to travel with.

Penthouse: The big news in 1967 — also a great year for you, despite the injuries which seem by now to have become a pattern — was that you and Newcombe were turning professional. At first, you



"Norm plays by ear."

said, you were "disinclined" to do so. What changed your mind?

Roche: Pro tennis wasn't really going anywhere in 1967. And you know, we were doing quite well on the amateur circuit. It was a good life, playing Davis Cup and playing all the major championships.

Penthouse: At the risk of sounding naive, where was the money coming from?

Roche: I was still employed by Dunlops. I wasn't "working" for them because I was travelling 10 months a year, but I was using their racquets. Even though they couldn't come out and advertise that, it was their way of keeping you under contract in a sense. Then came Forest Hills and this man Dixon [Dave Dixon, Texas entrepreneur] and we had a meeting, and he was a pretty good salesman and he sold us the idea that he was forming a new professional troupe. Nothing to do with any of the other groups, which as I said were falling flat on their faces. He told us he had a man in Texas, he didn't tell us at the time who it was [Lamar Hunt], who was very wealthy and said they'd make a go of it but he needed John especially because he was Wimbledon champion. I think the whole thing hinged on whether John was going to sign or not. John agreed to turn professional the following year, but we didn't sign a contract. And Davis gave us — I'll never forget this — new suits. All the players who were turning pro with him in 1968 were taken across the street to a store and we were given new suits, one suit each, and that was our commitment.

Penthouse: And then?

Roche: We weren't getting anywhere. Dixon came a little before his time. He was the one who introduced colored tennis clothing. But he had some great, serious ideas too. We weren't playing the tie breaker in those days, that came a little bit later, but there were a lot of innovations and in the end Dixon couldn't keep up his financial part of the deal. Too much opposition. Either Hunt bought him out or Dixon just got out.

Penthouse: The press labelled your and John's move a "defection".

Roche: Well, "professional" is a dirty word in Australia. Australians were about the last to recognise open tennis. Wimbledon decided to go it alone and open it up regardless of what anybody said, and that really forced the issue. But we were still barred from Davis Cup.

Penthouse: Wimbledon once reversed its decision and you were barred for a year, in 1971. In 1972 you boycotted Wimbledon. Why was that, exactly?

Roche: What happened was that Nicky Pelick, a Yugoslav who joined our troupe in 1968, declined to play Davis Cup for his country. And his country said he had to play and he was banned from a major tournament. And we felt that this was wrong, that a player shouldn't be made to play Davis Cup if he didn't feel like it. So we took a stand at Wimbledon. We were just starting up the ATP, and this was a big move because everybody had to get behind it and it really showed how strong our organisation was. I think Roger Taylor decided to go against us. And Nastase. But they were the only ones.

Penthouse: In 1968 you were ranked No. 2 in the world, behind Rod Laver, and the consensus was you'd succeed him as No. 1. Not surprising, since you were winning an average of 14 major tournaments a year. You'd actually beaten Laver in the NSW championship . . .

Roche: . . . but during that tournament my arm problem started and from that point on for the whole of 1969 my arm, you know, just gradually got worse, and I took six months off in 1970. Then when I went back again, after the layoff, it was still bad. I didn't know how serious it was, but after a long rest and various treatments it just didn't respond.

> "Professional" is a dirty word in Australia. We were about the last to recognise open tennis.

Penthouse: You had two major operations in 11 months. And then you had an "operation" in Manila, which has been called a "faith healing". You've been reluctant to talk about it in depth in the past, your usual comment being, "You'd never believe me anyway", but would you tell us just what happened?

Roche: I couldn't tell you what happened during the operation because I had to close my eyes, but I know what I felt.

The whole experience didn't start too well because we were in Manila and we had to get up into the mountains and there are two ways of getting there. One: you fly. Two: you hire a chauffeur and drive up there. Unfortunately we decided on the car and it was hot as hell and the air conditioning didn't work and the roads over there — well, it's just unbelievable. That was a story in itself, just getting there. But when we got there we went around to Placido's place [Placido Palitayan, who has since retired] and he lived in what I guess you'd call the slums. We were walking up the pathway to his house and I said to Sue [Sue Carmody, Ms Roche], "You know, we've got to be crazy, coming all this way and believing all this." I had visions of being operated on and dying of loss of blood and infection. So I said, "Come on, let's go." And she said, "We've come all this way. Let's go and meet the man, anyhow." So she persuaded me and we went on into his house and he wasn't there that particular day. We spoke to his wife, and she said to come back in the morning and he'd be there. So we did.

There was an American guy there when we arrived who was working with Placido, learning about whatever you like to call it, faith healing, and we had a long talk with him because I still wasn't too sure if I wanted to have an operation. And he said, "Well, you may not require an operation. It just depends on what Placido decides himself. He has other, different ways of treating people." So eventually Placido came into the room. He'd been in the bedroom for a long time, I don't know what he was doing there.

He spoke English. He was a very shy little man, didn't say a lot. The American guy did most of the talking. Anyway, I told Placido what my problem was and that I'd had two operations and didn't know how bad my arm was, maybe it was irreparable. He said he'd have a look at it, X-ray it and see what type of treatment he'd give.

And I said, "Well, I'm not real sure. I mean if you X-ray and decide to operate tell me first, will you? Because you know, I still want to think about it." And he said he would do that. So we went into his bedroom and Sue came in and he told me to sit on the bed. I was told that he would get a sheet of paper and lay it over the arm and he would have a look at that and open and shut his eyes, to get the different colors. He told me to lie on my back and relax, and imagine a green apple. I'll never forget it.

Sue was in the room and she told me later what happened. What happened was that I lay down and Placido came around and pushed, really hard, on my head, to the point where it started to hurt a little bit and then the other guy, the American, got my arm outstretched. And I'd started to feel pins and needles in my elbow at this point, but I didn't know what was going on. The American guy was throwing his fingers at my arm, and later we found out he was giving me "injections". Sue said there was no sign of blood, or pricks or anything. But I definitely felt the pins and needles.

After doing that, the American just drew his finger right across my elbow for about two inches and a cut appeared, and no blood gushed out but there was, of course, blood inside, and at this point Sue thought she was going to be sick and left the room. But she definitely saw the arm opened and saw him go in with his bare hand, no gloves or anything. And the next thing I knew I heard them ripping tape and taping my arm up. I still didn't know they'd operated on me.

They told me they'd removed some blood clots from my elbow that were stopping the circulation. And Placido told me that I'd have tremendous heat in my elbow for the next 24 hours. He said not to worry, that he'd take the tape off in two days' time and I'd have a very thin white scar for a day and then that would disappear and I'd be completely okay.

And I must admit, I had the thin white line for a day and I haven't had the elbow problem ever since.

Penthouse: There's no answer to that. Your stomach was still giving you trouble, though, in 1976, when you were the top-seeded Australian singles player over Rosewall and Newcombe. You had some great wins over Nastase, Dent, Alexander, and in 1977 you took McEnroe in straight sets. That same year, however, after beating Vilas decisively in the NSW Open, you were described as "sliding towards retirement". Were you thinking about retiring to coaching?

Roche: Yeah, earlier actually.

Penthouse: So coaching is your main future in tennis?

Roche: Yes. Custom Credit is a three-year thing at the moment. We'll all sit down in three years and see if Custom Credit and the LTA and the government want to continue with it. But I see no reason why I shouldn't. I enjoy working with the boys, and some of them have a chance of becoming great players.

I can look at a kid and say I'd like to work with him on his backhand, but it's going to take six months. He's not going to do it in a week, he's not going to do it in two weeks. And the tactics that he'll use in a game — the surface shots — you get good young kids who'll hit the ball well, but they're not going to win matches.

Penthouse: So you give the kids, Australia's new tennis hopes, a few lessons in game psychology as well?

Roche: Yes, and it's not something you can do overnight. It's a matter of having them under your wing for a long time. People like Hopman and Fraser were dealing with accomplished tennis players and their main job was to see that you were physically and mentally right, that you were thinking well on the court. That kind of encouragement, and little things — maybe you were throwing the ball too low on your serve, that sort of thing. Not changing your game, or your style. It's different with these kids now. And that's my real test.

Penthouse: Back to your "semi-retirement". Newcombe was very keen for the two of you to play doubles at Wimbledon this year, and you said you were considering it. Why didn't you go?

Roche: Well, I still figure, and he does too, that we could do well at Wimbledon. But if he was really going to be serious about it, we should have played two or three tournaments leading up to it. You can't expect to just get on the plane and fly all the way and get off and play at Wimbledon. I think we had a chance of winning this year, but John was committed to other work so we never had the chance to play warm-up tournaments.

Penthouse: And the future?

Roche: Maybe in two or three years' time I'd like to play there, just to enjoy playing. Next year I think we could still take it, if we got serious about it. If John gets serious and says, "Well, come on, let's go and win it . . ."

Penthouse: Although you never took a singles at Wimbledon, you have a splendid record there, with five doubles and a mixed. You lost to Ashe in the semi-finals in 1975, the year he won over Connors. And you also have the distinction of playing the longest match in Wimbledon history, against John Alexander. The match began on a Wednesday and ended on Friday evening . . .

Roche: Oh, yeah. They have lovely weather there.

Penthouse: An American this year asked, "Why don't the English have Wimbledon during the summer?"

Roche: Right.

Penthouse: One last question. What changes would you make, or have made, if you had the whole thing to do over again?

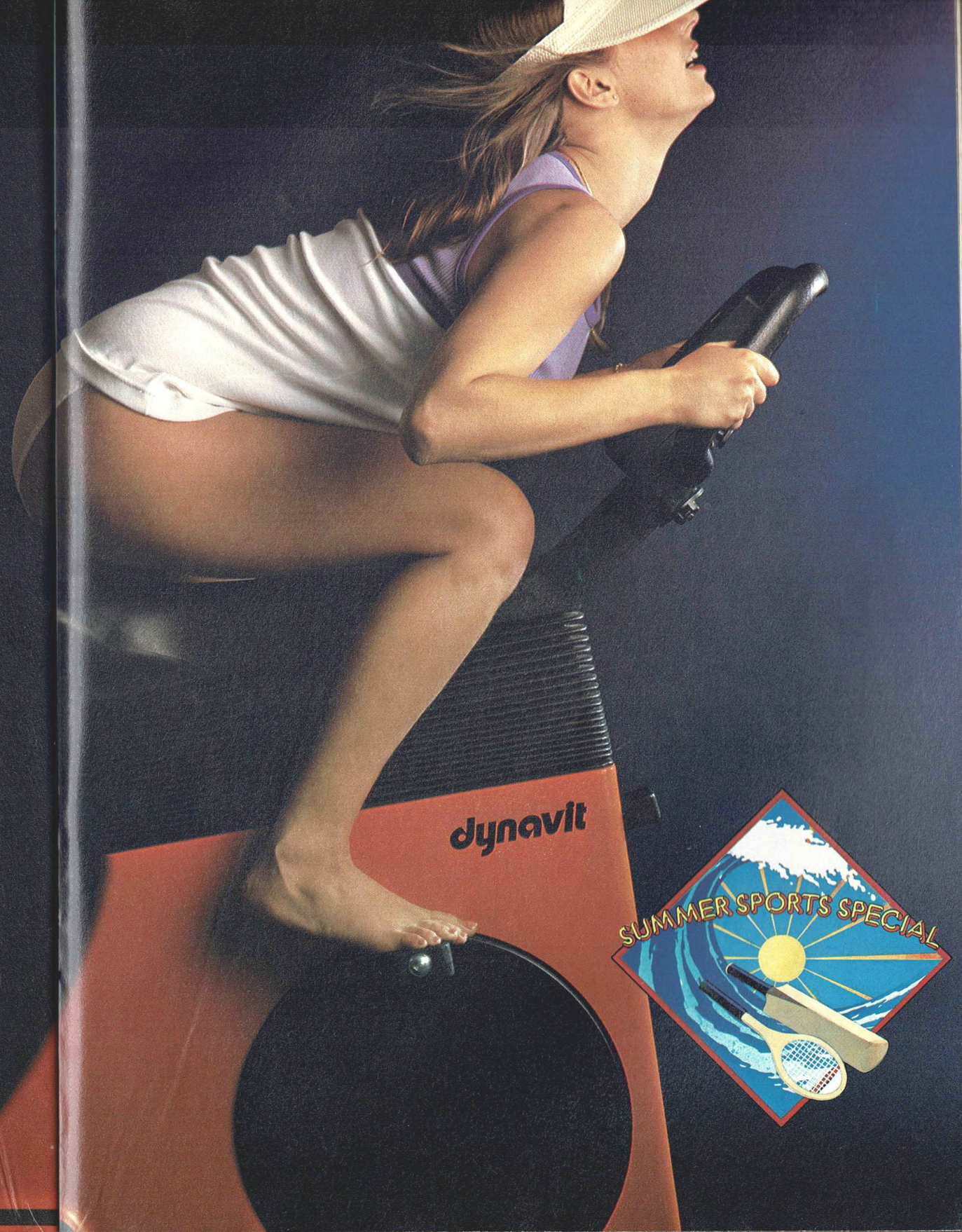
Roche: I'm glad that I was able to go through the tennis scene when amateur tennis was very important, to have played Davis Cup, and the Caribbean circuit, which was a very popular circuit to play as an amateur. And then to have turned pro and seen all the changes in the game . . . I've seen some really big changes in the game, and I've enjoyed that. The only bad thing about it all has been the injuries, and they came at the worst possible times for me.

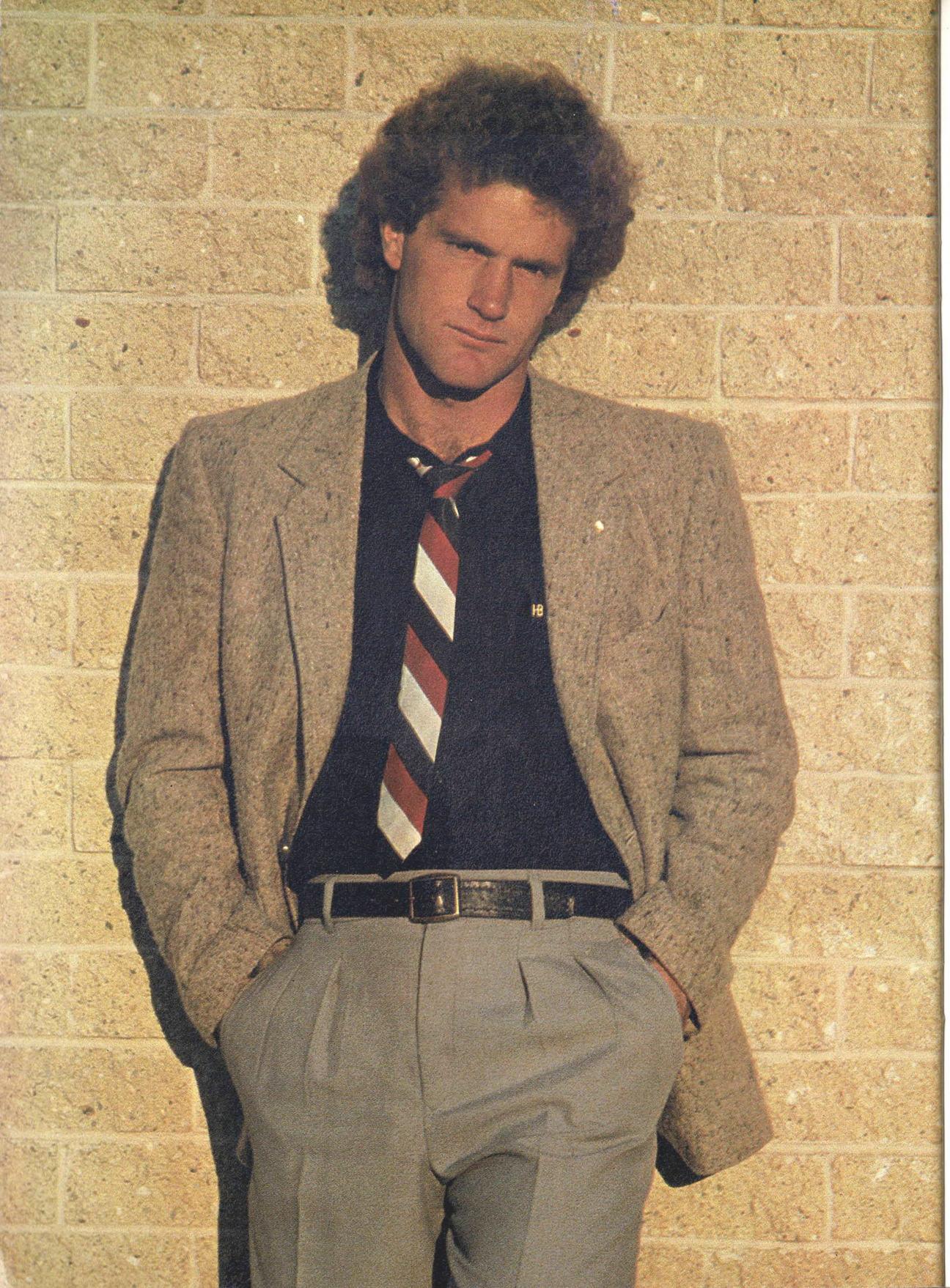
If I'd been a little bit younger they wouldn't have hurt me so much, or a little bit older — they came right smack bang when I was playing probably the best tennis of my life. Probably the biggest mistake I made was playing with the injury, the tennis elbow, and not stopping and getting it right the first time.

"Dick, Jane! Long time no see."

A SPORTING CHRISTMAS

If you've been a good boy this year (or a bad one and got away with it), Santa might bring you a present from the wide range of new sports gear now available. You could find a Dynavit Trainer under your tree. This German-built cycling machine with a computer to show your heart rate and other physical data, is being put through its paces by Penthouse Pet Debra Rietberg (wearing a tennis top by Heads from Fleets). The machine, from John Roberts Australia, sells for $3490 or can be leased for $23 a week. Above: top row. Tee off with a Dunlop golf bag ($84) and buggy ($80) with umbrella ($22). In the bag are Status Mk III woods ($61 each) and irons ($49 each) from Mick Simmons, Sydney. For young sports is this kids' rally bike by Premier ($347). Second row. Dunlop Maxply Graphite tennis racquet (about $70), Slazenger Ken Hiscoe squash racquet ($30), supersize black Adidas CD3000 tennis racquet ($193) from Mick Simmons, Stellar Toronto squash racquet ($57), Adidas tennis bag ($37), Dunlop KT26 joggers ($36), Dunlop sprigged golf shoes ($46), Dunlop "kinetic sole" Q-SLR joggers ($38). Bottom row. Tennis shades ($2-$4), Nicholls grooved cricket bat ($125), Slazenger bat ($75), Gary Player and Jack Nicklaus clubs ($42-$50), Rottwell shotgun ($2415) and cover ($15) from Mick Simmons, and the Le Coq sports towel ($14). Goods available from leading sports stores. Prices are approximate.





After a decade in pro surfing,
Terry Fitzgerald is still making waves.

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

BY PHIL JARRATT

Photo by John Witzig

Terry Fitzgerald, the world's oldest active professional surfer, was sitting in a deck chair in the backyard of his home overlooking the market gardens of the Warriewood Valley, a half-hour drive north of Sydney. It was late on a summer afternoon and he sipped pensively on a large gin and tonic. He was 30 years old, (oh my God), and when it came to winning surfing contests it had been a long time between drinks.

"Terry," I said, "why don't you retire and have done with all this travelling around the world, surfing and lying in the sun?" He eyed me suspiciously and drained his glass before he spoke.

"I don't give up easily," he said. "Somewhere, sometime, they'll have a contest where I'll land on my feet or in the lap of the gods or something, and I'll get into the first three. In the meantime, contests are a great excuse to pack a bag and piss off somewhere and have fun. You want another drink?"

The words, spoken half in jest, were truly prophetic. Somewhere a couple of months later there was just such a surfing contest, and Fitzgerald, the former Australian amateur champion and one of the most highly respected surfers and surfboard designers in the world for more than a decade, landed on his feet.

The contest was the Bali Pro Am, held for the first time on the Indonesian island last June, and Fitzgerald did better than finish in the top three — he took out the title and the handy $3000 purse with a display of smooth, precision surfing that had the kids watching from the Uluwatu cliffs gasping for breath.

A surfing magazine later compared his performance with those of champion stayers Blockbuster and Go Mod,

a comparison which was not entirely accurate. Winning races is a very serious business for both jockeys and horses.

Entering surf contests is something of an indulgence for Fitzgerald. He can make more money hunched over a conference table for an hour. In fact the three grand he won in Bali paid for the tickets and the celebration that night in the piano bar of the Pertamina Hotel, and very little else.

Once the afro-headed *enfant terrible* of the surfing world, Terry Fitzgerald has developed into a fine craftsman and astute businessman. His surfboard company, Hot Buttered Surfboards, made a neat little trading profit of $70,000 last financial year and increased its export figures by 150 percent.

With surfboards retailing at almost $300 in Australia this summer and likely to top $600 in new markets like Japan before the end of the year, the outlook for Hot Buttered is — as they say 'round the surf shops — really unreal. Not that you would get the impression of a thriving business were you to visit Hot Buttered headquarters in a tumble-down old house in the industrial centre of Brookvale. Hemmed in by nondescript factories, the house is perhaps the last evidence of the cottage industry roots of the surfboard business.

In the mid-Sixties, at the height of the surfing boom inspired by such unlikely trendsetters as Little Pattie, there were a couple of dozen such houses in Brookvale, each of them stripped bare to accomodate the shaving of foam and the pouring of plastic. Department stores bulk-ordered surfboards and surfers of an entrepreneurial bent amassed small fortunes and split for greener pastures. (However artistically satisfying the handcrafting of a surfboard may be — and in those days it rarely was — the bottom line is that it makes you itchy, thirsty and irritable. Only the truly dedicated have made it their life's work.)

As the boom subsided, surfboard design became more refined and consumer expectations rose, most manufacturers got small again or got out. There was a minor revival in the early 1970s but by the end of the decade there was a mere handful of surfboard builders in Brookvale and most of those had diversified into bread and butter lines like vanity basins, surf skis and the distribution of raw materials to other areas.

There was only one real honest-to-goodness old fashioned surf shop left, only one where you could walk in the door and sort out your design specifications with the Surf Hero himself, (well, whenever he was in town, anyway), and that was Terry Fitzgerald's Hot Buttered Surfboards.

Fitzgerald, the son of a naval diving instructor, dropped out of university in the late Sixties to surf. At that time there was no such thing as a professional surfer and the dole was even less generous than it is now, so the only course left for a serious surf rat was to work in the industry.

Fitzgerald paid his dues in the shops on Queensland's Gold Coast and came back to Sydney to shape boards for Shane Stedman, then one of the leading manufacturers, but it wasn't long before he was organising the finance for his own shop. While it wasn't a huge success immediately, Hot Buttered quickly built a word-of-mouth reputation for quality. Fitzgerald was growing in stature as a surfer, he knew how to hype himself in the sport's press and he was a gifted designer of surfboards.

While surfboard builders fell by the wayside each winter, he went from strength to strength, introducing innovative shapes and garish (but drug-related and therefore in great demand) airbrushed designs on the bottoms of his boards. Hot Buttered boards bore the stamp of quality and the discerning kids — and presumably their parents — didn't mind paying for them. Hot Buttered boards were handcrafted, you didn't find them in department stores and they weren't for kooks. They were the Pierre Cardins of the industry and they were marketed very, very cleverly.

Terry Fitzgerald's act is, in fact, one of the more bizarre sideshows of a sport which breeds eccentricity.

In the late 1970s, Fitzgerald and his wife, Pauline, decided to move into the rag trade, opening a surf goods store cum boutique in a suburban shopping centre. But straight retailing wasn't their cup of tea. Next they teamed with an established sportswear manufacturer to produce a sophisticated line of clothes for surfers who aspired to Fitzgerald's own level of sartorial elegance — a fairly small slice of the ocean-going population, as it turned out.

Far from dejected, the Fitzgeralds tried again in 1980, going easy on the elegance and the price but drawing inspiration from the European designers rather than the antiseptic tastes of the American sportswear manufacturers.

The range presold, and as summer began in Sydney Terry Fitzgerald kissed his wife and kids goodbye, jumped on a jet and took off to scout out new markets, sell surfboards and maybe, just maybe, ride a few waves.

He would be back in town well ahead of Christmas however, in time to whip the boys into shape for the summer rush, consult his accountant, kiss the wife and kids goodbye and chaperone the Hot Buttered surf team to Hawaii for the big wave contest season.

If, like me, you spend a large part of your existence slumped over a fake teak office desk breathing piped air, you'll no doubt be appalled to know that in the last financial year Terry Fitzgerald found it absolutely essential to travel three times to California and Japan, once each to Florida, New York, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Tahiti, South Africa and Bali and a couple of times around the surfable parts of the Australian coastline.

This coupled with the travels of the team — a group of young and up-coming professional surfers who are retained to promote the product — cost the business almost $50,000, some of which was offset by grants from Export Development. But it is still a huge outlay for a small business, one Fitzgerald regards as necessary for his long-term survival in a notoriously fickle industry.

The easiest way to rattle Fitzgerald is to suggest that his life is one long holiday. He shakes his head, sighs, starts out on several longwinded explanations, and finally concedes: "Oh yeah, I have some good times, but it's also bloody hard work and sometimes I get incredibly lonely. I often work 16 hour days when I'm on the road and it's not just to get through the work. It's because working blocks out the loneliness."

He stares over the top of his granny glasses, wanting to be believed. I am tape-recording the conversation so Fitzgerald leans over and, too well-mannered to turn the machine off, doodles a message on my note pad: IT IS IMPORTANT YOU DO NOT BLOW MY ACT.

Terry Fitzgerald's act is, in fact, one of the more bizarre sideshows of a sport which breeds eccentricity. During a decade of international surfing prominence (his major contest debut was the 1970 World Title, in which he finished seventh) he has played more roles than Peter Sellers, but the enduring impression is that of the most entertaining megalomaniac in his field.

In recent years Fitzgerald has mellowed somewhat, but at the height of his egocentricity he could be relied on for regular bouts of kicking, screaming, ranting, raving and dummy-in-the-dirt throwing. He was the Superbrat of surfing, always right about everything and so convinced of his rightness that he spoke in riddles rather than explain himself.

For all that he was a very likeable bloke, and if you got sick of him talking about himself you could tell him and he'd ease off for a while. We used to knock about a bit together on the surf contest circuit and occasionally get drunk. We were in approximately that condition one night at Phillip Island in Victoria when another surfer and occasional critic of the Fitzgerald demeanor hurled an egg which hit the rear vision mirror of Terry's kombi and deflected on to his panama hat and the unprotected parts of his face. Fitzgerald was not pleased, an emotional state he demonstrated by crossing the road and becoming physical.

This was not the first time his surfing brethren had glimpsed the Fitzgerald pugilistic style. There was a time when a contest wasn't a contest without Terry getting in a biff with someone. And Narrabeen (his home beach on Sydney's northern peninsula) is famous for its fairly primitive approach to weekend crowd control.

Fitzgerald, like every hot surfer on the beach, was not above repairing to the water's edge to settle in the most direct way any disputation regarding right of way on the waves he was born to surf.

He is frank about his behavior in surfing's wild west days. "Oh yeah," he says, "I used to throw wheelies in the car park, punch people and throw beers when I lost. But you grow out of that. I still don't like losing but I'm not so eager to let everyone know about it. Look mate, I make the best surfboards, I can shape the shit past anybody and I've got a team with more talent than anyone else's. I don't have to be too concerned about my own competitive performance any more."

For which Fitzgerald can be quietly thankful. In the 1979 International Professional Surfing ratings he finished at number 72 in a field of 87. Only two Australians scored lower and neither of them travelled the international legs of the circuit. And although he won the Bali contest, Fitzgerald's final rating for 1980 won't be any better. (Bali was unrated

because its purse wasn't high enough to receive a sanction.)

But like John Newcombe, who a couple of years ago had a three-figure ranking and was still the biggest name in tennis, poor competitive performance won't affect Terry Fitzgerald's bank balance.

He is perhaps the only surf star in Australia to have confronted the fact that you can't go on forever, and come up with a solution — you nurture some hot kids and let them carry the flag into battle.

As early as 1977, Fitzgerald was formulating plans for his eventual redundancy. He scouted the beaches around Sydney for kids who were not only good surfers but also characters, kids who would draw attention to themselves, and to the surfboards they rode.

He found a handful who could surf, dance, drink and chase women with a desperation beyond their years, and through a large stroke of luck they were only too willing to be conscripted by surfing's new patron saint.

The strategy began to pay off within two years. The kids started to hit pay dirt and the Hot Buttered logo (a rainbow of all things, a hangover from the days when surfers ate brown rice and dropped acid) now pops up in the finals of most international surfing events.

Fitzgerald enjoys fathering his team. It allows him to come and go on the surfing circuit without the neccessity to compete against kids half his age in the preliminaries. He surfs when invited, but he is honest enough to admit that he doesn't always give great value to his hosts.

He cites as an example a recent teams contest in California. "I'd been doing okay, but for some reason I went out in my semi-final and kooked out — head dips into the pier, bum stands on the sand, the lot. I could have dug a hole and buried myself. It wasn't that I lost, it was that I'd made a fool of myself."

And yet Terry Fitzgerald is still, for my money, one of the most spectacular and graceful surfers in the world. On a good day he is a delight to watch, arching and weaving along the wave face, turning his surfboard from rail to rail with a unique heel and toe movement.

At his peak, the surfing press labelled him "Mr Body Torque" — a name which has thankfully been all but forgotten — for his ability to almost rotate his board with subtle shifts of body weight. And on the right day (as in Bali last June) he can still turn it on with only the slightest concession to age and the pressures of his other life. With typical bravado he says he actually surfs better now.

"This is how I've changed in 10 years," he says, ripping the top off a light ale, the drink he has when he's in training for another journey to the land of french fries and hash browns. "I've cut my hair, I wear glasses and I surf better. Then there are the psychological changes. Ten years ago all I wanted was to be a surf hero, to be the best in the world. Well, I still feel a bit that way but I've refined the way I go about it. These days I play by my own rules. In fact, one of the things that annoys me about the way surfing has developed is the fact that kids who are beautiful surfers are ignored because they're three steps sideways of centrefield. In 1970 you could be a flipped-out, fucked-up radical loose goose and still win. Try doing that today."

Surfing's inevitable slide into conformity is one reason why radical loose goose Fitzgerald has chosen to take on the established names in the rag trade. He says: "It's a new interest. I couldn't just surf, I couldn't just make surfboards. I need new challenges and two years ago I knew bugger all about clothes so it's a hell of a challenge."

Fitzgerald emphasises that his lack of fashion experience will not be passed on to the consumer, nor will he be restricting himself to traditional surfer gear (i.e. thongs, jeans and T-shirts).

> Fitzgerald is still, for my money, one of the most spectacular and graceful surfers in the world.

"Forget the California straight look," he says, tugging his tie to just the right level of undone-ness. "What we're talking about here is tweeds and velvets. We might use surfing as a crutch to get started, but what we're really into is making clothes for all kinds of people."

A pause for breath, a swig, a slurp and a classic piece of Fitzgeraldese, the jargon with which he has successfully confused surfing's powers-that-be for years.

"You know, clothes are the cosmetics of the inner self. They're a simple, personal statement . . . like carving a track across a wave."

"Cosmetics of the inner self? Oh, Terry . . ."

"Yeah, yeah, I know," he says, laughing at the ease with which he is drawn back into the Haight Ashbury time warp. "I just can't help myself."

Fitzgerald was a product of the psychedelic surf era, a time when Hendrix and Cream provided the soundtrack, and magic mushrooms, lysergic acid and marijuana provided the inspiration. Like youth culture everywhere, surfing was divided into two distinct camps — straight and bent — and each camp had its own heroes, its own surfing style, mode of dress and manner of speaking. Terry Fitzgerald sat uneasily on the fence. He had outrageously long hair, a California hip drawl, crazy clothes and a willingness to engage in social and sensory experimentation, but he married young, respected his family and always paid the rent on time. When I interviewed him once in the early Seventies he confessed: "I'm more of a conservative than people think." This was quite true, but he was also more of a lad than he cared to admit.

All he will now say about drugs in surfing is this: "Well, I made it and so did a lot of other people. But then there are other people again who didn't. I think that in the year 2000 if some historian looks at what influenced our generation a lot of it is going to come back to the drugs we did in the Sixties and Seventies, the same way the war shaped our parents' generation."

Although, apart from a year working in California and a winter on the Gold Coast Fitzgerald has always been based in Sydney, he made his international reputation across the Pacific on Hawaii's big wave North Shore.

He was a complete unknown when he arrived for his first dues-paying winter in 1970. Sure, he'd come seventh in the World Title that year, but it was a six-man final and no one remembers the guy who almost made it. And anyway, Bells Beach, Victoria, was a hell of a long way from the centre of the surfing universe, Sunset Beach.

After a surf at Rocky Point, a break he was later to make his own, Fitzgerald chanced upon a silver-haired, athletic gentleman on the beach. The guy stopped to admire Terry's boards and struck up a conversation.

As it turned out, the silver hair was Dick Brewer, a legendary surfboard designer whose ego made Terry Fitzgerald look positively humble. He was given to boasting about his "near-genius IQ" and his uncanny knack for doing most things better than any man alive.

Nevertheless, the two developed a rapport and within the hour Brewer was thrusting his car keys at Fitzgerald and his wife, Pauline, and imploring them to fly to the neighboring island of Kauai.

"The car's in the parking lot, pick it up and stay at my house," he told them. "I'll be along in a few days." This is known as fate. The last time I walked along the beach at Rocky Point I cut my foot on a broken beer bottle and was offered nothing headier than a whiff of amyl nitrate.

The Fitzgeralds spent almost six months on Kauai, during which time there was a certain exchange of ideas and design principles which must remain a mystery. Dick Brewer is these days only marginally involved in the surfboard industry but for years he nurtured designing talent while at the same time driving the recipients of his well-meant advice nuts. Thus there are very few surfer/designers who fell under his spell who are willing to give him a good wrap. Terry Fitzgerald has since written: "Dick Brewer picked up on my act and, in his inimitable manner, extracted all my ideas . . . some would call it a cultural exchange."

But Fitzgerald will admit that Brewer did teach him a few tricks about the right approach to surfing Hawaii's powerful and often very crowded waves. Noticing that Terry was having some difficulty emulating the performances of the top Hawaiian surfers, Brewer suggested he adopt the style of surfing he would normally use in Australia. Fitzgerald did, and his down-the-line approach became widely copied in seasons to come.

Within three winter seasons in Hawaii, Terry Fitzgerald had become an influential force in surfboard design around the world and a highly respected surfer whose versatility was matched by few. What he lacked in competitive consistency he made up for with brilliant impromptu performances. He used weird experimental equipment while others played it safe, and everywhere he went in the international community he was noticed, if not always greeted with open arms.

Fitzgerald looks back now on his formative years in Hawaii with a curious mixture of sentimentality and ocker jingoism.

"Now let's be objective about this," he says. "I'm constantly being told that Hawaii taught me everything I know. Well it's just not true. I spend 60 days a year in Hawaii at the outside. I'm a bit lazy so let's say I surf 40 of those days and average 50 waves a day. That's 2000 waves a year. Now what about the 8000 I ride at Narrabeen each year? Or the 4000 at Dee Why Point? I love Hawaii — it's a stage that's been really good to me — but it's not the beginning and the end."

So you still call Australia your home, one is tempted to add. But that would be cynical, and Fitzgerald really is something of a staunch nationalist. He's also the only surfer I know who listens to Parliament while he shapes boards and reads Solzhenitsyn while he's waiting for his heat to start.

But right now he has to fly, literally. To California on business. "A complete breakaway," he says. "To be upfront about it, it's very hard for me to stand on the beach all day."

"Have a good trip," I call as he heads for the door.

"Well I would have, except they've grounded the DC10s again," he says.

"Have they really?" I say.

"Yeah," says Fitzgerald. "They found three-inch cracks in the stewardesses. Put that in your magazine." Cackling like a lunatic he spins the wheels of his kombi and fades into the distance.

Frank Crook's roster of the rotten.

AUSTRALIA'S 20 WORST TEST CRICKETERS

Hardly anybody remembers Fred Tate and here is the reason why: Fred Tate was once chosen to play cricket for England against Australia and made an unholy mess of things. He was virtually laughed out of the game. It all happened more than 78 years ago, on July 24, 25 and 26,

1902. Poor Fred, a medium-pace bowler, had won his first England cap in the vital fourth Test against an Australian team that contained such cricketing luminaries as Victor Trumper, Joe Darling and Hugh Trumble. It should have been a big moment for Fred, but the gods of cricket do not lack a sense of humor and they decided, possibly by the toss of a coin, to make Fred Tate the butt of their joke.

Fred was a pretty useful bowler in county cricket, but as a batsman, he played like the No 11 he was. Fred's idea of attack and defence was to hold the bat hopefully in front of him and avert his eyes.

The fourth Test of the 1902 series was one of the more dramatic between the two arch-rival nations. Australia had led by 37 runs on the first innings, thanks mainly to a blistering century before lunch by Trumper, who, with his opening partner Reg Buff, blazed 135 in 78 minutes.

But Australia was on the point of falling apart in the second innings. They lost their third wicket when the score was 10 and when only six more runs had been added, Joe Darling top-edged a hook shot high toward the leg side boundary where fate had placed Fred Tate.

As the ball began its long descent, Fred positioned himself for the catch like the honest toiler he was. Darling stood his ground and waited for the inevitable. The crowd held its breath.

The ball dropped into his hands . . . then fell straight out again. The crowd howled and Fred Tate hung his head. But at the time it didn't really matter. It didn't matter that Darling went on to make 37 and Australia limped to 86 all out. England needed just 124 runs to win and not even Fred Tate's blunder was going to stop England from putting the colonials in their place.

But the gods of cricket hadn't finished with Fred Tate. The England batsmen fell apart under the twin spin attack of Trumble and J.V. Saunders and when the ninth wicket fell, England still needed eight runs to win.

Enter Fred Tate.

As soon as Fred made it to the wicket, down came the rain and the players hurried off to the pavilion, where they remained for a nerve-tingling 45 minutes until the weather cleared.

When play resumed, the unhappy Fred had to face the remainder of Saunders' over. He prodded in his usual fashion at the first ball, which came off an edge and hurried out toward the boundary where big Warwick Armstrong tried to stop the ball with foot, only to kick it into the ropes. Four to get. Saunders tried his faster ball. Fred prodded and missed. The ball hit the stumps and England were beaten by three runs.

The Ashes went to Australia and Fred Tate's Test career was over. The England selectors, never known for their humor or forgiving nature, never considered Fred again. No doubt he gained a lot of satisfaction in the twilight of his life when his son Maurice became one of England's greatest pace bowlers. But the unhappy fact remained that when Fred got his chance, he muffed it. He will always be remembered — if indeed he is remembered at all — as the worst cricketer ever to play for England.

It has often been said that it is harder for a player to get out of an Australian cricket team than to get into one. In the days when selectors stuck to a small clutch of Test regulars, and ignored the claims of promising youngsters, that may have been true. But in the past decade or two, a single failure usually brings instant dismissal from cricket's elite.

So here is the *Penthouse* selection, chosen without fear or favor of:

AUSTRALIA'S 20 WORST TEST CRICKETERS OF ALL TIME

Eastwood, K.H.
Watkins, J.R.
Moroney, J.R.
Thompson, A.L.
Cosier, G.J.
Sheahan, A.P.
Edwards, W.J.
Irvine, J.
Sincock, D.J.
Woodcock, A.J.
Dell, A.R.
Joslin, L.R.
Hill, J.C.
Hookes, D.
Gannon, S.
Serjeant, C.
Craig, I.D.
Allen, P.J.
Slater, K.
Hubble, J.C.

I would back an XI picked from this 20 to be beaten by any Test side in the world.

Let's take **Ken Eastwood**. He was 34 when the selectors, in one of those acts of desperation that have studded Australian Test selections down the years, chose him to open the batting in the final Test of 1970 against Ray Illingworth's England tourists.

Eastwood, who had made a bag of runs for Victoria that season, came up against John Snow at his most fiery and was dismissed for one and nought. He was instantly put out to pasture with a Test batting average of .5.

That performance makes Eastwood a leading candidate in the list of Australia's 20 Worst Cricketers.

But who is to say Eastwood would not have justified his place in the Australian team if he had been given a second chance? Time was against him for a start. He was old by the cricketing standards of the day, when anyone over 30 was considered a geriatric and his selection was really the last throw of the dice by the selectors who had already seen the teams they had chosen given sound wallopings by Illingworth's men.

They had panicked earlier by dropping Bill Lawry, the Australian captain, they had experimented with fast bowlers who never looked like achieving Test standard. In other words, Australian cricket was in something of a turmoil. It was Eastwood's wretched luck that he happened to be around at the time.

So what yardstick should we use to prepare a list of the 20 poor cricketing souls who should be regarded as the weakest of the weak? Should we look at averages? As someone once said, there are lies, damned lies and statistics. Or should we be more dispassionate? Should we take into consideration the climate of the times, the players available, the very state of the game itself?

Now averages are the cricketing equivalent of the Doomsday Book. Sir Donald Bradman averaged 99.94 from his 52 Test appearances, so there has never been, nor never will be, any argument about his class.

That he missed a Test average of 100 is one of cricket's oddities. In his final appearance, against England in 1948, he was bowled second ball around his legs by a friendly googly bowled by Eric Hollies.

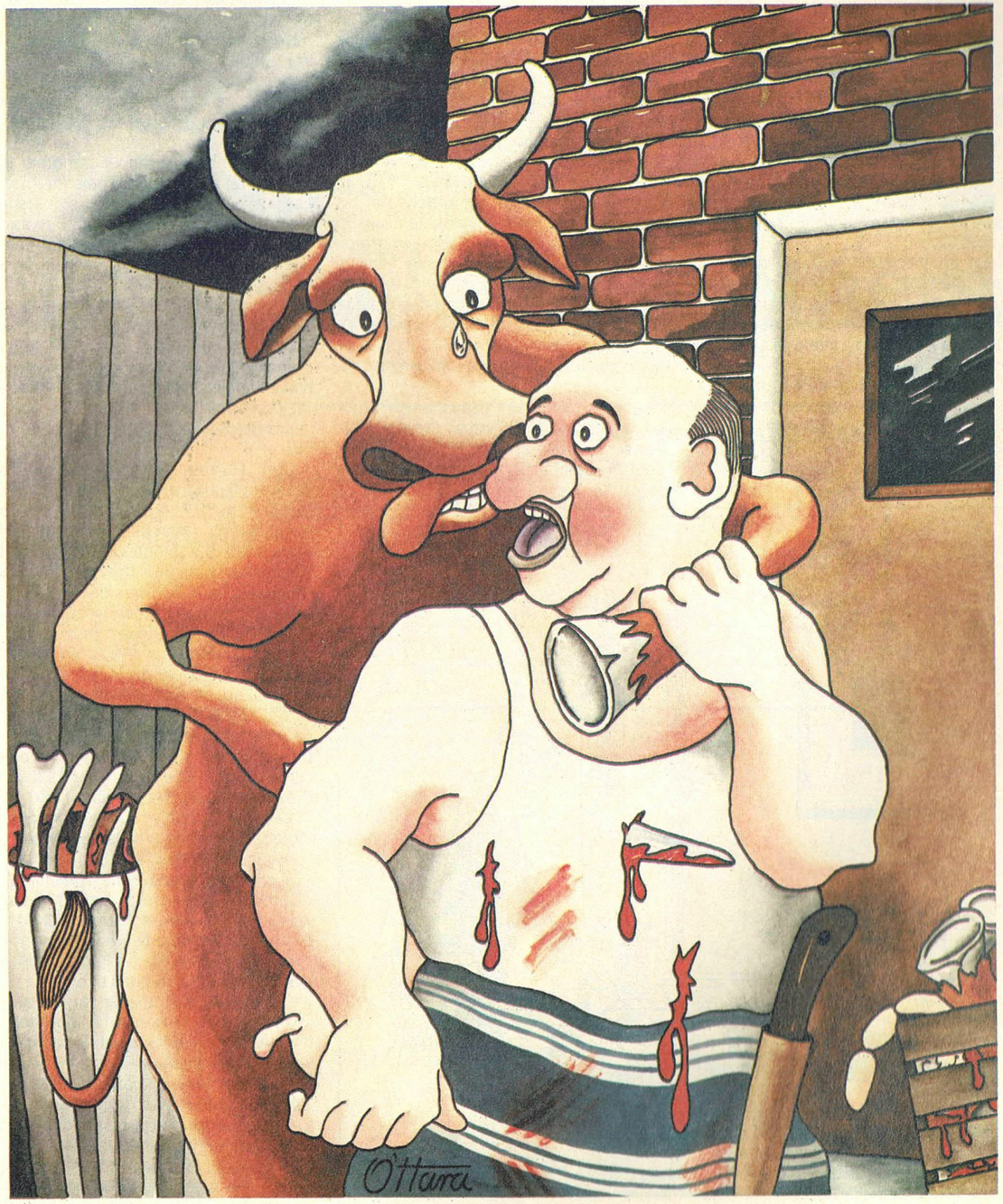
And if ever a man was born to assume the mantle of Fred Tate it was Eric Hollies. He came to Australia with the England team two seasons later and was belted from Perth to Launceston.

Pardon the diversion, but that is simply an illustration of how cricket averages can sometimes prove to be not always what they seem.

Victor Trumper, considered the greatest stylist the game has seen, ended his career with a Test match batting average of just 39.04 from 48 Tests. That figure puts him behind such honest tradesmen as Colin McDonald (39.31) and Ian Redpath (43.45) on the all-time list. And comparing Trumper with that pair is like comparing an artist to a sign-writer. For averages do not tell the story of how Trumper scored his runs, in the days before batsmen were pampered by covered wickets and bowlers were hampered by front-foot rules.

They do not reveal the joy and fluency he brought to the game. We will leave that, instead, to C.B.

Fry, England cricket captain, world-class athlete, Oxford scholar and the man who almost became King of Albania. Fry wrote of Trumper: "He had no style, yet he was all style. He had no fixed canonical method of play, he defied all the orthodox rules, yet every stroke he



"And that's for Daisy Bell and Mu-mu you . . . you butcher!"

played satisfied the ultimate criterion of style — the minimum of effort, the maximum of effect."

Not a bad summing-up from a crusty character like Fry.

I wonder what C.B. Fry would have thought, had he been somehow transported from his long innings in cricket's Valhalla, to read the news that one W.A. Johnston — Big Bill Johnston, the great medium pacer from Victoria — averaged 102 with the bat during the 1953 Australian tour of England.

Big Bill, great bowler that he was, could barely work out which end of a bat to hold.

But on the 1953 tour he batted 17 times, was not out 16 times with a top score of 28 not out and an aggregate of 102 runs. You do not need a pocket calculator to work out his average at 102 per innings.

That average, incidentally, puts Big Bill second only to Bradman and ahead of players like Geoff Boycott, Walter Hammond, Ranjitsinhji and Sir Garfield Sobers for the highest batting average in an English season. And it proves just how absurd averages can be. Anyone who really knows his cricket can tell you that it is often the briskly-made 40-odd that wins a Test match, rather than a stodgy and painstaking century.

And there the case against averages confidently rests.

So where do we go from here in narrowing the top of the cricketing flops down to its final 20?

Do we include Bert "Dainty" Ironmonger, the worst fieldsman to ever play for Australia?

Dainty took just three catches in his career of 14 Tests and captains went grey-haired trying to find somewhere on the field to hide him so he wouldn't do any damage. But he did take 78 wickets after making his Test debut at the ripe old age of 41. Dainty was a left-arm wrist spinner, a species of cricketer now as extinct as the dinosaur. We will discuss why a little later.

And what about Lindsay Kline, another left-hander who hardly spun the ball at all, yet somehow managed to make 13 appearances for Australia for precious little reward?

"No calls, Miss Wilson. First I plan to get on top of the Johnson account, and then I plan to get on top of you."

But it was Lindsay Kline who managed to hang around as a batsman — an occupation in which he showed about as much skill as the wretched Fred Tate — for two hours with Slasher Mackay to save a heart-stopping Test against the West Indies in 1961. Kline may not have been the classiest player to appear for Australia, but he had what Hollywood calls true grit, and that is good enough for me.

Little Johnny Martin was another left-armer who played eight Tests for Australia without ever making a batsman wrinkle his brow in frustration. But Martin was a busy little bloke, a brilliant fielder and not a bad tail-end batsman when the ball was running for him.

And what about the players pitchforked into Australian sides, like Ken Eastwood, when selectors are at the end of their tether and decide to gamble on a player who just might come off? After all, they perservered with Richie Benaud for years before he paid back their faith in him.

Jim Hubble, a fast bowler from Western Australia, was taken to the West Indies in 1965 in the hope that the tour would bring out the best in him. It didn't. **Jock Irvine**, another hopeful from the West, went there on a later tour. The irony of Irvine's selection was the fact that he beat a promising young fellow called Greg Chappell for the last batting spot in the touring team.

And irony piled on irony. For when Greg Chappell was plundering the England bowling in Perth for 108 in his first Test match, the ground announcer gave the news that Irvine had just lost his place in the Western Australian Shield side. The crowd had a good laugh about that.

Les Joslin, a fair-haired, good-looking Victorian left-hand batsman was the "perhapser" of the 1968 England tour.

Joslin had played a Test against India without success shortly before the side was chosen, but the selectors picked him anyway, in the hope he would come good. It wasn't long before he had faded from even the Sheffield Shield scene.

David Sincock, the South Australian spinner, would have been a "perhapser" if the Australian cricket public had had its way. He was discovered as a 16-year-old by Sir Frank Worrell, captain of the great 1960 West Indians and tagged as a star of the future. That was good enough for the fans. They wanted him in the Test side immediately. But it was another four years before the selectors used him — they were desperate — and he failed to live up to whatever it was Sir Frank saw in him.

Sincock, like Dainty Ironmonger before him, was a left-arm wrist spinner, a unique and exciting player even then, but a definite liability the way the game is played today. Left-arm wrist spinners get a lot of their wickets from a ball called a "Chinaman", which is the left-hander's

Some business class fares are more businesslike than others.

Airline	Class	One-way Fare to London		
		SYDNEY/MELBOURNE	BRISBANE	PERTH
British Airways	Club	$1121	$1121	$1066
Lufthansa	Business	$1505	*No flight.*	*No flight.*
Singapore Airlines	Executive Zone	$1505	*No flight.*	$1391
Pan Am	Clipper	$1557	*No flight.*	*No flight.*
Qantas	Business	$1806	$1778	$1670

As you can see there are now several ways to travel in comfort. But one will leave you more comfortably off than the rest. British Airways new Club.

Discrete seating in a separate cabin area (with an empty seat next to you whenever possible), a choice of hot meals, free drinks, free inflight entertainment, free eyeshade and free slipperettes, all for a one-way excursion fare to London.

British Airways Club. A better way to go about your business.

BAA69 FCB

wrong 'un — a ball bowled out of the back of the hand with an offbreak action that spins from the leg when it hits the pitch. Is that clear?

It was a difficult ball to bowl and made life miserable for a captain, because it is practically impossible to set a defensive field for a bowler of that type. Defence is now such an important part of cricket that the "Chinaman" bowler is obsolete. Sincock was the last of them.

In 1958, the Australian selectors took a punt on an unorthodox spinner from Western Australian called **Keith Slater**. Slater had tied England's batsmen in knots in the match with WA and was given his chance in a Test. But Slater was a "thrower" — he delivered the ball with his elbow bent, in contravention of the laws of the game. Now if you listened to the English press corps during the 1958 tour of Australia you would have come to the conclusion that Australia had more throwers than sheep.

Commentators of the day felt Slater did use a funny action when he took wickets against the tourists in the State game — an action those same commentators felt reverted to within the letter of the law in the Tests. Slater was not the same bowler and he was shown the door.

That brings us to the players who made it to the Test arena for the simple reason that there was nobody else around.

John Watkins, a spinner from Newcastle, was the classic in that category. He was picked out of nowhere when Ashley Mallett decided to make himself unavailable and made what was possibly the most embarrassing debut of any first-class player in his only Test against Pakistan in 1972. Some bowlers are so accurate they can land the ball on a 20 cent piece. Watkins couldn't land it on the pitch.

His first over produced four wides and when he finally found his length the Pakistan batsmen found they could have played him with a toothpick for a bat. But because of odd selection methods — a touring team to the West Indies was chosen before Watkins actually showed what he could do — he was suddenly on the plane for Jamaica. He was a keen and industrious tourist, always happy to oblige with a spell in the nets, but never threatened any of the regulars for their Test place.

Australia's selectors have often been embarrassed by spinners. They picked **Jack Hill**, a lean Victorian, for the 1953 England tour and he actually played in two Tests without success. For some reason they stuck with him and he played another Test against the West Indies in 1955 before disappearing from the scene.

Ross Duncan and **Tony Dell**, two Queenslanders, got their chance during Illingworth's 1970 tour when Australia was having huge problems finding a partner for Graeme McKenzie to open Australia's attack. Duncan was nowhere near fast enough and neither for that matter was Dell, despite a long and menacing run-up.

Duncan played just a single Test before being dumped, while Dell was chosen again in a Test against New Zealand two years later before the selectors decided to look elsewhere. **Peter Allan** and Ian Callen were other quickies used in Test sides when selectors couldn't find anyone better.

Both were injury-prone and it is well-known that people who choose Test teams do not care for players who threaten to break down on them.

But if opening bowlers set selectors' problems, so do opening batsmen. Since the long and celebrated partnership of Simpson and Lawry broke up in the late Sixties, Australia has searched high and low for openers of Test quality. Bruce Francis, after a successful season in English county cricket looked to be just the man we needed for the 1972 England tour.

But Francis flopped in the three Tests in which he played and the search for an opener began anew.

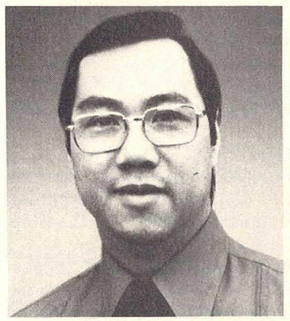
Ashley Woodcock was tried in a Test against New Zealand in 1973 and for the 1974-5 season — the season in which Lillee and Thomson wreaked havoc against England — **Wally Edwards** opened in the first three Tests with Ian Redpath.

Edwards, a West Australian, just couldn't handle it and Rick McCosker was brought in to fill the gap.

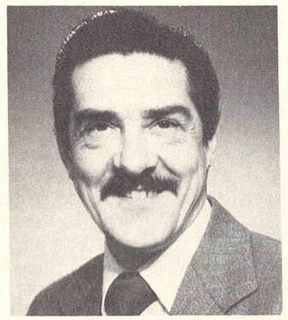
That brings us to cricket's equivalent of racing's Boom Colts, the players who earned their spots on merit, the players who really looked the goods, until the opposition took a good look at them and took them apart.

The gold medal in this event goes to **Alan "Froggie" Thompson**, the wrong-footed bowler from Victoria, who threatened to be the biggest thing since plugs for bird baths during the 1970 England tour of Australia. "Froggie", a right-hander, bowled off the wrong foot, which means his right foot instead of his left hit the popping crease first on the point of delivery. It is an awkward style

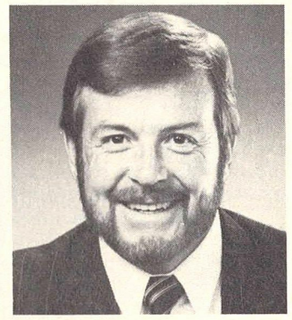
Eight of the leading tape deck manufacturers talk frankly about TDK cassettes.



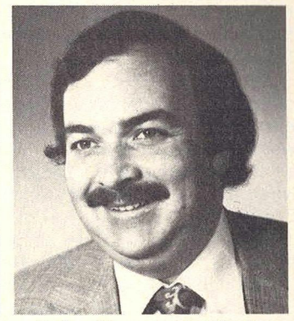
AIWA®
William Lam
Product Manager
Aiwa Australia Pty.Limited
"We recommend TDK cassettes as they compliment the fine bias adjustment that all current model AIWA tape decks are equipped with, enabling optimum recording results."



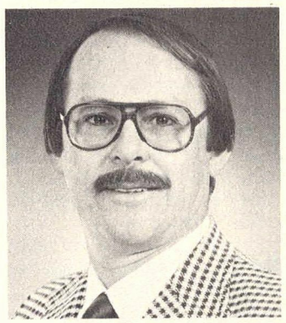
KENWOOD HI-FI
Reg. J. Hall
National Sales Manager
Trio-Kenwood (Australia) Pty. Ltd.
"TDK tape is consistently accurate in quality reproduction, to the degree of being classified by Kenwood as our reference standard."



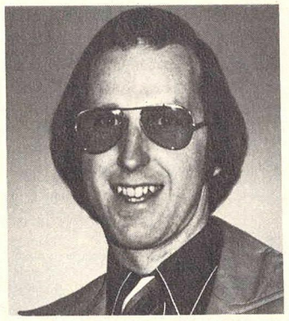
marantz®
Ted Fawle
Managing Director
Marantz (Australia) Pty. Limited
"The combination of Marantz two-speed cassette decks and TDK tape provides a new dimension in home recordings comparable to professional performance standards."



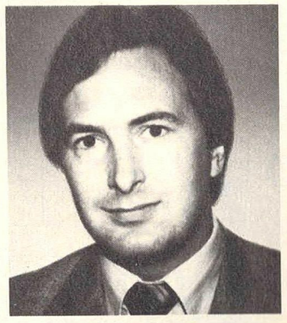
Nakamichi
Geoff Matthews
Marketing Director
Convoy International Pty. Ltd.
"We recommend TDK for Nakamichi cassette decks for two reasons. The first, for sonic performance and second, for the precision engineered, high stability cassette housing."



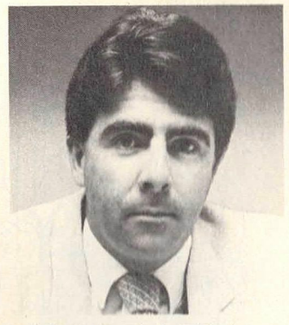
OPTONICA
Geoff J. Muir
Marketing Manager – Audio
Sharp Corporation of Australia Pty. Ltd.
"We at Sharp believe that TDK tapes add to the performance of our tape decks; you should have this improvement also."



PIONEER®
Graham Ham
Products Manager Hi-Fi
Pioneer Electronics Australia Pty. Ltd.
"Pioneer and TDK engineers constantly work to set new standards of tape performance – and TDK delivers the wide frequency response typical of Pioneer decks."



Sansui®
Geoff Brown
Marketing Director
Vanfi (Australia) Pty. Ltd.
"We have had a long and close association with TDK, commencing when we first introduced our cassette decks in 1972 and have always recommended TDK cassettes."



YAMAHA
John R. Fahey
Marketing Manager – Audio
Rose Music Pty. Ltd.
"When you put a five year warranty on the deck and a lifetime guarantee on the heads, you encourage the purchaser to use the best tape available…and that means TDK."

For trade enquiries contact

TDK®

TDK (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.
4 Dowling Street, Woolloomooloo, NSW 2011
Phone: (02) 358 1877 Telex: AA 70174

Write or phone for your FREE copy of the new revised "Guide to better recording".

Name_____

Address _____

Note: Any person practising tape recording should observe the provisions of the Copyright Act 1968.

TDK8073

and history shows that wrong-footed bowlers have but a short period of success. So it was with Thompson. He came on the scene like a whirlwind, taking six wickets for Victoria against England before the English batsmen, led by Geoff Boycott and John Edrich, worked out his unusual style.

From that moment on the shrewd Englishmen worked hard to play Froggie into the Australian side.

They succeeded for four Tests, before the Australian selectors woke up to the fact that Froggie was not the man they thought he was.

Jack Moroney will always be remembered as the slowest batsman to ever buckle on a pad. As a "barnacle" he was in a class of his own. So he looked to be the answer to the selectors' prayer when Sid Barnes retired after the 1948 England tour.

They wanted Moroney to put some backbone into the Australian batting, from which Bradman had also departed. But he made 0 and 0 in his only Test against England in 1951 and failed to score again in a Test against the West Indies the following season. Exit Jack Moroney.

Jack Badcock, of South Australia, was one of the game's bright young men in the pre-war years. But he blotted his copybook on the 1938 tour of England when he just couldn't get among the runs.

The selectors were a lot kinder in those days. Perhaps the memory of dropping Bradman after a flop in his first Test lingered on. In any case, they stuck with Badcock for four of the five Tests before their patience gave out.

But if we are discussing cricket's Great White Hopes, we can hardly go past Ian Craig, Paul Sheahan and David Hookes, players who were confidently expected to form the backbone of Australian teams for years.

Ian Craig was the youngest Australian ever to appear in a Test, gaining selection against South Africa in 1952 aged just 17 years and 239 days. He had made a double century against the South Africans earlier in their tour and the inevitable comparisons were made with the great Bradman.

"It's a mink that types like a secretary!"

And that is the equivalent of a kiss on the lips from a Mafia Don, for Ian Craig never lived up to his promise, even though the selectors stuck to their guns and even gave him the Australian captaincy over such cricketers as Harvey and Benaud.

A severe illness put him out of the game for a season, by which time Richie Benaud had taken over the reins and Australian cricket was back on an even keel again.

Paul Sheahan still has his supporters, but he was never the player he was cracked up to be. There was a certain brittleness in his game and bowlers always fancied their chances against him.

Oddly enough, just when he was ready to make the grade. Sheahan retired from the game to concentrate on his career as mathematics master at Geelong Grammar.

Had **David Hookes** not been chosen to make his debut for Australia in the Melbourne Centenary Test in 1977, there probably would have been rioting in the streets.

The young South Australian had made five centuries on the trot in Sheffield Shield cricket, a record surpassed only by Bradman.

And when he was chosen in the side he did not let his supporters down. He made 56 in Australia's first innings, belting five boundaries in succession off Tony Greig, the England captain and target for much of the crowd's hatred. But Hookes decided to throw in his lot with Kerry Packer's World Series Cricket and the endless series of one-day slogathons took the edge off Hookes' concentration. In his Test appearances since WSC and the Australian Cricket Board buried the hatchet, Hookes has played as though they were one-day fixtures and lost his place in the Australian side.

The great cricket split of 1977 brought a whole rash of new faces into the Australian Test team. Most of the country's top players had joined World Series Cricket and even though the official selectors would not admit it, the cupboard was nearly bare.

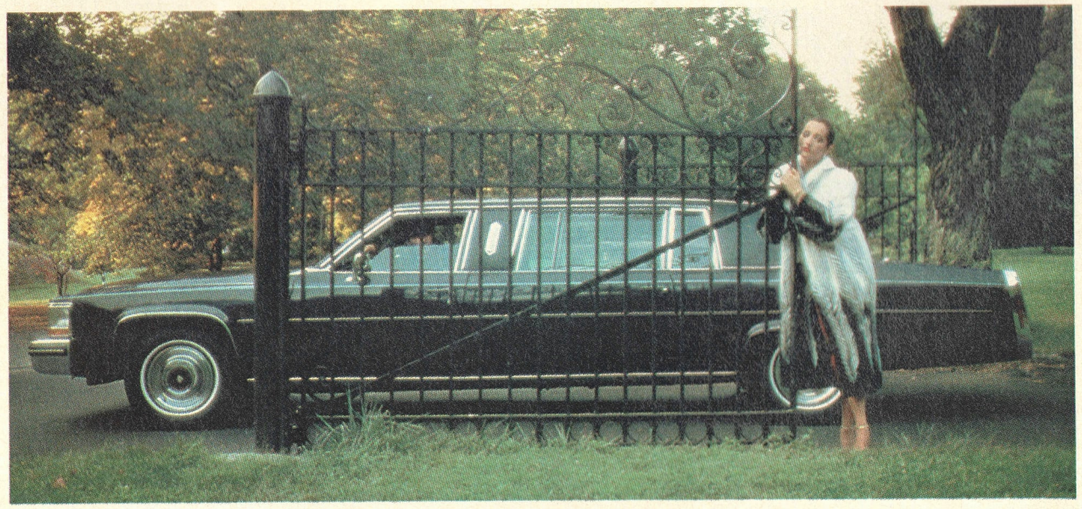
Gary Cosier, who made his Test debut against the West Indies a few years earlier, was regarded as one of the rocks of the new-look side. And **Craig Serjeant** was being groomed for the Australian captaincy.

David Ogilvie and **Sam Gannon** were given chances in the Test sides. Bruce Yardley and Tony Mann, never more than useful Shield players, carried the spin attack.

For a while it seemed any player good enough to make his high school XI was a potential Test player. But eventually cricket peace was made and the Australian side began to look like a Test team again. ○+

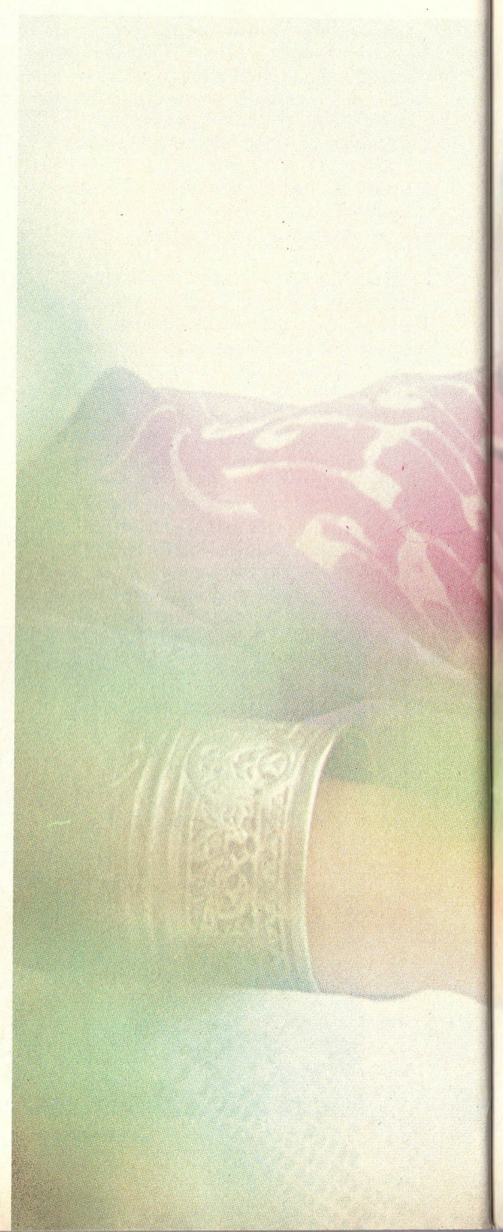
U.S. PET OF THE YEAR

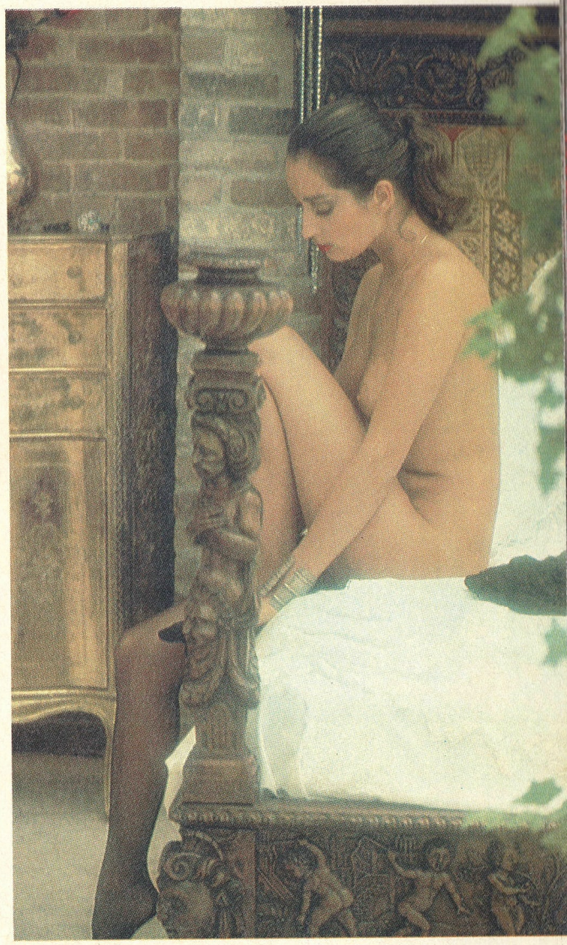
"Women have natural power — they should use it rather than suppress it."



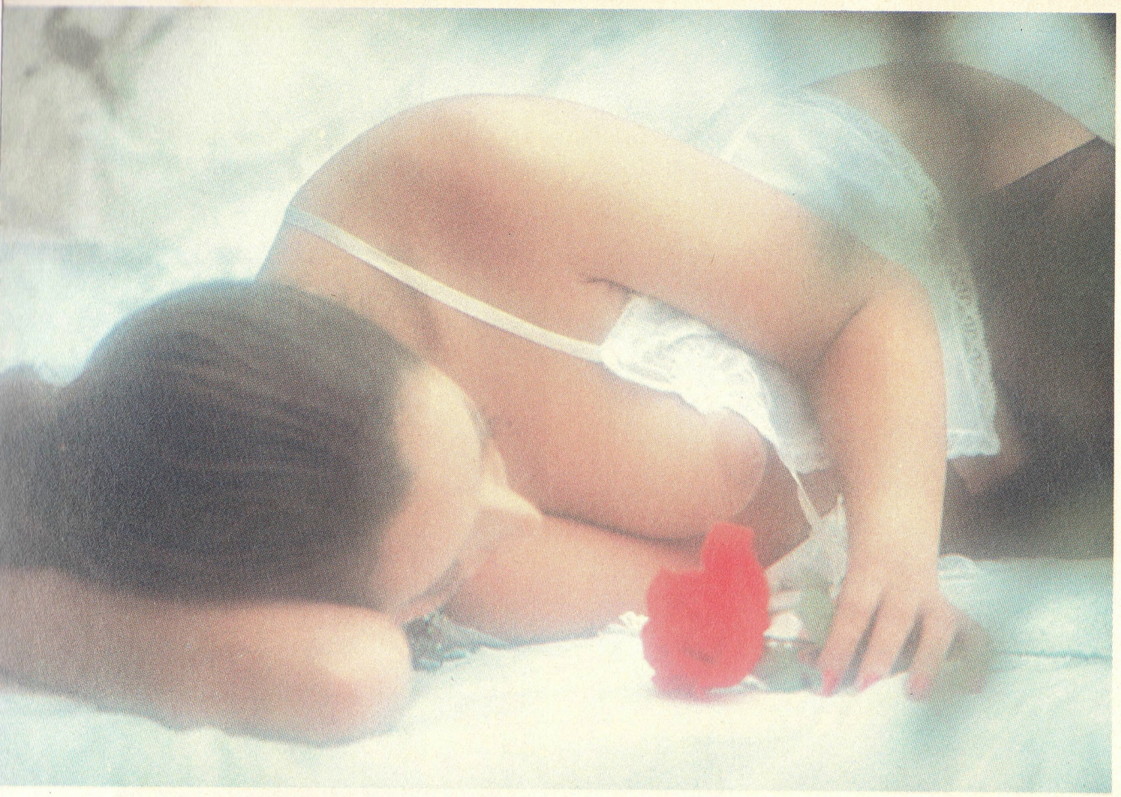
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Fiery Italian beauty, Isabella Lanza (Concetta Ardigo) is the girl who stunned the world when she announced at her crowning as US Pet Of The Year, that she preferred her privacy to the richest and most prestigious glamor prize. At a party in her honor, Isabella declined to accept the title and the $300,000 in prizes and money. *Penthouse* publisher, Bob Guccione (pictured below with Isabella), said that Isabella was still officially US Pet Of The Year, but that she would not be promoting *Penthouse* during her year-long reign.

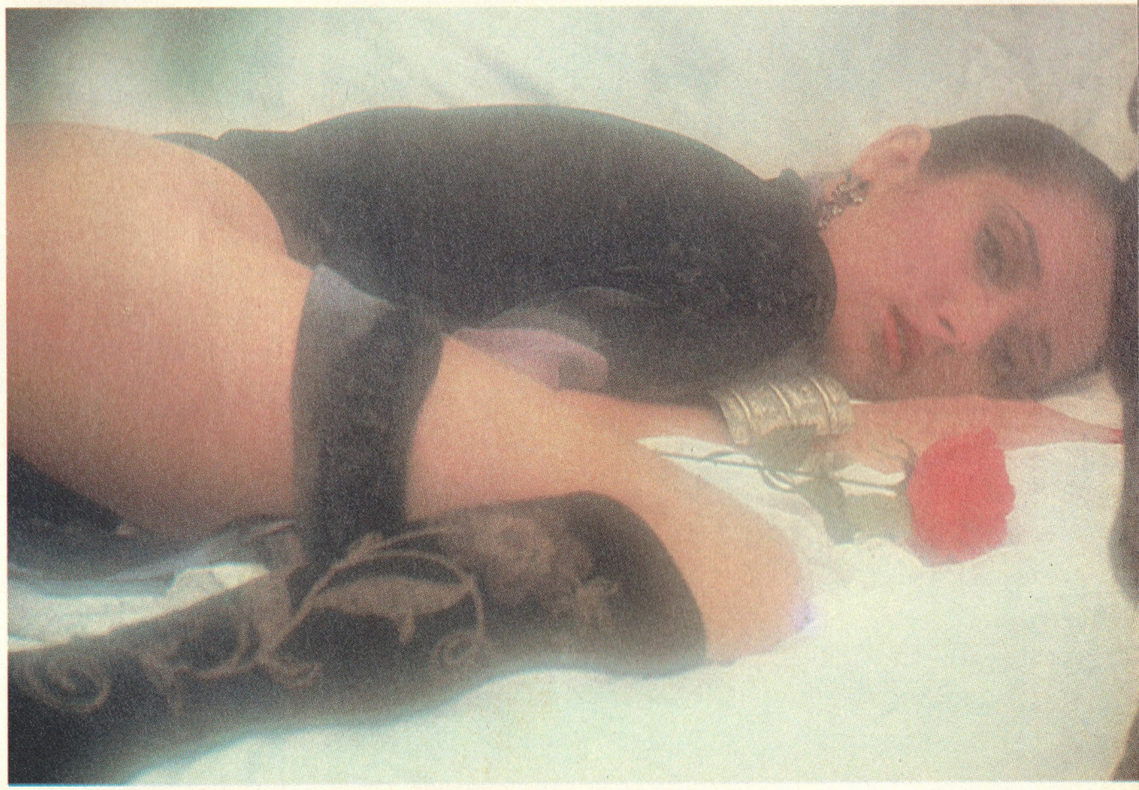




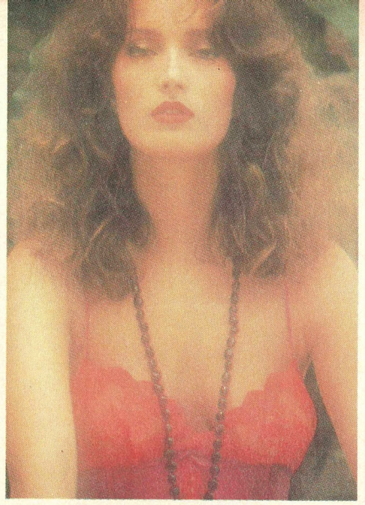
Penthouse will donate the value of the gifts to the Lincoln Centre for the Performing Arts in New York. This cultural centre houses the Metropolitan Opera, a museum and a library. In turning down her title, 28-year-old Isabella said that because she was a model and fashion designer in Rome, she could not commit herself to being away from her career for a year.
Apart from being one of Italian *Vogue's* favorite models, Isabella's statuesque 36-24-35 figure has also graced several movies, including the Diana Ross film, *Mahogany,* and the up-coming sequel to *La Cage aux Folles.*

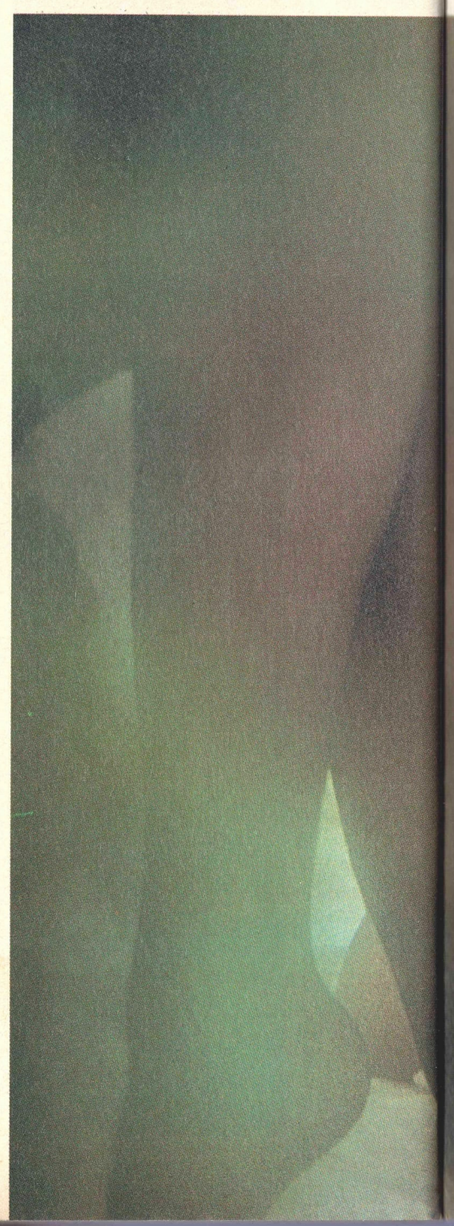


The multi-gifted and unpredictable Isabella
is a true intellectual,
a voracious reader, and a habitual student of life.
She mastered five languages — English,
French, German, Spanish and
Italian, of course — before she
launched her career. She designs
"everything from sportswear to fashion
accessories to small art objects".



The travel associated with Isabella's career has given her some definite thoughts, and she was quoted as saying: "If Western feminists could see the plight of women in Moslem and African countries, they would see how lucky they are. Women have natural power — they should use it rather than suppress it. Women must survive and succeed on their own terms."





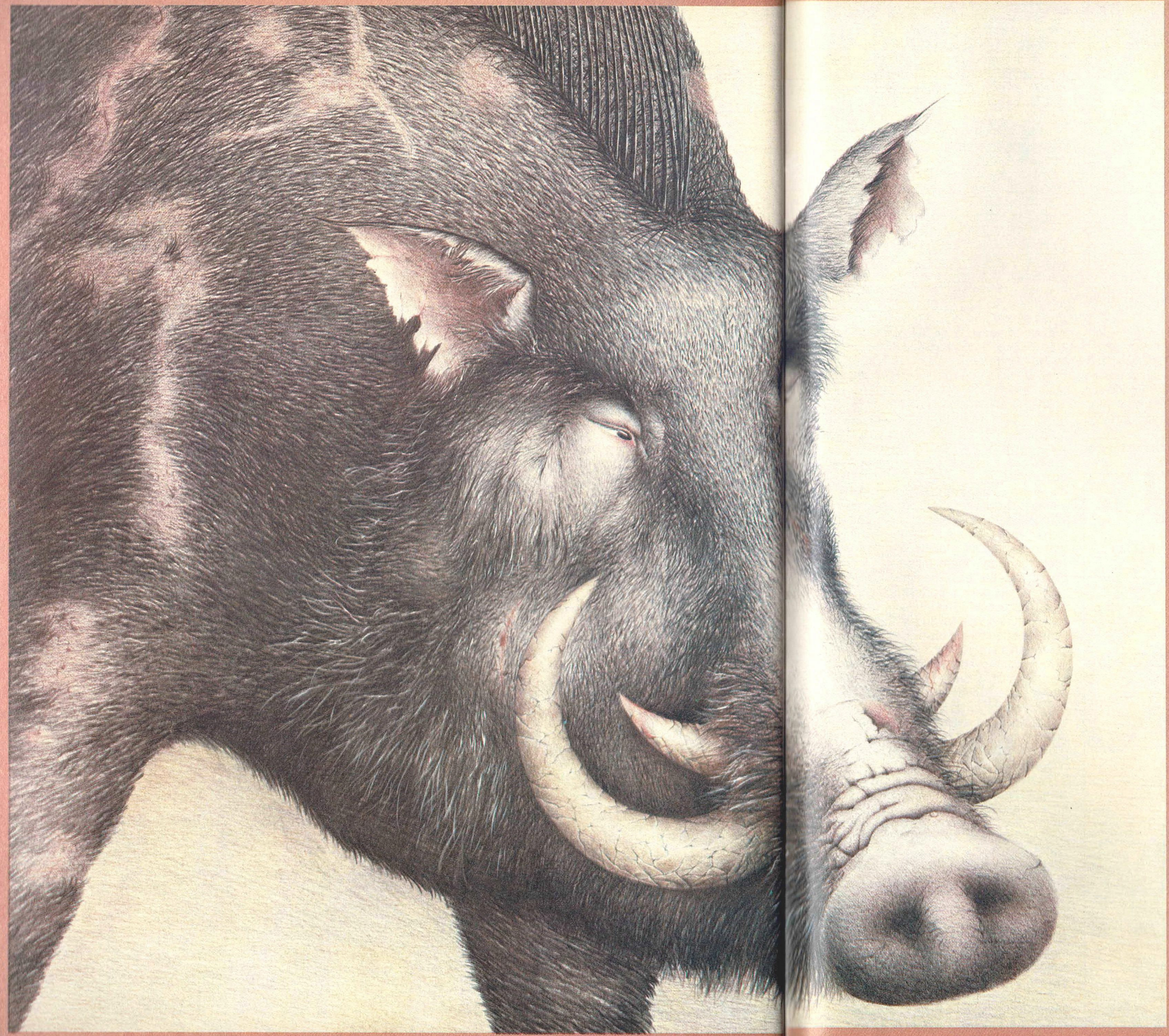


Illustration by Yvonne Sutherland

The dry season made the outback an intense battlefield on which man and beast fought the common war of survival.

RAZORBACK!

BY PETER BRENNAN

The death that took place on this afternoon was the kind of death that came with the territory and the season. It was the north-west, and it was the dry season. In the dry season, the land of the razorback pig and of the Big Red kangaroo became flat and cracked. The green growth turned grey and crumbled, and the late afternoon breezes blew it off the plains leaving behind only the red earth which formed into smooth, wide pans of hardened clay. These claypans were sometimes a hundred feet across, sometimes two miles across, and between them only the grim, immovable vegetation grew — like the lignum scrub, the saltbush and, in lower sections, the mallee reeds that would turn brittle white but hold fast until they could again become marsh land.

It was on the roots of all these that the wild razorback fed in the weeks before the dry season forced it to turn carnivorous: then it ate what it could bring down, or what was already down.

The only other natural vegetation was the brief, fresh upspringing of small clusters of grass and plants where itinerant cloud formations occasionally dropped water in isolated patches. The green shoots would rise temporarily after a rain, but be dried and gone very quickly again. It was on thee that the Big Red kangaroo fed, because he had the speed to move across great distances to find them. Like no other feral animal in the north-west he had the dexterity of his paws to forage out the few green shoots from the centre of an otherwise dried-out plant.

The third kind of vegetation was man's. Watered crops complemented the grain and the hay for his sheep and

cattle. There was never enough of either in the dry season, and so the sheep and cattle had to vie with the razorback and the kangaroo for the natural vegetation. The razorback and the kangaroo in turn stole man's crops and grain. The dry season created a cycle that made the north-west an intense battlefield on which four million kangaroos, a million razorbacks and man's stock fought the common war of survival. None of the three ever totally won, or totally lost.

On this afternoon, on the claypans outside the north-western NSW town of Gamulla, one found food, one died, and one merely survived.

The pregnant ewe was on her side in the hundred degree shade of a wilga tree, panting and vulnerable in the throes of imminent delivery. Because she was behaving unusually and making small noises of strain, none of the other sheep in the vicinity came close to her. The razorbacks were thick in the first half of a dry season and the chances of a newborn lamb surviving to the "safe" age of three months were only about 40 percent positive; more than 10 percent were taken at the moment of birth. The ewe breathed heavily and jerkily in the afternoon heat.

A short distance away a Blue Flier — the female of the Big Red kangaroo — was bent upon a patch of fading Stipa grass and she parted the strands so that the young male in her pouch could reach down to the greenest shoots where they found them. She had carried the joey in her pouch for 235 days and now, at eight pounds, he was about to make his first excursion to forage on land for himself.

It was the first moment of the joey's independence, to be followed by another four months of maternal care until he was large enough to remain outside the pouch permanently. Slowly, awkwardly he levered himself from the pouch with his hindleg protruding first, beside his ear, then further out, then straightening to bring the small furry body all the way to self support on the ground between the doe's protective forelegs.

At the moment the joey was on land it bent forward to the clump of Stipa grass. The doe remained upright, her ears twitching in ever-changing directions like radar beacons.

The mortality rate among newborn kangaroos was less than among sheep only because of the Blue Flier's speed. When the joey was out of the pouch he was as vulnerable. In the westering sun the doe stooped to the grass only intermittently, keeping her attention partly on the surrounding claypans.

A mile to the north, a razorback boar of enormous size and speed tore its way through the wiremesh fence along the northern boundary of the grazing property. It had travelled south across the NSW-Queensland border and it was not typical of the boars of the north-west. In the remote reaches of Queensland's centre, among the thick tropical jungles, it had five years earlier been born through a series of matings between the huge weighty domestic black pigs that had gone wild since the turn of the century, and of the tall rangy Asiatic stock that had been introduced to the upper Queensland coast as early as 1827.

It was then that the so-called "Malays" came to the coast from Timor to gather pearls and beche-de-mer, and brought with them their high backboned native pigs for food.

The boar that moved swiftly across the claypans north of the town of Gamulla on this afternoon had benefitted from both these genes, and from a third. It carried the characteristics of the horizontally-striped Asian hog introduced to the north by the immigrant mass of Chinese coolies who worked the great gold rush of the 1890s.

The interbreeding of all three strains through eight decades had produced this boar, just as it had produced a select number of its antecedents through five previous generations. Like theirs, its domestic stock lineage came from the giant richly-fed sows that populate the inner jungle region. It was born with their size, yet the double Asiatic ancestry gave it the high-boned back, the thick gristle that protected its shoulders, chest and vital organs and, more importantly in the dry season, the legs. The speed.

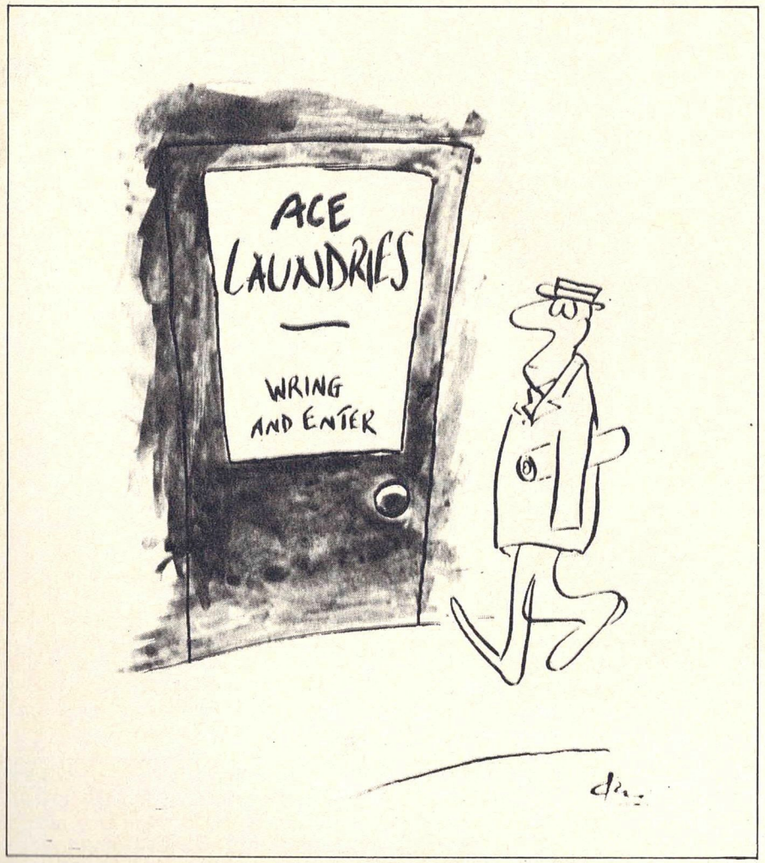
There had been reported sightings of such rogue boars this far south of the tropics during the past 30 years, but they were as often as not dismissed as some bush man's imagination.

The boar moved quickly this afternoon because it had travelled south all day and had not eaten since dawn. Although it had the speed, it suffered the razorback's susceptibility to dehydration and hyperthermia, and it was essential that it reached water or it wallowed at least once a day.

Twelve hours in the open sunlight in temperatures above 100 degrees was usually fatal for lesser sized boars. Only hunger kept it moving. After 120 days moving south and into the dry season, it had long turned carnivorous and its appetite had no patience for the goring out of lignum roots.

Its eyesight was typically poor, and when it paused among the saltbush between the last and the next claypan, the light easterly breeze carried the message that live meat was close at hand. It moved slowly between the clumps of undergrowth.

From across the next pan its snout and limited sight picked up two impressions,



Introducing...
YEARS 5 OLD
THE REAL
MACKENZIE
Smooth and mellow. The pride of Scotland since 1826.

not far apart, but its senses were not specific enough to identify the doe with her young, or the ewe in its late stages of delivery. It moved around the semi-circle behind the cover of saltbush toward the nearest of them, only because they were nearest.

When it emerged from the scrub and into the small clearing toward the trees, it accelerated to full pace. Its head thrust forward, low to the ground. It swept out of the sunlight into the shade with a force that might have brought the tree down had they collided. The prostrate ewe stiffened in its final moment of awareness.

Without altering its momentum, the boar locked its jaw around the still-wet foreleg of the newborn lamb even as it had begun to emerge. The head, the second leg and then the whole body tore free in one swift motion. The ewe's limbs continued to jerk spasmodically, but its heart had stopped.

When the boar had crossed the next claypan and moved among the lignum scrub it stopped and let the newborn lamb drop to the ground. It was devoured within a few moments, the only remaining trace a dampness of the red clay. The boar moved on further southward.

For the razorback in the dry season, it was a small victory of survival. For the Blue Flier and her young, it was merely survival. The kinds that came with the terrritory and the season.

The Blue Flier, the female of the Big Red kangaroo, was nearing the western perimeter of the largest claypan. The young male red was a joey-at-heel, now in its fourth month out of the pouch, and it trailed the doe's steps wearily. They were moving very slowly.

Fully upright, the parent roo stood something over six feet high, but she wasn't upright this afternoon. One of her forearms hung loose and dripped a steady flow of blood down her side and on to the ground, so that throughout today's journey she had left a trail of bloodspots on the clay for the past 10 miles. She had no sense that she was dying, only the instinct to head in the direction of the west where the sun was going down.

Late the night before she had been feeding with her joey among the shoots of grass that grew by the roadside some miles north-west of Gamulla. In the sudden glare of approaching headlights, she had frozen.

At the final split second before impact she darted forward to divert attention from her young, and leapt into the brightness. Behind the light came the brittle, crunching force that threw her body into the darkness of the claypan.

Next had come daylight, and her awareness of her joey standing by her. Then her sense of the numb, unmovable left side of her upper body and forearm.

That was many hours ago. She had managed to rise to her hindlegs and lead the joey westward for most of the day. Though the young male had wanted to stop to forage among plant clusters, she had kept him moving on. The only safety was in movement, though in the dry season the destination invariably offered no more cover than the place they had come from. The instinct ruled regardless.

Like all arid zone marsupials, she had the advantage of a level of metabolism that was 30 percent lower than the placentals such as the sheep and cattle and pigs, and so movement itself was the natural defence. As a passive animal, her survival in extreme temperatures was aided by the ability to go without both dry food and water for long periods.

In the driest atmosphere she gained moisture by panting, opening her mouth and breathing rapidly in and out. She licked her injured forepaw, chest and hind legs so that the evaporating saliva cooled her skin, and at regular intervals she paused to lick down the coat of her joey-at-heel.

“The doe's heart pounded and she panted with panicky rushes of breath, and her apprehension was obvious to her joey.”

But she was dying. If not from loss of blood then eventually from starvation, since without the use of both forearms she could not effectively forage to feed at the inner blades of grass. And then, she could not travel far or fast enough in her condition to find what little grew in the dry season. And if she was dying, so probably was her joey. Though he had reached the stage of feeding independently and did not need the pouch, he was still too small to be accepted into a mob of adult Reds which could give him protection from the razorback.

Aside from all of these, there was the immediate threat.

Behind them the doe had left 10 miles of blood scent during the day's journey. At any point along the trail any of the scores of wild pig packs could pick up the scent, might already have, and be moving toward its source. What the razorback lacked in eyesight, it accounted for with its sense of smell, and though she headed into the horizon's sun and worsened the vision of anything that followed, it would make little difference when the distance was narrowed to only yards.

This afternoon the doe was sapped, and her joey was exhausted, and their speed was a fraction of that which would normally let them outpace the razorback with ease.

If the boar was following, then it was also gaining.

It was a phenomenon of both the Big Red and the Western Grey kangaroo that fear, at the time of threat, showed in the eyes. The doe hobbled forward toward the vague outline of the claypan's western edge and kept her gaze in the direction she was heading.

In the wet season she would have made for a river, or one of the man-made water bores, and perhaps they both would have survived. She would have swum to the centre and taken up a position in the deepest part. With the huge grip of her lower hindlegs she could have braced herself on the bottom and used her arms, even her one arm, to drown a boar hungry and foolish enough to struggle out to her.

That would have been the natural defence in the wet season. But there was no river, no bore within many miles, and she moved on toward the saltbush and small cluster of trees that was gradually becoming visible to her at the end of the claypan.

At a point in the next 50 yards of her journey, an awareness came upon her. Her instincts resisted it momentarily, but the impression held. And she knew.

There was no scent, she hadn't turned to look, but she knew it was back there.

As she sensed its presence she changed none of her limping stride, and her motions gave no cause for alarm to her young. She kept moving. A few moments later a slight breeze from behind delivered the boar's scent, and the confirmation.

Still she kept moving, though death was perhaps half a mile back and gaining more rapidly. The doe's heart pounded and she panted with panicky rushes of breath, and her apprehension was obvious to her joey. In that moment, he sensed and smelled it too.

They stopped and moved closer together and looked back in the direction of the breeze. Their heads tilted slightly with a movement that might have seemed more like curiosity at any other time. Then the doe nudged her young to move forward again.

It would come to an end soon, the cycle that had begun one year and 33 days ago.

Exactly that far back the doe had mated. Though she had no special mating season beyond a natural infertility during very long drought, at that time the Big Red male had approached. The white

“Nice legs . . . shame about the face!”

Will your next beat your last?

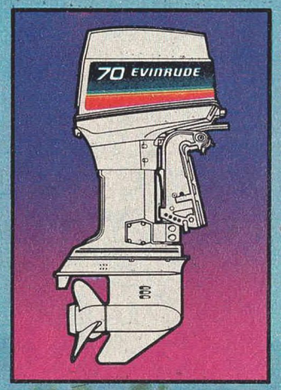
As an Evinrude owner, you'll know what we mean.

Evinrude has always delivered a brilliant outboard – for fishing, skiing, exploring, or sheer boat pleasure.

After all, Ole Evinrude pioneered the outboard with that in mind.

Since then Evinrude has kept coming up with innovations to stay in the lead. Evinrude dedication means your next Evinrude will quite likely beat your last.

If you've not an Evinrude owner,



buying Evinrude is the way you can be darn sure that your next outboard will whip the pants off your last.

Evinrude. Great on the water – and on dry land with unrivalled dealer network, spare parts availability and service facilities.

Check out the latest Evinrude now.

EVINRUDE

WORLD'S NUMBER ONE EFFICIENCY ENGINEERED FOR THE 80'S

hair on his throat and chest became bright red with the powdery rose substance that excreted from his skin. He courted her by licking it and smearing it on his shoulders and back, and he made the soft clucking noises that brought the doe to heat. Then he grasped at her tail and pulled her to him, then held her about the neck and chest. The copulation lasted about 20 minutes.

Thirty-three days later the joey that now travelled beside her had emerged from the genital passage less than an inch in length. Its eyes and ears were still wholly undeveloped and the hindlegs were short, unformed and its body was pink, hairless.

In essence it was an incomplete embryo, yet the moment it emerged it began its climb up the outside of the doe's stomach, along a sticky track she had prepared with her tongue. For the first part of its climb up toward the pouch entrance it was still connected by the umbilical cord to the placenta in the doe's birth passage.

That 18-inch journey took a quarter of an hour, and when it reached the opening of the pouch the half-born clawed its way inside and immediately fastened itself to one of the four teats. There it had stayed and developed the remainder of the kangaroo's characteristics during a 235-day second pregnancy.

The odds of survival, even to the point when it had first ventured from the pouch this past October were shortened by a 15 percent pouch-death rate in the dry season. Yet nature had given the doe a unique insurance policy against that, too.

Soon after the birth of the half-born, she had mated and conceived again. A second embryo formed and matured for 33 days. Then it stopped. At the stage just before birth, it entered an indefinite state of suspended development which would not proceed until after the first joey abandoned the pouch forever.

The embryo now inside this doe had stayed in suspended 33-day maturity for almost 12 months and was due to emerge to claim the pouch sometime in the next four weeks.

Except now, there would be no birth. The razorback was coming. The embryo would be 33 days old for eternity.

The doe turned.

The boar was in sight, a distant, dark form shimmering in the heat mirage that rose above the level of the far side of the claypan. Smaller, similar shapes were visible much farther behind the leader.

The doe looked to a sparse gathering of lignum bushes across to the left of the claypan's rim, and she led her joey toward them, that their meagre cover might play a part in his chance for escape.

Then they waited. There was nowhere else to run and the doe could only conserve energy for some final defence. It sometimes happened that a Big Red kangaroo managed to fatally slice the belly of an attacking pig with its long, pointed hindleg talon, but the pig was usually younger, with undeveloped tusks — far smaller than the animal that approached the doe and the joey now.

Much, much smaller.

As it emerged from its mirage state the enormity of her aggressor brought a new degree of pounding in the doe's chest. This boar was not like the others in the claypans. Even face-on from a hundred yards, its head low to the scent of her blood, the doe could see it was a giant of its kind. It was as long as she was tall, its splayed, curved tusks long enough to cut deeply into a carcass.

She put her back stiffly against the bark of a eucalyptus tree, but in her eyes was a kind of acceptance of what was about to happen. If she offered any protest, it was instinctive, and in behalf of her young. She blurred her eyes to the oncoming force and raised her right hindleg talon, reared back hard against the tree . . . and forced the cough.

It was the loud, grunting cough of the kangaroo which gave warning to the young to run. *Run now while the boar is occupied with its slaughter.* It was as certain a sound of the Blue Flier facing death, as the death itself.

In the final few yards of its assault the boar's bobbing vision had cleared to identify the prey as both the adult kangaroo, whose scent was strong in its snout, and the adolescent joey. It continued toward the doe because she was immobile and vulnerable. From simple experience it knew that the young would not venture far from the doe, even after she had gone down.

A pack of 22 sows and nine younger boars were following several hundred yards behind, unable to keep pace. In the four months since it entered the northwest region from Queensland, the boar had established itself as their leader in the normal manner — by challenging and degutting the previous lead boars. In the usual manner of secession, the challenger came from the maturing younger boars of the same family who took advantage of age or injury to bring down the older lead boar, and then led the remainder of the pack in eating it. From that moment the successor was firmly established in its dominance.

In the case of this boar from the north, it had asserted its dominance over three separate packs, and now led their combined numbers. In the process it had eliminated the lead boars of three separate mobs, and already 12 of the accumulated sows carried its young.

In the case of the third pack it intruded upon and claimed, its succession had almost been by attrition, though. The old lead boar was violently aggressive with age, but was already half-blinded — an affliction suffered by many when the

WANTED

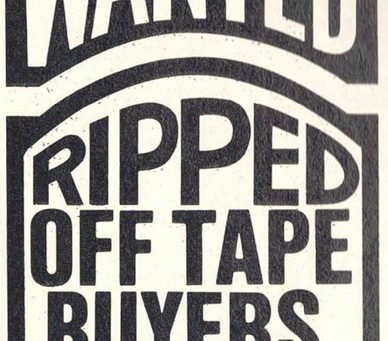
RIPPED OFF TAPE BUYERS

Are you tired of paying too much for your cassettes and accessories? Your problems are over . . . for one dollar!

$1.

You receive:

- One sample Dindy Super C46 cassette with a 5 year guarantee.
- One copy of Dindy News, the cassette user's journal, packed with info, accessories and bargain-priced cassettes (all brands, of course) at prices up to 50% off retail.
- A special introductory offer too good to refuse.



To: DINDY MARKETING
15 BOUNDARY STREET
P.O. BOX 55, RUSHCUTTERS BAY, SYDNEY 2011

20,000 people have bought over 1,000,000 cassettes from us. They all can't be wrong. $1 spent could save you hundreds.

Mr/Mrs/Miss .....

Address .....

.....

P/code

PH/1

When the look tells it all. . .

and the fits just as good!

it must be a seat cover from Autovogue with the following features . . .
2 piece design for better fit and appearance, more comfort and easy access to seat adjusters. Storage pockets on back panels of bucket seat covers, great for storing maps, tapes, directories, toys, etc.
Stunning designs and colours with plush polyester trim. Easy care, machine washable.
Choice of fabrics and prices.
Europa: (polyprint fabric) around $29
Drive-Time: (velour fabric) around $42

autovogue®

Trade Enquiries:
Autovogue Accessories
Office and Showroom
20th Floor, St Martins Tower
Cnr. York and Market Streets,
SYDNEY. Phone: (02) 29 1155
Telex: 27039 (GARD)

Available at most leading Auto Accessory Retailers, and Department stores throughout Australia.
*National Auto Accessory Trade Fair

tusks grew and curled inward to such an extent that they penetrated the eyes of the head from which they grew. It was normally a slow, agonising death, but in this case hastened by the arrival of the rogue Queensland razorback.

In the dry season, the advantage of travelling with a large pack of sows — and younger, submissive boars to keep them pregnant — was the natural source of food it provided when no other could be found.

Already in the past month, the boar had eaten three of the suckers from its own pack.

Today, with the unmoving doe about to surrender to its force, the suckers would be safe. When the doe was brought down, pursuit of the joey-at-heel would be a brief matter of course.

Its tusks came in at ground level.

The doe's hindleg talon was brushed aside routinely by the onrushing breath of death, and in that instant she sensed only numbness where something probed deep through her pouch, and into her belly. The numbness travelled upward to her chest with tremendous force and her hindlegs lifted off the ground until her ribcage opened outwards. The boar's right tusk, a curved 12-inch blade of solid, jagged enamel exited as it completed the final arc of its sweep.

When it felt the ribs give way the boar drew back to give room for the carcass to drop to the ground. Only the nerves of the upper thigh shivered to indicate that the doe had just now been alive.

The first of the following pack began to reach the death scene as the boar's eyes and snout sought the direction of the young kangaroo fleeing to the right, among the lignum bush. The smell of the pink, watery blood on its tusks injected an urgency to the razorback's movements, though there was no need for haste.

Soon the joey would turn, and head back toward the protection of his doe, as they all did.

The boar followed him into where the trees thickened beyond the next small clearing, and it waited. At moments like this, when the sensory pitch of the kill totally controlled its attention, was the razorback diverted from its irritation at the preponderence of parasites which incessantly fed on its body both inside and out.

Even as it stalked the young roo, stomach worms were eroding its gastric juices and increasing its hunger; the intestinal tapeworm was deeply embedded in the small intestine; lungworms thrived in its chest — all of them the penalties of an appetite which did not discriminate between the frogs, snails, beetles and earthworms that were ingested and gave them life inside.

As it aged, the progression and multiplicity of the worms and the external parasites, mange mites and lice, would irritate its existence, combining to make the aged wild boar the most aggressive and insatiable of the feral animals of the north-west.

At the sound of a small movement behind the saltbush patch 20 feet ahead, the boar moved forward.

The joey had fled only so far before the awareness of his own first solitude brought him to a halt, and then led him back in the direction of where he had last felt the protection of his doe. His confusion in this moment was that the senses of both safety and danger came from the same direction. The joey hesitated.

When the razorback burst out from the undergrowth and its head dropped low for attack, the young roo broke blindly to the left. He panicked for the only known safety, the upright figure of his doe, but there was no Blue Flier here to seek out.

Instead, though, there was an upright, living form just across, between the next two wilga trees. In desperation he bounded for it. He sensed that it was alive, and it was not the razorback. To the joey it offered the vague resemblance of what instinct told him was safety, and so he made for it. The boar swept forward at full pace, and the young kangaroo

Tulloch.
Taste the true character of Australian wine.

The Tulloch name is one of the oldest and most respected in Australia's wine history.

From their first vintage, in the Hunter in 1896, the Tulloch family have produced award-winning wines that consistently reflect their grape types and region.

Today, with their Glen Elgin Estate wines from the Hunter and their Wilkinson Estate wines from McLaren Vale in South Australia, Tulloch is in a unique position to show the true character you can expect from top Australian red and white wines.

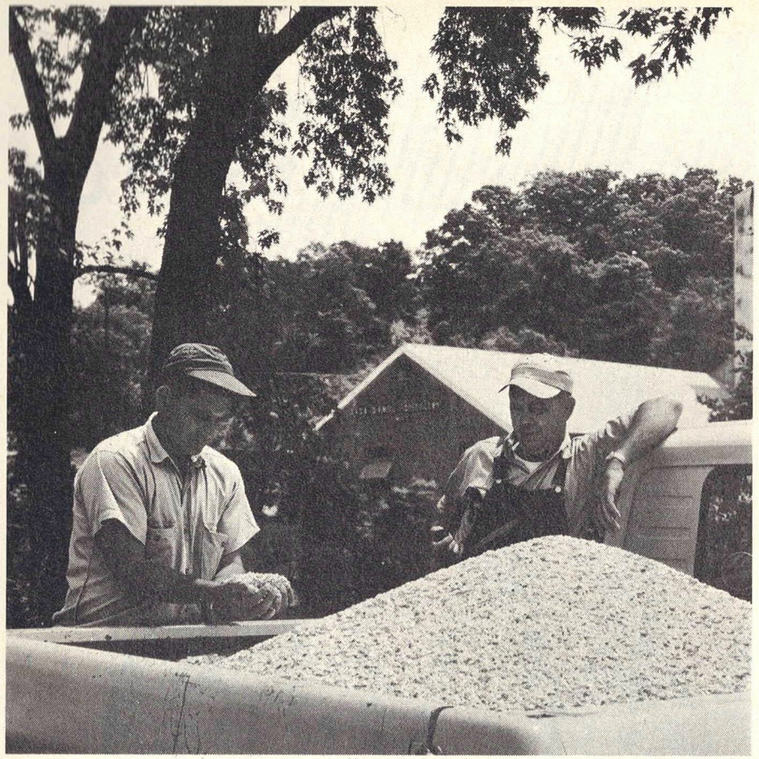
It is this character and tradition that is helping Tulloch develop exports of our fine wines to the USA and the UK.

Meanwhile, right here, any day of the week, you can taste the good wine that the great estates and the great experience of Tulloch can bring you.

TULLOCH
Fine Estate Wines of Australia.

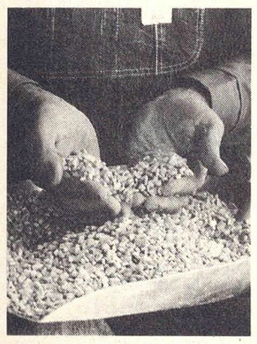
AB684/80

GBWN.0104



Jack Daniel Distillery. Named a National Historic Place by the United States Government.

AT THE JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, we use America's finest grain to make the world's smoothest whiskey.



Flavored by America's finest grain

Our miller inspects each delivery of grain to make sure he is buying the best. Then, and only then, he takes care to dry it and clean it before cooking it in a mash. Our choice grain is a good reason why Jack Daniel's has won taste competitions in London, Liège, Ghent, St. Louis and Brussels. And why, we believe, it will gain your acclaim no matter where you happen to taste it.

London 1914 · St. Louis World's Fair 1904 · Liège 1905 · Ghent 1913 · Star of Excellence Brussels 1954

If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.

cramped closer to the form for protection.

At the moment of impact the joey smelled the same foul rush of breath that had preceded his doe's slaughter. He heard the same tearing sounds as the tusks drove in, and the same pitched squeals of the boar at the frenzy of its kill. Yet at the same time the young kangaroo knew it had been spared.

As the doe had fallen to the pig earlier, and he had been protected, now this different upright form had fallen, and again he had been protected.

The boar had moved in on the alternative prey at the final second of its assault, only because it was there, unmoving and more vulnerable.

It was already dying.

The woman was only semi conscious of her death. Her mind had passed beyond delirium hours earlier, after the second rape. and she had only been dimly aware of the invasions made on her body through the hours that followed.

She had been staked out, upright between two trees for an eternity this afternoon, naked under an unrelenting sun, and she had long ago stopped caring whether night or death came first. She had been crucified without a cross, her arms outstretched and her wrists bound to each tree; her legs splayed open and similarly tied at the ankles.

She bled from her wrists and her ankles and from where she had been assaulted by man and objects during a time that was now fragmented somewhere in her memory.

The woman's remaining level of awareness had detected only a dark shape approaching. She was already too wasted to feel anything but the jolt where the boar's tusk entered, but she sensed this was the end, in whatever strange form it came, and she felt only relief for that.

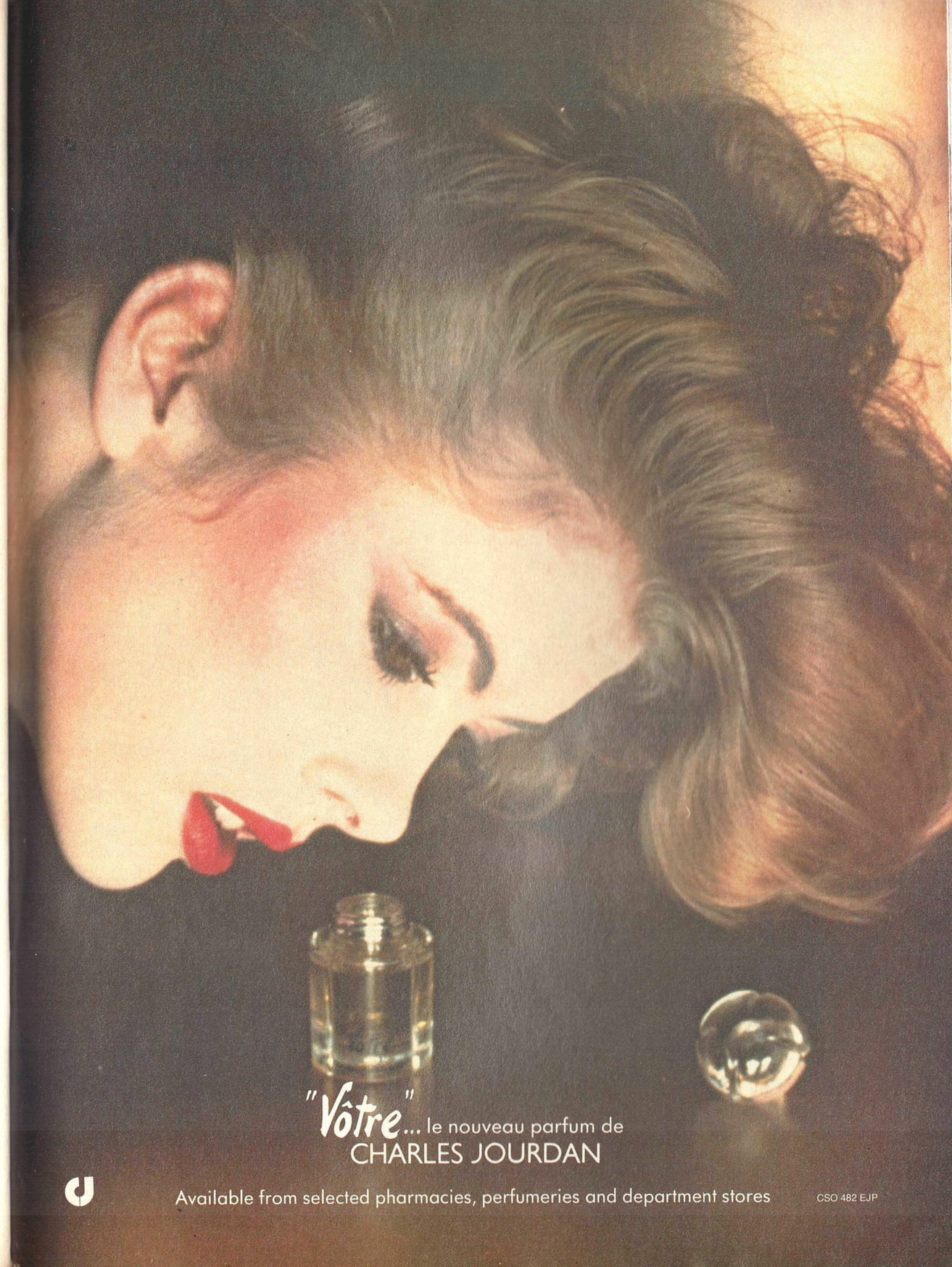
The boar raised itself with the tusk hooked through her pelvic bone and its weight snapped the ties of her wrists and brought her body to the ground. Before it had finished, several of its pack came over from the remains of the fallen doe and joined in the feeding until darkness, and the woman no longer existed.

In the distance, beyond the trees on the far side of the smaller next claypan, the young joey sat propped on his hindlegs, interested in what he saw. He was free and unharmed.

His instinct to move close to the upright form had been affirmed, and it would stay with him.

The doe who had died earlier this afternoon had not been necessary for his survival. He bounded off through the undergrowth alone. ○—■

© From Razorback! by Peter Brennan. To be published in 1981 by William Collins Pty Ltd.


"Vôtre"... le nouveau parfum de
CHARLES JOURDAN
Available from selected pharmacies, perfumeries and department stores
CSO 482 EJP

Cool clothes
for the hot
days ahead.

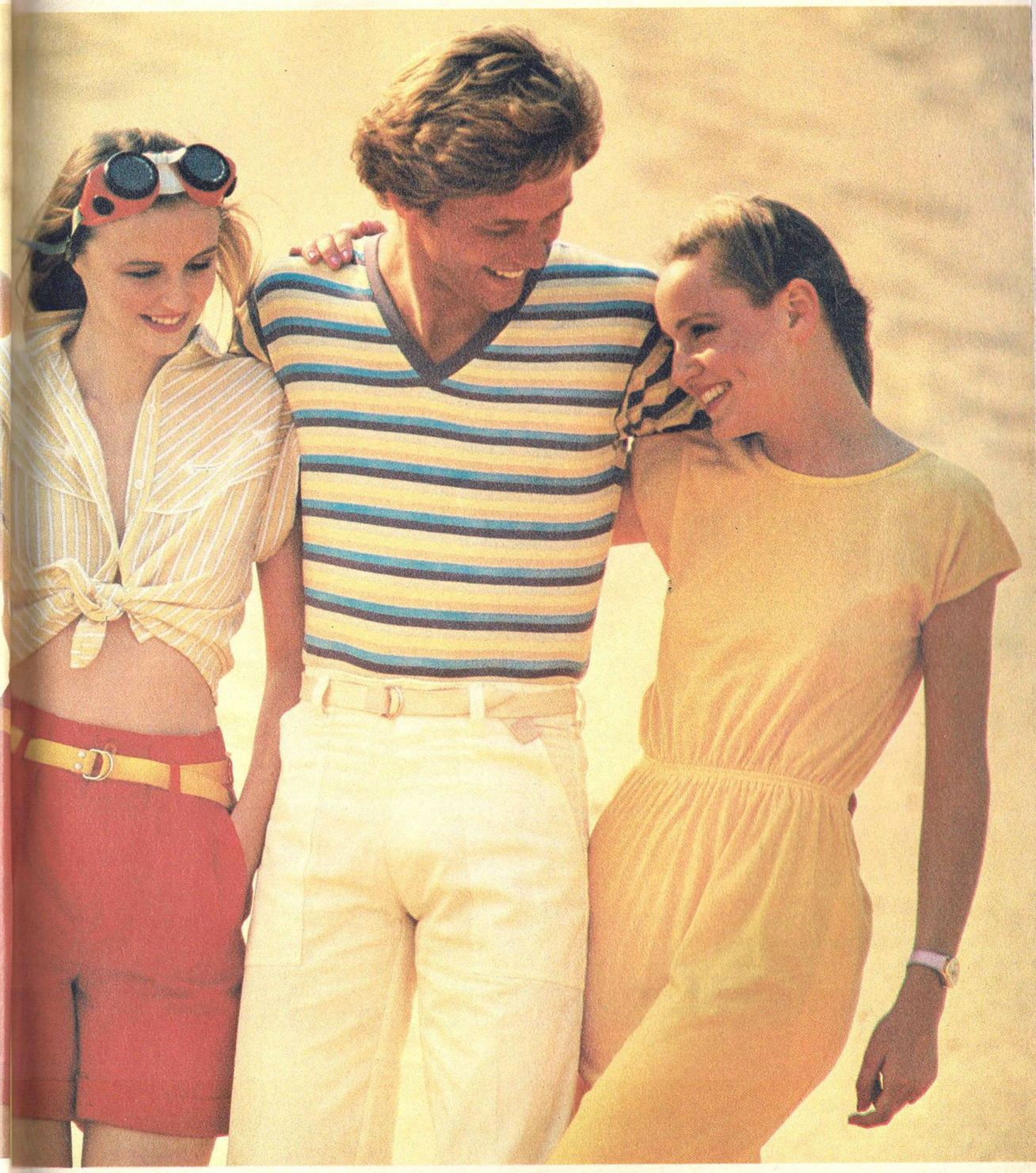
HOT STUFF

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WENDY ADNAM

To help you survive the hot Australian summer, designers have created casual, comfortable, life style-related clothes. This feeling is interpreted most often in vibrant pastels on white — lots of white. The Esprit clothes featured here are available from David Jones and Myer, plus Grace Bros, Andrew Herzfeld, Sydney; John Martins, Adelaide; Margine's, Broken Hill; Vogue Boutique, Gold Coast; Bones, Sportslane, Perth. The clothes by Weavers are available from Myer, Grace Bros, Sydney, and leading men's stores.

Left to right: Blue and yellow T-shirt by Sunshine, $18.50, from Modern Man, Avalon, NSW, with blue fatigue jeans by Weavers, $33. Bonds cotton T-shirt, $2.50, with terry towelling trousers by Lakiss, $45, from Modern Man. Pink Cotton sweatshirt by Merivale, $40, with cotton studded mini skirt by Esprit, $36. White cotton knit V-neck sweater by Victor Linden, $50, from Modern Man, with deep lilac cotton trousers by Weavers, $33. Pale blue side-tie overall by Esprit, $44.

Left to right: Yellow calico short style jumpsuit by Esprit, $44. Bright yellow overalls by King Gee, $39.50. Pale yellow check shirt, $30, with red cotton walk shorts, $34, both by Esprit. Blue striped T-shirt by Esprit, $22. Yellow cotton singlet dress by Esprit, $24.



Left to right: White cotton sweatshirt by Esprit, $19.95, with cotton fatigue jeans by Weavers, $33. White cotton T-shirt, $24.50, with white cotton trousers, $32.50, both by Esprit. Turquoise capped sleeve T-shirt, $18, with white cotton trousers, $40, both by Weavers. White cotton jumpsuit by Esprit, $45. Pale blue T-shirt, $9.50, with white walk shorts, $36, both by Esprit. Pale blue cotton T-shirt, $18, from Modern Man, with blue cotton trousers by Weavers, $33.

What to have with chicken.

Barossa Valley
Kaiser Stuhl
Gold Medal Rosé

Nicki wanted her son, Ace, to have everything she never had. Unfortunately, her wish came true.

TENNIS MOTHER

BY CATHERINE HILLER

In 1980 I was a 14-year-old tennis junkie. I didn't waste time with boys or clothes or books: I was getting top spin on my backhand or perfecting my offensive lob. I was on the courts six to eight hours a day. Only the fear of being dropped from the high school tennis team kept me in classes at all. Our team was the best in California, and I was ranked 15th, nationally, in my age group.

But even a girl athlete like me saw that science was ushering in a new era. I couldn't understand why adults were concerned with such petty matters as Iran, inflation, and the presidential campaign when astonishing biological breakthroughs were being announced. First came the news that you do not need a sperm to fertilise an egg. Dr Pierre Soupart of Vanderbilt University had created

the first fatherless mouse by fusing two eggs. Amazonia was possible. A few months later it was revealed that a man had been treated with hormones and was now making milk and nursing his baby. Bizarro, disgusting.

Soon after that, Robert K. Graham announced the impregnation of Mensa women with Nobel sperm, via the Repository for Germinal Choice, Graham's "brainchild".

"It's my hope that others will set up similar projects with other categories, such as Olympic gold medal winners or artists or movie stars. This is just a beginning," he said. I imagined a Wimbledon sperm bank/impregnation centre where the sperm and eggs of tennis champions would play.

I was, you see, a tennis maniac. Nonetheless, 35 years ago, I was sure that these three sexual and reproductive breakthroughs would alter the destiny of humankind, forever changing our sense of who we are and how we breed. Of course, there was no way of knowing how these biological advances would affect my own life.

My early life was unexceptional. I had middle-class parents, a large dog, and a small brother. My mother bought me a tennis racquet when I was eight, and I ran down the block and hit a tennis ball against a wall for the next five hours. Nothing special there.

At 10 I began entering local tournaments. I discovered that I liked playing in front of an audience and that I always did better under pressure. I won as often by surprising my opponents as by outhitting them: I was soon dubbed "Tricky Nicki". I loved the intellectual challenge of a match, knowing just when to power the ball, when to send it back soft, just how to wrong-foot my rivals.

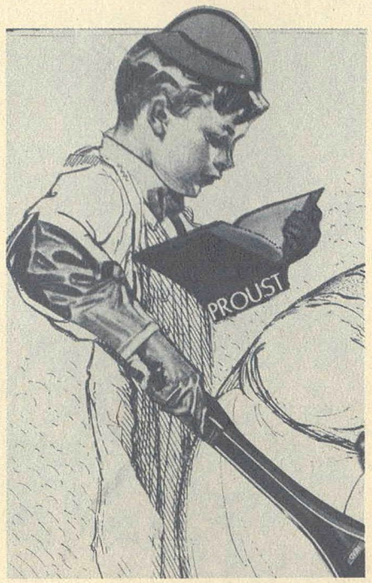
It was, I may add, the only intellectual challenge I enjoyed. I was and am a creature of the body. If I hadn't turned to sports, I might have turned to dance, for I believe that moving well is one of the three great pleasures in life. The other two are winning and having sex.

I am, like many athletes, bisexual, but in my late teens I had sex mainly with women: athletes, dancers, sometimes even tennis groupies. I started playing professionally at 18, and the need to celebrate or forget after a match brought me to Eros time and again.

I have just taken a long, hot shower. My hair is wet and curly, and I am wearing only a bathrobe and perfume. I've played brilliantly this evening, and now there is a knocking at my door.

"Hi, there," I say and admit an excited young tennis fan into my hotel room. She has firm smooth limbs, soft smooth hair, ardor fired by my fame. Afterward, we go dancing. It was fabulous being young and gay in the Eighties, at least in certain professions, like mine.

Then, at 21, I fell in love. Max Winger was a handsome sportswriter, a great dancer, and a fabulous lover. After one night with him, I was convinced that sometimes a man can be even better in bed than a woman. After five nights with him, I learned he was married.



"Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"You never asked." He was smiling and smug.

"Aw, Nicki, what can it matter?"

"What can it matter?" I was so angry that my hands were shaking and I saw pinpoints of silver and red. "It only matters if you care about trust and honesty and compassion and . . ." I ran out of words, fled from the room, got into my Jaguar, and went up the highway at 75 miles an hour. Ahead I saw a black polyurethane bag gusting toward the car. Then the black flapping was upon me, it caught on my windshield, I couldn't see past it, I crashed into a guardrail.

Later they said again and again that it was a miracle: a miracle that I survived, a miracle that they got me to a hospital in time to sew on my severed hand, a miracle that now I could actually grasp a spoon or a large crayon. But I would never be able to use my right hand for tennis again.

Max Winger visited me in the hospital. "I'm so sorry, Nicki," he said. "What will you do?"

"I'll learn to play lefty," I said. "I'll be even better than before." But as Max wrote in his sports piece the next day:

"We both knew it was an idle boast. She tightened her jaw, facing tragedy with the same poise she has always shown on the court. 'I'll be fine,' she said. 'Really.'

"I think that with time, Nicki Ann Kane might have become one of the top two or three women players in America. Now we'll never know."

It took me months to recuperate from the crash. It took a year of hard practice to get good enough with my left hand to work as a teaching pro in Los Angeles. I still had my youth and my looks. I had many lovers. I lived on the beach. It was, all in all, a good life.

But after a decade of this, I began to feel empty and bored. It was 1996, I was 30, and I wanted some deeper connection. However, I did not want to get married. By now I knew my pattern: I seemed to need new sex partners often. I loved that hungry curiosity, that dazzled delight, that triumph that came when I got a new man or woman into my bed. I didn't want a husband — even a "wife" — someone to whom I had to be "faithful" or lie.

"The *illusion* of fidelity is essential," one of my married friends said with a smile. "Everyone knows that open marriages end in divorce." But I didn't want to settle for either fidelity or hypocrisy, and I had no wish for a lifelong mate.

However, I did want a child: someone to love and hold and coach. I'd make my kid the tennis star I should have been: I'd pass on all my insights and strategies; we would always have this marvellous sport in common, this thrilling goal — winning! — to share. In short, I longed to be a tennis mother.

I worried, briefly, about the ethics of my new ambition. Wasn't it wrong to mould a child's will to my own? To live vicariously through another? Then the worry passed. I knew that by committing my future child to tennis, I'd be passing on joy, for I believed that the way of the body brought the most reliable rewards.

At worst, my child would learn early a sport that he or she would take along to old age; at best, he or she would be famous and rich and — well, *yes,* everlastingly grateful to me. I remembered how for a season Martina Navratilova never lost a match if one of her family was in the stands, watching her play.

Of course, I had to find a father for my child. Lars Laren, I thought would be ideal. Not only was he one of the world's best players — still, after 20 years as a pro! — but also he was blond, like me. I think that secretly we are all narcissistic enough to want our children to resemble ourselves.

I vowed that the next time Lars played in Los Angeles I would get him into my bed — although I hadn't seen him in years.

Three weeks later I went up to him after a match. He remembered me well and ran a sympathetic light finger over my scar. He took me to dinner and then home to bed. We played between the sheets at length. Stroke after stroke, ad in, ad out, he had the most amazing endurance.

Actually, that was the problem. Lars Laren could rally for hours — but he could finish the match, so to speak, only off the court. We had some spectacular exchanges, but he was, for my purpose, quite hopeless.

I cheered myself up with the thought that Lars Laren wasn't the only tennis champion I could get. Billy Sommers, for instance, had been after me for years, and I'd always turned him down, just because no one else did. He was now retired and putting on weight, but God could he play in his prime! Furthermore, with his ex-wife he had fathered three children, two of whom were promising young athletes. Billy Sommers, that ageing, celebrated brat, was a proven stud.

"Billy," I said to him over the phone. "I had the most thrilling dream about you last night."

"Oh, really?" I could tell he was smiling. "What did I do?"

"I simply can't tell you on the telephone."

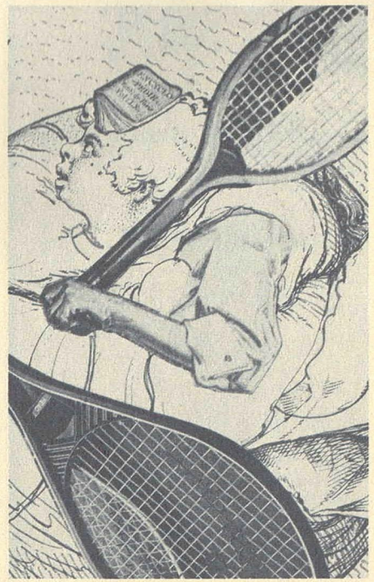
The next day he flew in from Florida. I must confess I was flattered. Our grandmothers were, perhaps, right: holding out makes you more valuable.

Billy was, it turned out, an all-American screw. After one night with him, I felt positively patriotic. Billy drove hard and strong; he had to be on top; he was, again and again, a deeply conventional lover. I rejoiced.

The next morning we played three more sets. "Do you know," he said lazily, musingly, as he got off me at noon, "I used to worry that my vasectomy would lower my sex drive, but to tell the truth it's been just the opposite."

"Your . . . vasectomy?" It was all I could do to be civil to him over brunch.

After the Sommers fiasco I went to bed with Don McLeod, Jefferson Dodge, and Jesus Martinez. I still didn't get pregnant — perhaps because I was so anxious to conceive. And I was starting to feel like a tennis whore. I interpreted every smile as a smirk. I resolved to take no more tennis lovers after I



overheard one pro tell another, "Forget about scoring with Nicki. Screwing stars is her racket!"

The next month I made a trip to the State sperm bank. Robert K. Graham's hope had been realised (but not my Wimbledon fantasy!). For various fees you could purchase sperm donated by poets, musicians, athletes, physicists. I smiled at the notion of a physicist son or daughter: I certainly didn't want to produce some genius who'd abandon me early for the pursuit of knowledge. Nor did I want some wasted musician, some tormented poet!

No, I wanted a hearty, sporty tough kid like I was, someone to stay in my life. I studied the catalogue at length and agreed to pay a month's salary for sperm from specimen 214, an anonymous "athlete renowned for his strengh and grace". A rather bored paramedic inserted the plunger between my legs and sent the expensive semen upward.

I became pregnant at last and gave birth to a son in November. I called him Ace. A tennis ball was his first toy; he wore tiny clothes by Lacoste. For the first three years of his life, I just revelled in him.

Oh, those dear little arms that would soon wield a racquet, that delicious small face that millions would watch! I doted on my little Ace.

He got his first tooth at six months, said his first word, rather early, at nine months, and began to walk, rather late, at a year and a half. But he knew how to keep score in tennis when he was only three. He wasn't especially sturdy; so I didn't put a racquet in his hands until he was four.

Until he was five he couldn't get the ball over the net; until he was six he couldn't hold a rally; until he was eight he couldn't serve. I kept working with him, coaching him, and by 10 he had a pretty fair game, but I couldn't help being disappointed.

He seemed to have none of the reflexes one would expect from the child of athletes, and he was curiously dreamy on the court.

"Why don't you concentrate on the ball?" I asked him once when he was 11. We were both at the net, collecting balls.

"I was thinking about something else that time, Mom."

"What were you thinking about?"

"Well . . ."

"Go on, you can tell me."

"I was thinking about how when I mishit a backhand, I get this little stab almost of pleasure, as if I *wanted* to hit it wrong. It's so *interesting,* Mom."

"Jesus." I was thoroughly disgusted.

"I knew you'd be angry," he said, "but you *asked.*"

At 12 he began secretly keeping a journal; at 13 he became editor of his school magazine — again, without telling me. God knows, Ace has always tried to be a good son. He obediently played in the tennis tournaments I found for him and was even a finalist once or twice. I think he was as sorry as I was that he couldn't fulfil my expectations. He used to forge my signature on his report cards so that I wouldn't be

Try Forum *FREE!!*

FORUM is Australia's foremost journal on love, sex and relationships.

See what Forum can do for you ... **FREE!!**

Simply fill in this coupon and post to Forum, PO Box 256, Paddington 2021.

We will send you your first copy and a bill. If you like the magazine, just pay $17.00 for a full year's subscription (12 issues) — a SAVING of $7.00 over retail price.

If Forum does not come up to your expectations, simply write cancel on the bill and return the bill to us. You will owe us nothing and the sample issue will be yours to keep.

THERE IS NO SMALL PRINT IN THIS SPECIAL FREE OFFER.

Yes, I would like to see what Forum can do for me. Please send me a sample copy.

Name: .....

Address: .....

..... Postcode: .....

Post this coupon to
FORUM, PO BOX 256, PADDINGTON 2021

upset by all the As, and he continued to practise to please me. But when he was 14, I caught him reading Proust behind a copy of *Tennis Today,* and I knew it was hopeless.

The next day I went down to the sperm bank and asked to speak to the supervisor. "He's on vacation now," said a friendly, middle-aged woman, "but perhaps I can help you." A label on her pocket identified her as Mrs Feldman.

"I'm very concerned," I told her. "I don't understand my 14-year-old son at all."

"Teenagers are always hard to understand," she said, smiling.

"But I paid good money for one kind of kid, and instead I gave birth to another!"

"Recessive genes can always surface."

"And sperm banks can make a mistake!"

Mrs Feldman shook her head. "In all the time we've been operating, we've made a mistake only once, 15 years ago — and I'm not really sure about that."

I leaned forward. "What happened?"

"I probably shouldn't tell you this."

"Go *on.*"

"A lady writer requested the sperm of John — uh, a very famous, introspective author. Something may have gone wrong, for she now has a daughter who hates books and who keeps winning marathons. But even in that case, it could be that recessive genes are surfacing."

"Or that some dumb employee gave her the sperm *I* should have had and gave *me* the sperm of a writer. Shit. I should sue."

"You wouldn't have a chance. You signed the release. You know there are no guarantees. Besides, what's so bad about having a writer for a son?"

"Ugh! Some touchy young introvert accumulating grudges, prying into every corner of my life!"

"Is that what your son's like?"

"Well, no, come to think of it."

"So you see." Mrs Feldman patted my shoulder. "Be glad you got pregnant at all. Appreciate the son you have. Try to understand him better."

When I got home, Ace was reading in his room. He jumped up guiltily.

"What's that you're reading, dear?"

"Don't be angry." He showed me the book: *The Seven Types of Ambiguity.* I sighed.

"Mom, I'm almost ready to practise. Just give me a minute to change."

"Ace, it's okay."

"What?"

"We can skip practice today."

"Mom? Are you all right?" Even frowning, he was a handsome fellow. I'd have to abandon my career as a tennis mother, but I still had a good-looking, sweet-natured son. So what if he wasn't an athlete!

I ruffled his hair. "Everything's fine," I told him.

And it was. I stopped entering him in local tournaments. I stopped disapproving of his books. I decided to let him start shaping his life. Ace continued to be well mannered, kind, and devoted to me, but he stopped playing tennis entirely. He wrote a 600-page novel in his senior year of high school and went off to Harvard to study literature. I didn't tell him that the guest lecturer in English that fall just might be his father.

I missed my son enormously. We spoke to each other sometimes by phone, and, more often, he wrote me letters — a quaint but pleasing practice. But it wasn't the same as having Ace home. I missed someone to share my day with me, my little thoughts, my meals. I saw that I might someday marry and began spending a lot of time with a tennis lawyer named Justin.

In his sophomore year Ace dropped out of Harvard and stopped writing or phoning. Five months later he called from New York. He was writing another novel. School was a bore. He was into "real life".

He was living with two women and loved them both passionately.

I like to think I'm broad-minded; so I merely said that I hoped he was happy. I hoped he was writing well. I hoped he was getting enough exercise. He laughed. "Don't be fresh with your mother," I said. "When are you coming home for a visit?"

For a year he made excuses. Finally I decided to go to New York — although he begged me not to. He said I wouldn't like his "changes". He said he'd had to "do it", to "go all the way", to "probe experience utterly". And anyway, it was "all material". But I'd be upset, and I shouldn't see him "for a while". Naturally, the next day I kissed Justin goodbye and boarded a plane to New York.

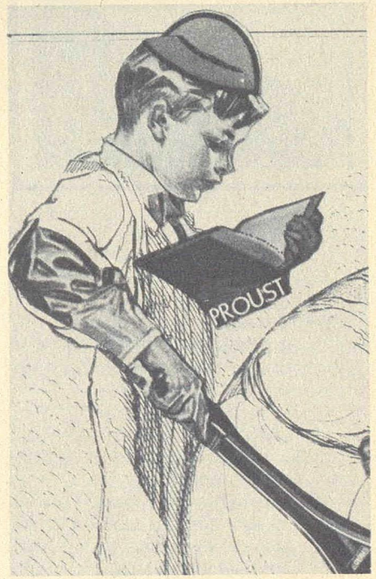
I rang the doorbell, and a beautiful young woman with a braid to her waist answered the door. "Is Ace here?"

"Oh, come in. You must be his mother, of course. I'm Tina. Ace is just out, getting bread."

The loft was spacious, luxurious, sunny. Tina walked to the kitchen. "Gail?" she said. "Guess who's here?"

Gail looked more "executive" than Tina, but she was every bit as beautiful. I had to admire my son's taste in ladies. I learned that Gail, at 24, was product manager at Millercraft. Tina was a student and teacher of psychology. And Ace? I wondered. What did he do for money? Just then I heard a little cry from the next room. Tina and Gail exchanged fond looks. "I'll get her," said Tina.

She returned with a three-month-old baby in her arms. The baby looked at me with wide navy-blue eyes. I felt a lump in



my throat. It wasn't too late! I could still be a tennis granny, like "Two-Moms", who'd coached Jimmy Connors!

"So I'm a grandmother," I said, blinking back tears.

"Well, no," said Gail.

"Ace isn't the father?"

Gail shook her head. "It's *our* baby," she said. "Mine and Tina's. Our eggs were extracted and combined. Then the embryo was planted in Tina, who carried it to term. This baby really doesn't *have* a father!"

"So they do it with humans, now. What do you know." I sat down, trying to seem casual. Well, why not? The baby seemed perfectly normal. And producing children this way could enrich many long-term lesbian relationships, welding two women together in the joy of parenthood. But where did my Ace fit in?

"Ace takes care of the baby for us," said Tina, as if guessing my thoughts. "I'm very busy with my studies, and Gail's out making money. But Ace hangs around all day, waiting till nighttime so he can write. So he cares for our Glenda and keeps house. It really works well."

"Ace is the nicest guy in the world," said Gail. "you must have done something right."

"Ace is frightened you won't understand," said Tina.

"It is unconventional," I said, "but not disturbing."

"Well — there's something else."

"You're all lovers," I said.

"Well, of course. It's not that."

Just then a key turned in the lock, and Ace entered. "*Mom.*" He grew pale and clutched the paper bag he was holding.

The baby, on seeing Ace, began to cry and strain toward him. It was very sweet.

"Such an impatient little girl," said Gail, passing Glenda to him.

Ace sat down with the baby in a fat armchair. Looking me steadily in the eye, he pulled his sweater up from the waist. Then I saw that he had breasts: pink-nippled, circular, firm little breasts. As Glenda stuffed a nipple into her mouth and began to suck noisily, I fainted dead away.

Back in California I drove straight to Justin's office and dissolved in his arms.

"Nicki, what is it?"

I was crying uncontrollably. "I'm not old-fashioned," I gasped.

"No, of course you're not. There, there."

"And I don't mind the menage a trois — I've had a few myself."

"Of course you have. Hush, dear."

I tried to stop sobbing.

"Is it about Ace?"

I nodded.

"Is it his health?" asked Justin.

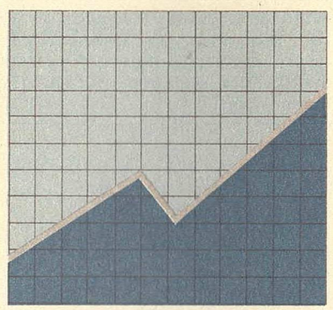
I found I could speak again. "It's his *life,*" I wailed. "And after I raised him to be a tennis champion!"

"Well, what's he doing?"

I blew my nose. I had to get used to the idea, and the sooner the better. "It's like this," I said slowly. "My son is a wet nurse."

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU A ROMANTIC?



Twenty-five questions to see if you have your feet on the ground or your head in the clouds.

Ever wonder why most poets are men? Maybe it's because males — not females — are the real romantics in our society.

If you don't believe that, take this psychograph. You may be surprised to find out you're more romantic than you thought. Over the years studies by psychologists have indicated that men are more likely to take a romantic approach to matters of the heart than women are. Men tend to fall in love faster and more often than women. Females, on the other hand, tend to take a pragmatic, hard-eyed, realistic view of relationships. These findings have prompted one researcher to conclude that "man, not woman, may be the romantic animal".

Psychologists have not been all that brave about investigating the unknown terrain of love and affection; they prefer less emotionally charged areas like "friendship" and "interpersonal attraction". Yet the studies of love that have been carried out invariably show men to be more romantically oriented than women. (To be precise: the research shows that "realistic" lovers outnumber romantics in both sexes but that the number of romantic males is significantly higher than the number of romantic women.)

Back in the mid-1940s a researcher devised an 80-item questionnaire to measure attitudes of romantic love. After that, however, research in the field lagged so badly that 16 years later the prominent researcher, H.F. Harlow, could say: "Psychologists have failed in their mission. The little we know about love does not transcend simple observation, and the little we write about it has been written better by poets and novelists." As late as 1970 psychologists were still echoing Harlow's words.

Still, there have been a few intrepid souls who have followed the lead, and in the late 1960s, an 87-item romanticism scale was used to produce an excellent survey of the attitudes of students toward love. (Men, of course, again emerged as the romantics.)

Researchers have laid down a base of data that enables us to construct this psychograph. It can tell you whether you're a romantic or a realist in your relations with women.

Each question consists of two statements. Select the one that more closely reflects your real feelings.

1. (a) If you were truly in love, it would be impossible to enjoy sex with anyone except your lover.
   (b) Sex and love don't necessarily go hand in hand. You can love one person and still enjoy sex with someone else.

2. (a) If you're in love with someone, you should be able to confide in her about anything.
   (b) No matter how deeply you're involved with a woman, there are usually some things that are best left unsaid. Too much honesty can kill a relationship.

3. (a) No matter how much you love someone, you can't (and shouldn't) overlook her faults if they really bother you. If you don't deal with them, they'll sabotage your relationship.
   (b) When I'm in love with a woman, I don't even see her faults. If I did notice them, I'd find it easy to overlook them.

4. (a) Beauty is essential to a lasting love. If you don't think your woman is beautiful (no matter what others might say), the relationship can't last.
   (b) Beauty, as they say, is only skin deep. If you're looking for a long-term relationship, other qualities are more important.

5. (a) If you were getting married and your parents voiced serious objections, you should listen to them and evaluate carefully what they say. They may be seeing something you're missing.
   (b) Lovers' primary responsibilities are to each other. If you love each other, you shouldn't listen to any objections.

6. (a) When I'm in love with a woman, I can get extraordinarily jealous.
   (b) Jealousy is an immature emotion. If two people are sure of their affection for one another, there's no need for jealousy.

7. (a) Sex, while a crucial factor in love affairs, can be of relatively minor importance in some cases. It's possible to love a woman for years without having great sex with her.
   (b) Great sex is a sure sign of a strong, lasting love.

8. (a) If two people come from widely divergent backgrounds, it's difficult for an enduring relationship to develop. Love alone can't overcome economic or social differences.
   (b) Real love can overcome any obstacle.

9. (a) The ideal marriage partner would be a woman who's calm, nurturing, mature, and flexible.
   (b) The ideal marriage partner would be a woman who's endlessly mysterious, impulsive, and exciting — someone who does outrageous, unpredictable things that will keep the relationship alive.

10. (a) Love can occur several times during the course of your life.
    (b) True love comes only once (or, perhaps, if you're lucky, twice) in a lifetime.

11. (a) Love just happens. One minute it's not there; the next minute you're madly in love.
    (b) Love develops gradually. It grows as you become more familiar with a woman. There's really no such thing as "love at first sight".

12. (a) Love affects your judgement. You're likely to do strange, crazy, and erratic things when you're in love.
    (b) Love is an admittedly strong emotion, but it shouldn't affect your judgement.

13. (a) Science will never really be able to understand love. It's something that just *is*; you can't really explain it.
    (b) If researchers set their minds to it, they could probably come up with a scientific explanation of why one person falls in love with another.

14. (a) You can have good, strong marriages without love. The arranged marriages of other cultures prove that viable relationships can develop even though the two parties weren't in love when they married.
    (b) Marriage without love would be like a death sentence. If the two people don't love each other from the beginning, they'll never be happy.

15. (a) Somewhere out there, an ideal woman exists for every man. You just have to find her.
    (b) Human begins are capable of falling in love with any number of people. There are probably dozens of women in the world that the average guy could be enormously happy with.

16. (a) When I'm in love with a woman, I want to protect her from harm or unhappiness.
    (b) No matter how much you love a woman, you can't shield her from the world.

17. (a) When two people are in love, they have to give each other a certain degree of freedom. They both need to be able to do things by themselves.
    (b) When I'm in love, I'm possessive. I want us to do everything together.

18. (a) If I were deeply in love with a woman and she left me, I don't think I'd ever get over it.
    (b) Getting dumped by a woman you love may not be the most pleasant experience, but you recover. It's something that happens to everyone.

19. (a) No matter how much I loved a woman, there are things I could never forgive her for.
    (b) I could forgive a woman anything if I loved her enough.

20. (a) If you are attracted to a woman but find that you don't like any of her friends, that's a good sign that you probably don't have a lot in common and won't be able to develop a deep relationship.
    (b) I don't care if I hate every one of her friends. If she's the woman for me, that won't make any difference.

21. (a) When I'm in love, I assume it will last forever. If it doesn't, I just figure I made a mistake and picked the wrong woman.
    (b) Even when I first fall in love, I assume it will end sometime. Nothing is forever.

22. (a) I enjoy being close to the woman I love, but I also enjoy my time away from her.
    (b) When I can't be with the woman I love, I'm depressed. Everything seems dull.

23. (a) When love comes, it engulfs you like a wave all at once.
    (b) Love is a subtle emotion. It can sneak up on you. You can slide into it without ever realising what's happening.

24. (a) If a relationship is going to survive, the man and woman should share an interest.
    (b) Love is enough. It can make two people who share no other common interest happy with each other.

25. (a) It takes time to know whether a woman you're attracted to is really right for you.
    (b) If a woman you're attracted to is really right for you, you know it immediately.

SCORING

The list below shows the answers that would be chosen by the most romantic, least realistic man. Give yourself four points for each of your answers that coincides with these. A high score is no "better" than a low score.

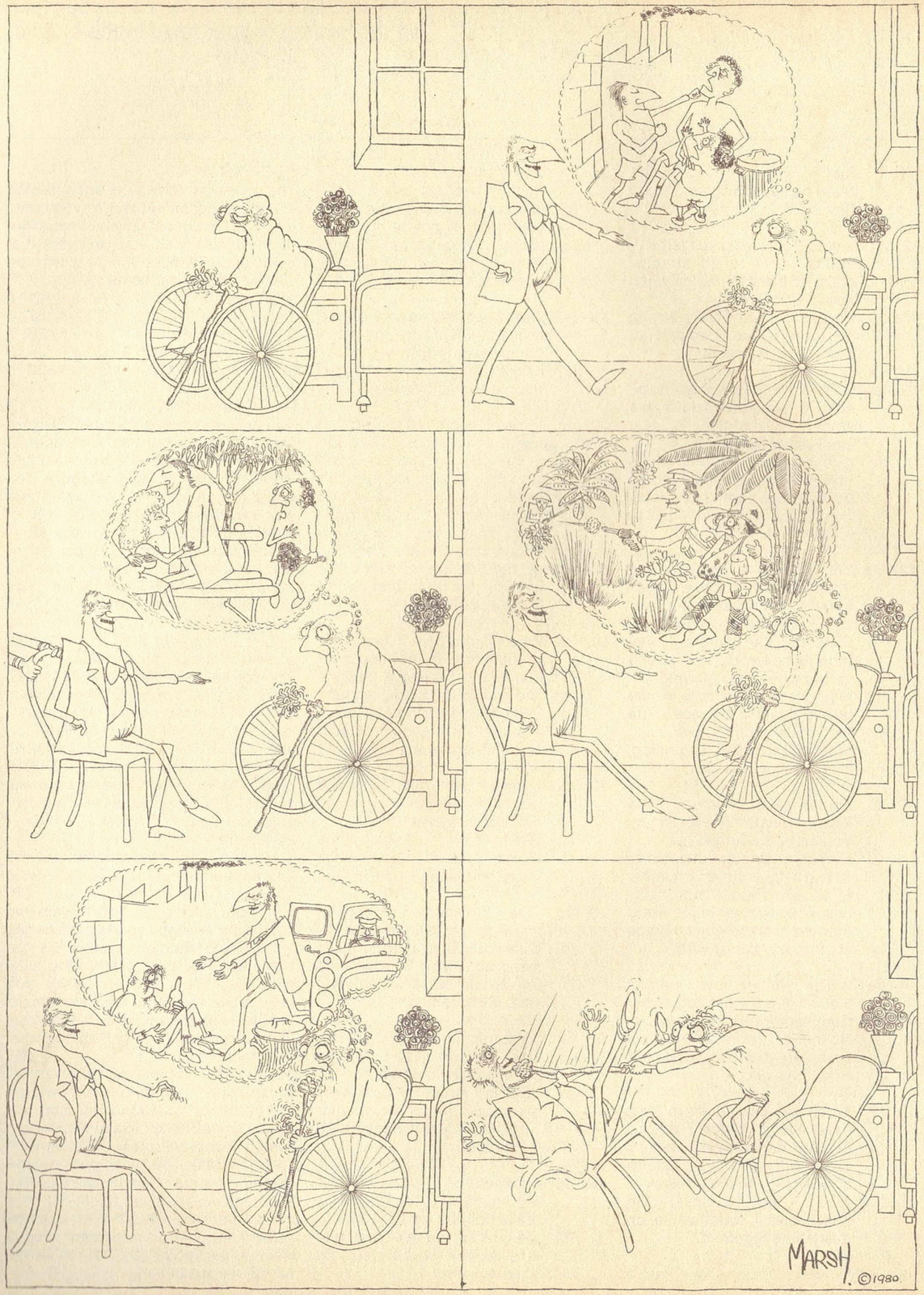
1. a	6. a	11. a	16. a	21. a
2. a	7. b	12. a	17. b	22. b
3. b	8. b	13. a	18. a	23. a
4. a	9. b	14. b	19. b	24. b
5. b	10. b	15. a	20. b	25. b

If you scored 80-100 points:
You are an extreme romantic. The research literature shows that normal, average heterosexual men outnumber women in this scoring category. You place a high value on emotions and probably believe that feelings, not intellect, are the best guide to living a successful life. When it comes to women, there is a good chance you like them young, pretty, "feminine", impulsive, and innocent.

52-76 points:
You share most of the characteristics of men in the preceding category, but you don't exhibit them to such an extreme degree. You're the type of guy who will invariably bring flowers to a lady, but you won't grovel at her feet if she throws them back in your face. When you're attracted to a woman, you tend to be jealous. You resent it if she seems to have much of a life of her own apart from you.

24-48 points:
You are a "romantic rationalist". You take an even-tempered, common-sense approach to your relationships, but you're not made of granite. You are not, tempted to read the sports page during an intimate candle-lit dinner (as the total realist of the next scoring category might be). But basically you believe that the most successful male-female relationships are founded on mature consideration and sharing.

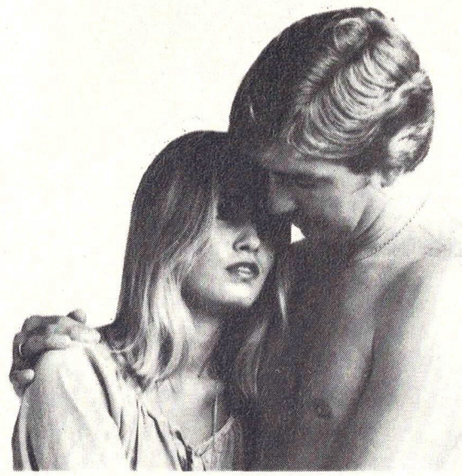
0-20 points:
You are the complete realist in matters of the heart. Your emotions never get the better of your intellect. You like strong women who are as independent in their lives as you are in yours. You are so rational that you have trouble understanding people who are more passionate than you. You can't figure out what makes them so erratic. You make an excellent long-term companion for a woman, but you're not likely to sweep her off her feet.



NEW ADULT SEX BOOKS

400 PICTURES BOLDLY REVEAL THE MOST MODERN TECHNIQUES OF SEX

These Books just published are the latest, most up-to-date of their kind. Written in easy-to-understand, every-day language they will give you a complete understanding of sex, the sex act, the workings of the human body in sex; they will show you how to carry out the sex knowledge you learn. They are an invaluable aid to create the best possible understanding between man and woman by telling everything simply and completely and by showing with pictures all there is to know.



Couples who vary their Sex Play and pleasures will never stray from each other.

MAKE YOUR SEX RELATIONS MORE EXCITING, MORE SATISFYING EACH AND EVERY TIME

PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS:

- Caressing
- Love Talk
- Woman in Man's Place
- Frigidity Caused by Man
- Sexual Defects
- Faulty Sex Techniques
- Sex Relations in Pregnancy
- Woman Supine Positions
- Side Positions
- The A-Z Rules of Better Sex
- Attitudes
- Moods
- Communication
- Variety
- New Positions
- Lovemaking Boosters
- Emotional and Physical Influences of Sexual Intercourse
- Sex Act perfection
- New Techniques, Methods
- Better Sexual Practice using latest Sex Discoveries
- Erotic Love
- Increasing Sex Ability
- Heightened Sexual Power
- Up-to-date Methods of Mutual Sex satisfaction
- Key to Orgasm
- Male Control
- Pre-play stimulations
- Multiple Orgasm
- Satisfaction
- Performance
- Oral Love
- Contraceptives
- Sexual Intercourse and different Sex positions
- Female Sex Movements

PLUS SPECIAL SECTION — POSITIONS OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

THE ART OF LOVING
Sex in the Afternoon

When Sex goes stale and becomes somewhat routinised, unorthodox times, like different positions of sexual intercourse, can make lovemaking truly exhilarating.

A BIG VALUE FOR ONLY $9.95. Send order Now to — *GLENCO*, Box 533 P.O., Fortitude Valley, 4006. (36 Vernon Terrace, Fortitude Valley, 4006).

SPECIAL! 4 for 1 BONUS OFFER

(1) "SEX AND LOVE TODAY" — Prepared and written by three overseas Doctors and professionally photographed — a Modern Manual detailing preliminary Love, Caresses, Better Techniques and improved positions of Sexual Intercourse. Fully Illustrated.

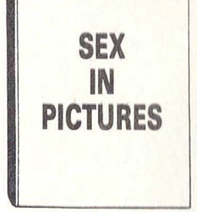
(2) "PICTURE STORIES OF THE SEX LIFE OF MAN & WOMAN" — The A-Z Rules of Better Sex — Variety — New Positions — Male Control — Female Stimulation — Performance — Satisfaction — Plus Special Section on Positions of Sexual Intercourse. Fully Illustrated.

(3) SPECIAL NATURAL HEALTH BOOK — For Heightened Sexual Power — For Greater Satisfaction — For Better Natural Living.

(4) FREE SAMPLES PRODUCT BOOK — This Book contains lists of many sample Products and even has a special return value form of $5 off any other products sold by us.

ALL THE ABOVE. THE LOT FOR ONLY $9.95.

Yours absolutely **FREE**



FREE! 'SEX IN PICTURES'

Fully Illustrated Sex Manual with the Story in Pictures showing the things you need to know for a complete and satisfying sex life. This is the ideal companion to "Sex and Love Today" and is absolutely free to early customers.

$9.95 buys you the Four Publications "Sex and Love Today", "Picture Stories of the Sex Life of Man and Woman", "Special Natural Health Book" (for Heightened Sexual Power), "Free Samples Product Book" —

BUT YOU MUST BE 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OVER TO PURCHASE THIS FRANK ADULT LITERATURE.

FOR QUICK DELIVERY POST NOW

Cut out Coupon and post today

BY MAIL ONLY — CASH AND MONEY ORDERS, IMMEDIATE RETURN MAIL DESPATCH — CHEQUES, 14 DAYS.

PRIVILEGE ORDER FORM — AVAILABLE BY MAIL ORDER ONLY.

To — ***GLENCO,***
BOX 533 P.O., FORTITUDE VALLEY, 4006.

Please Rush (1) "SEX AND LOVE TODAY" (2) "PICTURE STORIES OF THE SEX LIFE OF MAN AND WOMAN" (3) "SPECIAL NATURAL HEALTH FOR HEIGHTENED SEXUAL POWER" (4) FREE SAMPLES PRODUCT BOOK.

I enclose $9.95 as payment in full. I understand they will be sent in plain wrapper. I am over 18.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... POSTCODE .....

PLEASE INCLUDE "SEX IN PICTURES" FREE

A rock and roll empire tumbles . . . then strikes back.

THE SHERBET HIGHWAY SHERBS SAGA

BY GLENN A. BAKER

Photo by Bob King, painting by Paul Fullbrook.

In May 1976 I found myself walking down the centre aisle of Brisbane's grimy Festival Hall. The intermission lights were dimming and scattered chatter was moulding itself into a cacophony of high-pitched squeals and titters. New teen sensations Ol'55 and TMG had carried off the first half admirably, fuelling the mounting frenzy. Streamers and trash were ankle deep over the stage and most of the front row seats were already sodden with the excretions of excitement. Under cover of darkness, 5000 young females had poised and primed themselves for the marathon to come and, as a ragged roadie with matted chest hair screamed out his introduction, they rose in perfect unison, roaring like the backwash of a 747. As Sherbet hit the stage, they hit the seats; craning tip-toe for a view through waving arms, banners, streamers and giant signs held aloft proclaiming undying dedication and decidedly lustful proposals. They'd been begged and implored not to stand on the seats but within seconds they were up and nothing but fire hoses could have shifted them.

Having never been caught in a bushfire or civil insurrection, I had no way of bracing myself

against the awesome energy which physically shook and frightened me for the few minutes I stood my ground. And imaginary it was not; for what seems like days I was buoyed by the power charge — uncommonly alert and needing little sleep.

Yearning for another dose of this bizarre energy distilled from pubescent hysteria, I ventured into the seething mass at Melbourne's Festival Hall a couple of weeks later. But the kick was weaker, like a No-Doz instead of amphetamine — or so it seemed.

At least one girl every 20 seconds was lobbing herself on stage, though a scant few were reaching their targets. An ambulance team by side stage had a neat conveyer belt system in progress whereby the apprehended invaders were mopped on face and bared tits with a sponge. Those who could walk were shoved back into the crowd to begin their lemming run once more, while others were left to writhe and howl on the cement floor of a cleared area.

As the set neared completion, exacting escape plans — formulated well in advance — were being effected backstage. An armored payroll van was backed up to the stage door; steel doors folded back to allow it to fit flush to the building wall and envelope the wooden hall door. Already some of the smarter predators were leaving the hall and dashing around the block to the rear exit.

On the last note of the last encore the five musicians tossed instruments to roadies and ran to the just-unbolted stage door. One measured stride landed each in the armored vehicle, followed by members of the support acts. I scrambled in last, barely avoiding amputation as the van lurched forward and the steel doors slammed shut behind me.

As we inched forward, a series of dull reverberating thuds became apparent on the walls. I presumed it to be a thousand dumpy fists but the others knew better. "It's kamikaze time again" quipped a voice down near the driver and, as if on cue, a young girl crashed on to the windscreen, flattening her distraught face against the glass. Two other young girls followed her lead, clutching tight to windscreen wipers or the lip of the cabin roof guttering.

As the truck halted, the occupants (myself excluded) were not so much worried as angered by the failure to effect a successful escape. Outside, I learned later, a girl had thrown herself before the wheels of the truck, screaming, "Run me over, run me over, I'll die for Sherbet".

A few minutes later it seemed as if I would be serving such a sacrificial role, as the body of the van began to lurch from side to side. The little buggers were trying to overturn the multi-tonned vehicle.

Inevitably police and roadies managed to clear a path and the horrified driver gunned his van to safety. By the time we arrived at the Southern Cross Hotel adrenalin had drenched my morbid fears; the Brisbane euphoria returned and I became a parasitic leech once more — feeding off the tempestuous fervor of thousands of little girls who were using Sherbet as a release valve for developing emotions they had yet to understand or control.

Sherbet never really operated as a rock band — they reigned. The young satin-clad princes were far more than musicians, they were an ad agency's perspective of youth. Canny politicians sought their company, editors splashed their squabbles over the front pages of metropolitan dailies and Molly Meldrum treated them with almost as much choking respect as he did Prince Charles.

As an enterprise they were the BHP of rock. Totally self-contained; they ran their own tours, owned their own publishing rights, had their own record label, operated their own fan club, controlled their own product merchandising and, essentially, determined their own destiny. Singles appeared like clockwork, every three months — each a subtle progression from the other. A blockbusting new album was released each year, augmented by regular "greatest hits" and live concert packages. Sherbet defied the rule — the time-honored dictum which allows a maximum three years of frenzied teen idolatry to any one entity. Their reign outlasted the Bay City Rollers, David Essex, David Cassidy, Skyhooks and whoever else the manipulators of teen taste could toss up.

Such longevity, a decade in fact, would be impressive for a nondescript Australian boogie band — for a high-profile outfit at the mercy of fickle kids, it stands as nothing less than miraculous.

Their run was phenomenal — 20 consecutive hit singles (plus five for Daryl Braithwaite), 12 albums yielding 10 platinum and eight gold discs, every possible Australian music award of the Seventies and the honor of being not only the biggest domestic record sellers of all but the first act to sell a million dollars worth of records in this wide brown land.

The Sherbet success formula was deceptively simple. The group's shrewd, streamlined operation perceived and exploited two psychological teen needs. First, they presented a wholesome "white knight" image which fostered romantic and blissful notions among pubescent (and pre-pubescent) girls. An image so safe that parents had little hesitation in doling out the cold cash needed for records, concert tickets and paraphernalia.

In hand with this, was a vigorous media liason strategy which kept them constantly in the public eye but sufficiently elusive to maintain mystique and keep overexposure at bay. At the apex of this was charismatic, affable, sincere Daryl (one of the boys) Braithwaite, whose dedication to duty often had him putting in full eight hour days on the end of a telephone connected in rapid succession to every radio station in the country playing Sherbet records.

No Sherbet event simply happened. It was planned, touted, televised, recorded, publicised and endorsed. When the *Howzat* album was launched in mid-1976, Kim Wran, daughter of the NSW Premier, was fetched along to add a little media spice — a year later at the launch of the *Photoplay* album, they got the Premier himself, with the Lord Mayor of Sydney added for dessert.

Such regal occasions inevitably snowballed out of control. Each had to surpass its predecessor, lest the press assume a slip in stature.

Musically the outfit was a great deal more proficient than their image may have suggested. Their live sound was full-bodied and imaginative, iced with enough razzle dazzle to make them seem slighly larger-than-life to an impressionable audience. A succinct sense of entertainment prevailed on stage, curbing excess and fostering a warmth between act and audience which extended to the swapping of football scores between songs. Riding high above the proceedings was easily the best musician of the five — drummer Alan Sandow, his rugged torso awash with the copious sweat of relentless fury.

Sandow has estimated that Sherbet undertook 20 gruelling national tours, at least half of which were craftily timed and named to coincide with an album release. Tour/album operations were exactingly planned up to a year in advance, often structured to allow free nights to collect awards they had no doubt would be forthcoming.

Howard Freeman served as Sherbet tour manager during the peak years of 1975-78 and estimates that an average $50-70,000 was expended to set up each mammoth jaunt. From a gross of around $½ million, the group would clear a little over 10 percent actual profit. Every cent of which they deserved.

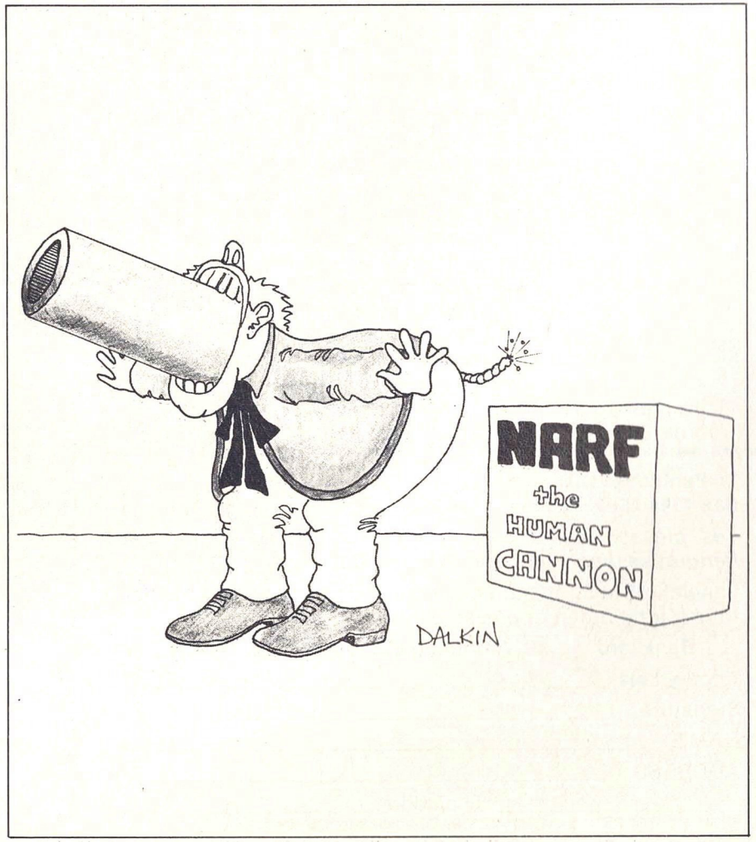
Sherbet were the first Australian band to realise the potential worth of taking their music to the people — *all* the people — on long tedious national tours. Lugging seven tonnes of equipment worth $100,000 plus, they would set out in Greyhound coaches for up to three months — poking their noses into dark corners of the continent which had not seen a rock band since The Easybeats in 1965.

The logic was sound. When isolated kids, burning with a fierce love for pin-up idols seen only in their dreams, are suddenly confronted with the real thing, their rush to buy anything with the name of their heroes upon it becomes a stampede.

It was these unseen hordes who made albums platinum in a week, who dutifully clipped tens of thousands of King of Pop voting coupons out of *TV Week* and who turned up at local town halls, tour after tour.

Their concerts were intense and exciting spectacles; visual replicas of their *Countdown* image. All the tricks were dragged out of the hat — flashy lighting, smokebombs, tantalising stage stunts, cheeky dialogue. To city kids, many of the trappings had become passe but to rural fans it was like three Christmases at once.

Touching down in a chartered plane in Whyalla, South Australia for appearance 64 of the "Around Australia In 80 Days" tour in July 1976, Sherbet were literally stunned to encounter 500 frenzied fans, young and old alike, forcing down steel barriers to reach them. Their getaway



Be seen with Tolleys.
One great Australian brandy proves that you don't have to be French to have class. Tolleys.
UDT 164 AB36/80
TOLLEYS
EST. 1838
TST
BRANDY
Imported for Royal Family
SPECIAL HOSPITAL
DISTILLED UNDER CUSTOMS CONTROL
BY TOLLEY SCOTT & TOLLEY LTD ADELAIDE
PRODUCE OF AUSTRALIA 750 ml

New! 1981 Penthouse Diary and Good Living Guide

$4.95 Plus 55c postage and handling

Hurry! Stocks are limited.

Australian Penthouse presents its 1981 Diary and good living guide. It's an ideal Christmas gift, featuring

- **Top restaurants** in all capitals, including address, phone number and star rating.
- **Night spots** in all capitals. A quick reference to where the action is — without consulting taxi drivers!
- **Wine vintage guide.** Listing all the good years and the not-so-good for reds and whites in all the wine areas of Australia.
- **Taxi phone numbers** in all capitals. An instant reference for travellers.

One week to a page . . . easy-find tape . . . gold reinforced corners . . . flexible leather-like cover . . . a TOP gift idea.

To Penthouse Diary
Box 4084 GPO, Sydney, NSW 2001

Yes please! Please send me ..... copies of the 1981 Penthouse diary and good living guide.

I enclose $4.95 for each diary plus 55c postage and handling for my total order, or please bill my

☐ Bankcard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Account No. _____

Signature _____ not valid unless signed

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ p/code _____

Australian Penthouse, 99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney 2000.

was like a scene from a Mack Sennett movie with screaming rubber and trailing bodies.

Melbourne journalist Christie Eliezer was perhaps the only media person ever allowed to enter the Sherbet inner sanctum. His *Sherbet On Tour* (published in-house), is the biggest selling rock book in this country ever — with sales in excess of 60,000. In it he described the face of rural fan devotion; "The younger, more fanatical ones squeeze their bodies up to the front, squashed to the stage; calling out, reaching to touch, hurling presents and streamers. Always daunted, some burst into frustrated tears, others whack their heads against the side of the stage in angry despair".

When Sherbet fell, it was in the manner of most empires. Excess, complacency and a loss of reasonable purpose was recognised and exploited by younger contendors to the throne. While their backs were turned, the locks to the palace door were changed.

The Sherbet which came together in April 1969 under guitarist Clive Shakespeare and the Sherbet which reached the British top three in 1976 were entirely different entities.

Alan Sandow replaced original drummer Danny Taylor three months after formation — thus becoming the veteran member of the eventual line-up. Bassist Tony Mitchell, vocalist Daryl Braithwaite and keyboardist Garth Porter found their way into the group as original members dropped out during the first two years of the Seventies.

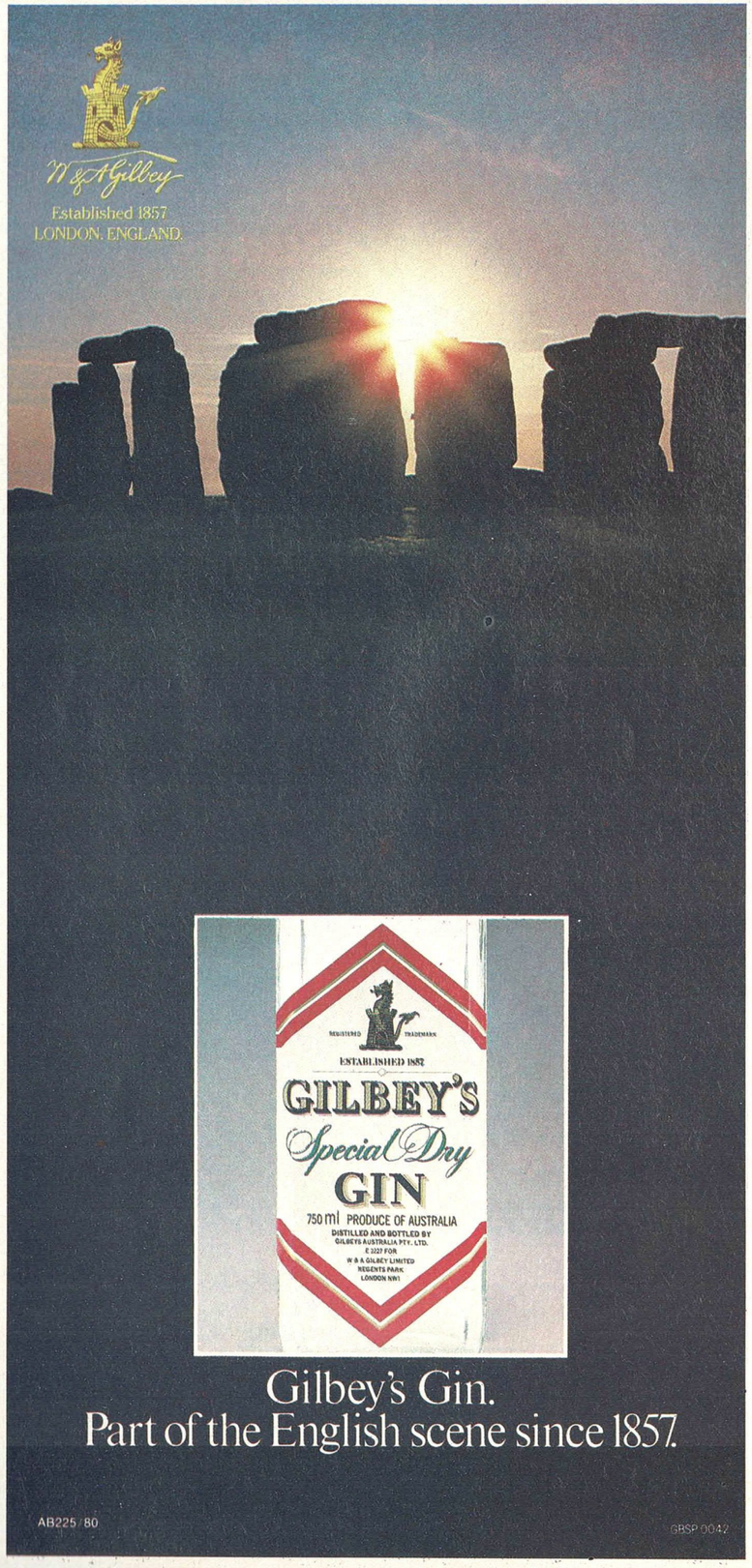
Roger Davies, a 20-year-old Monash University economics drop out, was writing for *The Daily Planet* hippie rag and lugging gear for Co. Caine when he accepted a friend's advice to check out a band at Sydney's Jonathon's Disco playing from 8pm till 3am, four nights a week, for the grand sum of $260. What he saw, in the dank, dark, dull and indulgent musical year of 1972 was a band that actually appeared to be enjoying themselves — by communicating with their audience.

Later he agreed to become their manager.

That year, Sherbet won (the final) Hoadley's National Battle of the Sounds and charted two top 20 singles (following on from two the previous year). The year 1973 bought two more hits, a top 10 album, *On With The Show,* and a role for Daryl, alongside Who drummer Keith Moon, in two lavish stage productions of *Tommy.*

By 1974, Sherbet were firmly entrenched with an operation characterised by careful planning and intelligent execution. An impeccable third album, *Slipstream,* garnered them respect from even the most cynical rock audience, and when Daryl issued a debut solo single

ONE GREAT CHRISTMAS GIFT IDEA FROM PENTHOUSE...
...LEADS TO ANOTHER
Live the Penthouse life style with these perfect Christmas gifts for men or women.
KEYS The famous Penthouse key, symbol of man and woman joined in harmony. Available in gold, silver and gilt. Plus the discreet Penthouse anklet — a gold-plated silver miniature key on a gilt chain.
T-SHIRTS Nightshirts, too! The men's T-Shirt says "I'm no rabbit", the women's proclaims "More than just a pretty face". The men's or women's nightshirts, complete with cheeky cap, say "You won't be disappointed". And you won't!
SUBSCRIBE Make your Christmas gift last all year and bring untold hours of enjoyment with great pictorials, incisive reporting and rib-tickling entertainment. Subscribe now and you'll receive 12 issues through the mail.
YES PLEASE!
Post to Penthouse Mail Order,
GPO Box 4084, Sydney, NSW, 2001.
Allow 21 days for delivery.
NUMBER
☐ Subscription @ $30 for 12 months ..... $_____
☐ Back copies @ $2.50 each. Attach list of dates ..... $_____
☐ Binders @ $5.50 plus $2 post for each order ..... $_____
☐ Women's T-shirts @ $7.50 each ..... $_____
Sizes 8 ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐
☐ Men's T-shirts @ $7.50 each ..... $_____
Sizes S ☐ M ☐ L ☐ XL ☐
☐ Nightshirts @ $12.50 each ..... $_____
Mens ☐ Women's ☐
☐ Gold keys @ $295 ☐ Silver keys @ $55.50 ..... $_____
☐ Gilt keys @ $16.95 ☐ Anklets @ $27.50 ..... $_____
TOTALS
I enclose my cheque/money order for ..... $_____
or please debit my
Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Bankcard ☐
A/c No. _____
Signature _____ Order not valid unless signed
Name _____
Address _____
_____ p/code _____
Australian Penthouse, 99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney



(You're My World) for Christmas, it became a mammoth number one smash.

In 1975 a grandstanding ploy led them from the sympathetic Festival Records into the arms of an eager EMI. After one huge hit (Summer Love) they were lured back to Festival with the promise of their own individual label; revealing that the contract being signed in the widely published "EMI Inks Sherbet" photo was nothing more than blank paper.

No less than three top ten Sherbet albums appeared in 1975 and it was during the recording of the studio effort — *Life . . . Is For Living* — that founder and chief songwriter Clive Shakespeare (who determined direction with Davies) departed amid bitter musical dispute.

Shakespeare's departure, the first Sherbet news to be conveyed by the front pages of the daily press, was greeted with unanimous predictions of doom from the industry. Undeterred, co-writer Garth Porter realigned himself with Tony Mitchell and took effective musical control of the band. Using seasoned salt Gunther Gorman as a temporary fill, they auditioned a few dozen players, before naming ex-Mississippi/Ariel member Harvey James as replacement.

In an amazing display of determination, the new line-up was back in the studio within weeks, working on what would become the ultimate retort to the critics. In May of 1976 they unveiled the *Howzat* album and single, both of which bulleted to number one nationally. It was indeed their finest hour — from then on it was all to be, in its own way, a downward run.

Early in 1976 a UK CBS executive on tour with David Essex took a dub on the then-unreleased Howzat single to his superiors who, taken by the obvious cricket connotations, offered Sherbet an attractive European deal. At the same time the group taped a segment, with Daryl's old classmate Olivia Newton John, for a $750,000 *Glen Campbell Down Under* television special.

While occupied by the "Around Australia In 80 Days" tour, Sherbet were unaware of the chain reaction being set off in America. When, a month later, two visiting US radio network bosses went ga ga over the *Howzat* album, they began flooding their stateside airwaves with "the hottest sound downunder".

Within days, telex lines were running hot with offers from a score of American companies. MCA flew down its vice president who gushed: "They have the soft-rock sound, which we sometimes call the Eagles sound, which is very successful at the moment." His sentiments were echoed by Dinah Shore, who beamed the group into mass America via her television series, being locally recorded for a week.

It was not until later, when the euphoria subsided, that Davies saw just how damaging the chain of events really were: "RKO radio network was playing the record every hour and we were on television, but because we'd only just signed the deal, there was no stock in the stores. By the time the single was released, all the interest had died off."

Undaunted, a two and a half month's promotional trip to foreign markets was announced. In typical Sherbet style, Sydney was farewelled by a bonus Hordern Pavilion concert — requiring $4000 of stage alterations and props. Their arrival in England was like a page out of a B-movie script. A barrage of press photographers were on hand at Heathrow and, as they stepped into three black Rolls-Royces, the first song they heard on British radio was Howzat, the BBC "Record of the Week". Word was delivered that a 26-date European tour with Sailor had been cancelled because Sherbet's record was outselling theirs — a backhanded compliment they were able to mull over in two houses costing six-hundred and fifty pounds a week before hurling themselves into a glittering round of celebrity media engagements. The single leapt into the BBC chart at 25, in reward for selling 17,500 copies a day.

A year later, Sherbet would realise that their red-carpeted path to England had done absolutely nothing to prepare them for any significant international penetration. They might as well have been in Australia, for all it taught them about respectable success. But, when the limo door swings open, it's a brave man who keeps on walking.

Still being propelled by the jet thrust of Howzat, Sherbet flew to New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco for three weeks of promotion, which included another *Dinah Shore Show,* a *Rolling Stone* interview and visits to all major radio stations and trade magazines. After endless rounds of parties and lunches, they flew into Sydney on Sunday, December 5, 1976 — right into the arms of 5000 raucous fans and the nation's press. After a bare few hours rest they swung into a capital city concert tour. From Melbourne to Perth to Adelaie and back to Melbourne, they were hounded and besieged by all nature of media and curiosity seekers. More than 12,000 paying customers invaded the Myer Music Bowl, sparking the first (albeit subdued) suggestions of the group's insensitivity toward their followers. According to rock writer Anthony O'Grady: "They should have come back and played small venues, kept their feet on the ground. Their fans didn't deserve those sort of conditions. *That* was when the decline began."

It would have been hard to appraise such a consequence as they rolled into Sydney for two Hordern Pavilion shows and then on to Bangkok, New Zealand (where they had a gold LP and single for Howzat) and finally Sydney's Victoria Park for a glittering performance before 42,000 — capped with a platinum album presentation by Lord Mayor Leo Port.

From February to May 1977, Porter and Mitchell wrote, and the group recorded the much-vaunted *Photoplay* album — the proceedings being punctuated rather dramatically by the departure of Harvey James, replacement by Jim Gannon and return of James within a 48-hour period of blazing publicity. James had apparently made his petulant exit after musical difficulties in the studio and publicity value notwithstanding, the entire incident cast the first shadows of doubt over the group's bakelite-tough exterior image of invincibility.

Intense pressure can either hone or abort creative impetus. Garth Porter and Tony Mitchell had neatly stepped into the void left by Shakespeare — replacing his dynamic powerpop with highly commercial, though contrived chart fodder. They had thrown a six to start but the remainder of the game was before them. To have maintained their position it was imperative that they delivered the goods once more and, quite simply, they didn't.

Nevertheless the record hit the market in an unprecedented inferno of overkill promotion. The packaging alone was staggering in its excess, incorporating a 12 page color lift-out book. The ultimate judgement was, of course, the public's and they answered resoundingly with sales of approximately 50,000, compared to 150,000 for Howzat.

Caught In The Act . . . Live, an album culled from the successful Photoplay tour for Christmas 1977 release, continued the sales slide; while Nowhere Man, a singled lifted from the concert disc, marked the first occasion when radio actually refused to play a Sherbet single. Radio 2SM Sydney rejected it from airplay on the grounds of it not being as good as the (Beatles') original. Even at this point, it was simply incomprehensible that any piece of plastic bearing the holy Sherbet name could have been anything but rushed straight to air by an Australian radio station. Like its predecessor, High Rollin', the single peaked at 26 in Sydney, after just seven weeks on the chart (as opposed to 25 for Howzat).

Meanwhile, in the northern hemisphere, all was not well. CBS had failed to initiate a much-needed second hit in England; while MCA, suffering internal problems, had not secured much tangible success with either singles or albums.

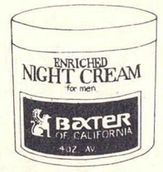
In August, Sherbet left on their second international jaunt, stopping first at Bangkok, where they caused enough outright hysteria for the army to be called in to guard them (and airport property).

After a series of brief European tours, they arrived in Los Angeles for two shows at the Roxy, then toured Canada with the

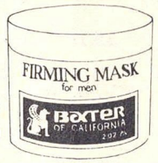
BAXTER
OF CALIFORNIA
skin care for men

Super Shape $14.50

Vitamin E.D.A. Soap $13.50 (Set of 3)



Night Cream $17.50



Firming Mask $14.50

Eye Cream $16.50

Skin Toner $14.50

Sham-poo $6.50

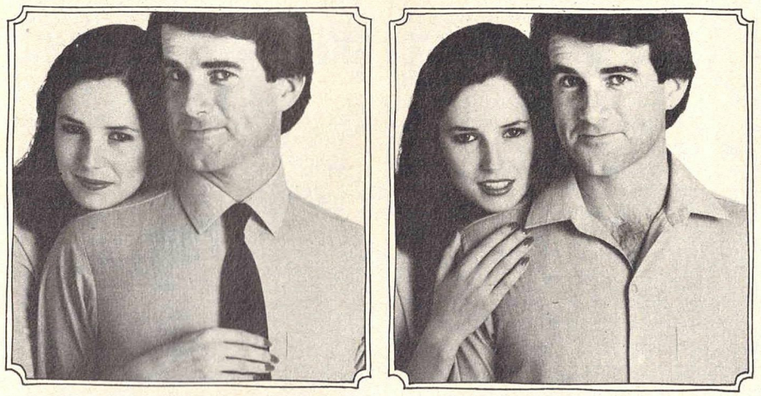
Hair Conditioner $9.50

BAXTER
DOES IT ALL

DISTRIBUTED BY:
C&P IMPORTERS PTY. LTD.
PHONE: (02) 27 4087

Enquiries: Write to 775 Military Road, Mosman. 2088

Looks as good with a tie as it does without



We asked our craftsmen to design a new shirt concept. One that would be perfectly compatible with today's living trends.

A shirt that would look as good with a tie as it does without.

Firstly, they changed the collar construction by easing back the stiffness and sharp edge look of a business shirt collar. Giving the shirt a casual, soft look when worn open. But taking great care to ensure that the prestigious Paramount collar line was maintained when worn with a tie.

Then the second top button was lowered, giving the shirt a nice casual feeling when worn without a tie.

And, to finish it off, the inside facing was turned well back, to give a neat, high fashion look, no matter how far the buttons were worn undone.

We searched the world and found quality high fashion fabrics.

And we named our new shirt The Allrounder®. The shirt that looks as good with a tie as it does without.

ALLROUNDER by PARAMOUNT

IT'S THE COLLAR THAT COUNTS

PR03

Hollies before flying into South Africa for 16 shows. A few days stopover in Australia saw them play to 60,000 in two outdoor concerts and then it was back to Bangkok for another dose of high-pitched hysteria.

After extricating themselves from their unproductive MCA deal, Davies shopped around for another contract, while the group spent six frozen weeks playing dives in the wilds of Canada, a much-needed humbling process.

While the label shopping continued, Sherbet recorded an album at their own expense at Los Angeles' relatively-cheap United Western Studios. During the sessions, Andy Gibb (who had once been lowly billed on a Sydney Sherbet concert) dropped by and befriended the despondent musicians.

At what is believed to be Andy's insistence, Robert Stigwood summoned Davies to his Bel Air mansion and listened to the tapes. He was sufficiently impressed to invite Sherbet aboard the ultra-elite RSO bandwagon — despite the label's public claim that no more acts would be added that year. The group affixed their signatures to a massive 45-page contract in June 1978.

The first Australia heard of the RSO pact was a front page of Sydney's *Daily Telegraph*, which screamed — SHERBET MILLION DOLLAR DEAL. Only the fine print revealed that the mighty million was dependent on regular success and picked-up options on RSO's part. The American-recorded album was rushed out in Australia as quickly as possible and managed to score almost three-quarters of the sales of the previous studio effort, *Photoplay*.

With the American release of the album not slated till February 1979, the "million dollar band" had little choice but to cool their heels in Australia. But their wait was to be in vain; for the album was a dead duck long before its American release — a victim of powerplay politics.

RSO foisted something on the group, in the guise of increasing their American marketability, which contributed greatly to their downfall — a name change.

kings cross ONLY mail order

FOR ADULTS

HAS IT ALL AT LOWEST PRICES OF ALL

ADULT VIDEO TAPES FROM ONLY $59.

ALSO: FILMS, BOOKS, AIDS, NOVELTIES..

FOR FREE CATALOGUE write to:

KINGS CROSS MAIL ORDER
P O BOX 238
WAVERLEY N S W 2024

PHONE NO
233 7725

Name

Address

P Code

Signature

(I am over 18 years of age)

While the unsuitability of "Sherbet" in the ultra-sophisticated American market was without dispute, the new handle, Highway appeared as an RSO attempt to create another faceless chart entity along the lines of Player. In Australia, Highway was greeted with incredulity by the media — it wasn't so much that the act had been forced to abandon their gold-plated name but that they'd accepted such a limp substitute.

Sherbet paid dearly for their decision to climb rock's everest. "If we'd called it quits in 1977, when it started to ease off here," says Davies, "we could have split $200,000 between us. Instead, we spent almost that much trying to prove something to ourselves."

To compound their woes, the taxation department slapped them with a demand for a reported $100,000 in back tax for 1976-77.

To meet the debt, the better heeled members (ie; the songwriters) were apparently required to sell off some real estate, while collective belt tightening was the order of the day. With the draining of coffers came the swallowing of pride and in November 1978, Sherbet betrayed everything they had come to represent by playing support to another act. Peter Frampton, like Sherbet, was in the death throes of his career (despite reasonable crowds) and the lacklustre tour brought a bitter end to a five year run of pomp and circumstance which had seen them play second fiddle to nobody. It was in the pubs of Melbourne where it all fell apart — painful embarrassing forays which replaced 5000 howling devotees with a few hundred hop heads.

Since 1978, young rock fans had cast their unanimous vote for angry, gruff working class bands. They no longer wanted the grandeur of Sherbet

This message was dramatically spelled out on New Year's Eve 1978 — by a vicious bombardment of cans from drunken droogs on the steps of the Sydney Opera House. The media about-face was also complete and, like so many Australian cultural heroes before them, Sherbet were torn down by the very hands which had elevated them.

The scene at Penrith Leagues Club on Sunday March 18, 1979, was akin to John Wayne being shot dead in bed, barefoot. As an officially decreed farewell it was a sour swansong indeed. Nobody wanted a garish circus but the half-full auditorium of distracted drinkers was just all wrong. Then again, perhaps not. Maybe the only possible climax to unbounded opulence is bleak austerity.

"We've had nine years and, all things considered, it's been a dream run," reasoned Roger Davies on the night. It would be hard to contradict him. That same week he had called a band meeting to draw plans for the future. It was mutually agreed that the Sherbet office would be closed down, Roger and Daryl would go to Los Angeles to work with RSO on the upcoming release of the *Highway 1* album and the others would otherwise occupy themselves, pending a US tour with the Bee Gees or sudden American acceptance of the album — neither of which eventuated. On November 4, 1979, eight months after the official farewell, Daryl flew back to Sydney for a reformation performance on 2SM's Concert of the Decade.

The brief set was ragged and uninspired, with Daryl's "Oooh yeah" trademark seeming the ultimate anachronism of the day.

More than a year later, however, Braithwaite and the others at last appear to be coming to grips with the enormous strides taken by rock since the empire tumbled.

Claiming that "there are still things we want to say and do with Sherbet", the five musicians have hit the road once more, as *Sherbs*. This time around it's not red carpets, limousines and stadiums, but a mini-bus and hot sweaty pubs 'n' clubs. Rubbing shoulders with bemused teenage bands, the veteran charters are hitting the hub of the new rock movement — delivering powerful sets of all-new material, interspersed with the odd (Springsteen etc) cover version. Hoping to attain some of the mystique stripped from them by a decade of high media profile, the reassembled band have agreed to embargo comment on any issue more than five minutes old.

These moves are admirable, if puzzling. It's hard to understand just what they hope to achieve. Unless somebody has rewritten the rules of rock, the miserable path of cold hamburgers, long road miles and cheap motels leads to but one pot of gold — lots of fame and just a little fortune.

Buoyed by positive, if not always glowing, reviews for their low-key live performances, Sherbs recently reunited with Richard Lush (producer of *Howzat*) at Sydney's ultra-expensive Paradise Studios for a new album, *The Skill*.

Bankrolled by a loyal (through gritted teeth?) Festival Records, the album is the final test of credibility for the tenacious outfit. If it manages to escape the flak of reviews already formulated in a great many minds, it could mean the start of the long climb back.

If it fails, the continued operation of the act would be motivated by nothing more than a perverse spite.

Yet even if the album is hailed as Bowie meets The Beatles, one simple reason for the swift demise of Sherbet will stand unshaken. Plainly put, the group were the perfect personification of the tone and mood of the superficial Seventies and as that decade was superceded without mercy, so too was Sherbet. For all it matters.

The current series of Paul Raymond's spectacular Electric Blue range of videomags is now available for your enjoyment.

In this issue Britt Ekland hostesses for you
Marilyn Monroe's first film
The Galaxy Dancers
Surfing – U.S.A.
Plus other titillating sequences.

Remember 001 and 002 are always available and **004** with Desiree Cousteau and other top film sirens will soon be here.

Today cut this order out and post to:-

Electric Blue Australasia
P.O. Box 116
North Melbourne 3051.

Please send me:-

001 ☐ 002 ☐ 003 ☐ All 3 ☐

Name .....

Address .....

I declare I am over 18 years old and enclose a cheque for $

BANKCARD No.

.....

I use a:-

☐ VHS ☐ Betacord ☐ Philips System 1700

☐ Philips System 1500

Signature .....

	PRICE:	
001 & 002 & 003	**$69.95 each**	**$75.00 N.Z.**
Any two	**$125.00**	**$135.00 N.Z.**
All 3	**$180.00**	**$190 N.Z.**

New Zealand Bankcard also acceptable

WICKED WANDA™

by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

OUR TWO DELECTABLE HEROINES ARE TAKING A LOOK AT THE FUTURE, NOT WITH THE AID OF AN ASTROLOGICAL CHART OR THE LOCAL CLAIRVOYANT—BUT FOR REAL!

HOMER SAPIENS HAS USED THE TIME MACHINE TO PROJECT THEM INTO THE FUTURE—AND WHAT THEY HAVE DISCOVERED CONCERNS US ALL!

HE'S COMING THIS WAY, BOO'FUL!

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, PUSSCAKE—AND LEAVE THIS TO ME!

DON'T LEAVE ME, BOO'FUL! I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE!

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! I WANT A FEW ANSWERS!

OH, PLEASE! DON'T HURT ME! PLEASE, LORDESS!

COOL IT, MAN! NOBODY'S GOING TO HURT YOU! I JUST WANT TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS!

GOSH, BOO'FUL, HE'S KINKIER THAN OLD EGGBONCE!

YOU ARE **WOMEN** .... AREN'T YOU?

OF COURSE WE ARE!

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT..... BUT YOU'RE ALL GENTLE... AND SOFT!

WHAT ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT?

OH MYGAWD!

THEY'RE COMING!

DON'T LET 'EM GET ME! PLEASE!

GET YOUR HANDS OFF, YOU CLUMSY HALF-WIT!

PLEASE!

BOO'FUL— LOOK!

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, PUSSCAKE —DON'T LET 'EM SEE YOU!

SHHH! LISTEN! WHAT'S THAT THEY'RE CHANTING?

SOB! SOB!

I'M DOOMED! THAT CHANT....

TOYOTA AND CHRYSLER AND DATSUN!

FORD AND GENERAL MOTORS!

LEYLAND AND VAUXHALL AND PEUGEOT!

FIAT!

.....IT'S THE NAMES OF ANCIENT AND TERRIBLE GODS!

HOLY SMOKE! THEY ARE **BIG** GIRLS!

I'D LIKE TO TAKE A FEW OF THEM BACK WITH ME FOR THE PUSS FORCE!

BLESS YOU! OH, BLESS YOU! YOU SAVED ME!

YEAH! YOU'RE SAFE NOW! WHO WERE THEY?

THEY WERE **WOMEN!**

THEY RULE THIS LAND WITH A ROD OF IRON!

IF THEY'D CAUGHT ME I'D HAVE SPENT THE REST OF MY DAYS AS A SLAVE!

YOU MEAN **THEY** RUN THINGS AROUND HERE?

AROUND HERE! THEY RUN THINGS AROUND EVERY —WHERE!

THIS IS A WOMAN'S WORLD! MEN DON'T HAVE ANY RIGHTS!

BUT THINGS WILL CHANGE! ONE DAY OUR VOICE WILL BE HEARD!

WE WON'T HAVE TO SPEND ALL OUR LIVES COOKING AND LOOKING AFTER THE KIDS!

THE STRUGGLE MAY BE A LONG ONE.....

.....BUT YOU WAIT AND SEE!

HO-HO-HO!

IS IT A GOOD JOKE, BOO'FUL?

THEY'RE NOT LISTENING! THEY WON'T TAKE ANYTHING I SAY SERIOUSLY!

WOMEN! I'M SICK OF 'EM! TO THEM I'M JUST THE "LITTLE MAN"! A PLAY-THING FOR THEIR AMUSEMENT! INCAPABLE OF ANY REAL RESPONSIBILITY!

OH, PUSSCAKE —WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE FUTURE!

THE FUTURE IS GONNA BE GREAT!

THE FATE OF THE HUMAN RACE IS IN GOOD HANDS!

THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION!

I'LL TRIGGER THE NEUTRINO RAY SIGNAL!

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!

COME HERE, LITTLE MAN!

ACROSS TIME AND SPACE TO 1980 THE SIGNAL SOUNDS A SHRILL ALARM!

GET 'EM BACK! ONE OF 'EM'S SUFFERING A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!

CALM DOWN, GRUD! EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL!

WOW! THE EARTH MOVED!

HOMER SAPIENS THROWS THE SWITCH AND OUR HEROINES HURTLE BACK THROUGH THE SPACE TIME CONTINUUM TO 1980

CHRISTMAS AT THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS ON LAKE ZURICH.....

FRIENDS! I WISH YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS! AND HERE'S TO 1981 AND A GREAT AND GOLDEN FUTURE!

I WISH SHE'D CUT OUT THE SPEECHES AN' LET US GET ON WITH THE GAMES!

I ONCE KNEW A GUY WHO CAME TO ONE OF THESE PARTIES — HIS HAIR TURNED WHITE!

I AIN'T EVER SEEN HER IN SUCH GOOD HUMOUR! I WISH SHE'D TELL US WHAT WAS SO GREAT ABOUT THE FUTURE!

I DON'T WANNA KNOW! WITH THE MOOTRESS IN THIS MOOD — THE PRESENT IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!

HAVE YOU CAST YOUR EYES OVER THE IMPORTED TALENT?

YEAH! WHO NEEDS 'EM? I'VE GOT A SUPER VIBRATOR IN MY ROOM!

AND SO WE LEAVE WANDA TO HER NEW FOUND OPTIMISM FOR THE FUTURE, TO HER CHRISTMAS PARTY — AND A LATE NIGHT PRIVATE SHOWING OF "CALIGULA"!

Traditionally, we're supposed to be a front-engine, rear-wheel drive market — but at least four big makers think we'll join the rush to front-drive economy cars.

FULL FRONTAL AUTOMOBILES

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE

Sweaty Palm Syndrome is an affliction car sales people have to cope with a lot in these recessive times. Apart from a slippery grip, its main symptom is a rise in sleepless nights proportional to the decline in our motor vehicle market.

Yet I have a feeling some of the syndrome's victims will look back on the tough times up to now as almost a holiday compared with what's in the offing.

War has been declared in the 1.5 litre passenger car class, and the number of new combattants involved, now and in the near future, makes it fairly certain we'll see some bloody in-fighting. The seasoned veterans are nervously nonchalant, but the reinforcements being thrown in by five major car

The 1.5 litre, three-door version of the Mazda 323. It has a five-speed gearbox and distinctive interior trim with moulded armrests and special wheel trims. The most expensive of the new Mazdas, it sells for $7137 in metallic paint, $7057 standard.

The Ford Laser. While similar in many respects to the Mazda 323 as a result of Ford's 25 percent share in Toyo Kogyo, Ford will use cosmetic changes to achieve a separate identity. Ford will also provide more performance and comfort options than Mazda.

The Datsun Pulsar (top) and Mitsubishi Colt share unusual gear changes: the Datsun in having reverse on top of first, rather than reverse being separate and first being on top of second; and the Colt in having eight ratios available. While the Pulsar's gear pattern is initially disconcerting and the tendency is to try for second where first is placed, it works well with practice. The Colt's reputation for durability will be a valuable selling point here.

makers — every one of them front-wheel drive — have the potential to give the market a severe shake-out and to change our traditionally conservative preference for front-engined, rear-wheel drive vehicles.

Just released we have the Datsun Pulsar (1.4 litres), the Mazda 323 (1.3 and 1.5 litres) and the Mitsubishi Colt (1.4 litres). Early next year we get the Ford Laser, effectively a 323 clone, and a long way off in motoring terms — about 18 months to two years — we'll see a GM-H version of the GM J-car.

Buyers hunting around the 1500cc range already have a good choice of front-wheel drive cars available, such as the progeny of Sir Alec "Ahead-of-his-time" Issigonis' Mini, the Moke, to Honda, Subaru and through the price range to Volkswagen and Alfa Romeo. There is also a broad range of conventional rear-wheel drive models in that bracket, including the market leader in small four-cylinder cars, the Toyota Corolla. More about that later.

But the market blitz under way now to get the new cars out of the showrooms and into the public mind will have a cumulative effect far greater than three single launches.

The most obvious keynote of the Mazda and Datsun campaigns is a futuristic, "spacy" appeal and its a fair bet the others will follow suit in stressing the extremely refined technology applied to design, use of materials and fuel efficiency. Giving a computer much of the credit didn't hurt Charade: it seems people have a touching faith in the ability of technology to solve the problems in our automotive future.

The Mazda has the most valid claim to last-word technology since it hit the Japanese market only in June. The others have been around on the Japanese and European markets for some years, although it must be remembered that Mazda is the exception in having a car to match our design rules so quickly after its initial release.

Just about the only thing the new 323 has in common with the old rear-wheel drive model is the name. Toyo Kogyo, the makers of Mazda, decided in the mid-1970s front-wheel drive was the way to go to achieve the optimum saving in weight for economy while retaining adequate interior room, so they set about overcoming the established problems of fwd — notably high steering effort, gear-shift problems, unbalanced handling and high power train wear.

So the new 323 is not an update of an existing model but that rare beast, a totally new car. While its shape is the almost universal 1980s wedge and hatchback, the body encloses a very effective package of new components.

The new E-series 1.3 and 1.5 litre engines are smaller and lighter than the

previous 1.3 and 1.4 litre models, which has been achieved through such techniques as redesigning the water jacket — no longer is coolant passed between the cylinders — and by using diecast aluminium rockers instead of cast iron. This also permits the use of single instead of double valve springs.

This attention to the tiniest detail is also found in effforts to reduce friction by shortening the piston skirts and making the piston rings thinner, although sometimes the attention to detail can be disconcertingly thorough. For instance, the Mazda's very neatly placed fuse panel, low and to the right of the steering column, uses modern dual-pin fuses.

This means it's likely to prove embarrassing when everything blows a couple of hundred kilometres the other side of Lower Hicksville, unless you have your own spare fuses.

One of the most important problems associated with fwd cars is getting the power to the drive wheels. Friction is reduced in the new Mazda transaxle by using automatic transmission fluid rather than the heavier oils commonly used, and other tricks such as a tougher synchro mechanism make the four and five-speed manual gearboxes quite exceptionally smooth for a fwd car. A three-speed automatic transmission is also available. Mazda also settled for a "separate" clutch-gearbox assembly to avoid the problems associated with the unitary construction found in the Mini.

The 323's excellent roadholding and stability, while essentially a product of all-independent suspension, wide track and good weight distribution, owes a great deal to the clever system Mazda uses to help eliminate rear-wheel self-steering effects.

Mazda call it Splayed Twin Transverse Link. It's a very simple system which automatically compensates for any tendency of the rear wheels to toe out when the suspension is working, and it is very effective indeed. Moving the top-of-the-line, 1.5 litre three-door 323SS under power over some rough ground showed me just how well balanced is the new Mazda package.

Pulling on the handbrake at high speed while riding potholes and ridges will badly upset the equilibrium of most cars, and is certainly not recommended in any except the safest test conditions: but the Mazda stayed in there and handled the most brutal treatment as well as anyone could expect. Bump steer was evident only at high speed with power full on, and then it was just a quick, clean little shake before getting straight back down to business.

If it sounds like I'm saying the new 323 is an exceptionally good car, that's fine: it is. Not only has Toyo Kogyo put a great deal of work into the new product — the effort that some people fondly imagine all car makers apply to a new model — but also none of it is gimmicky or wasted.

It remains to be seen how all the new cars will perform in the crucial area of transaxle and constant velocity joint wear under Australian conditions, but if the Mazda holds up as expected I would feel safe in nominating it as a potential car of the year.

In terms of durability it faces some tough competition from the Mitsubishi Colt. Last year the Germans described Mitsubishi cars as the most reliable according to figures on breakdowns and service problems, no mean achievement in the homeland of Mercedes-Benz and BMW.

But the item which is sure to attract keen attention here, as it has done elsewhere, is the Colt's eight-speed transmission. This is achieved by passing the power first through a two-speed transfer arrangement, then through a conventional four-speed gearbox.

> If the Mazda holds up as expected, I would feel safe in nominating it as a potential car of the year.

The intention is to provide one set of ratios for city work or pulling power, and another for economical high-speed cruising. It's a nice selling point, but by all accounts in practice most drivers stick with the lower ratios and move the short lever beside the gearstick into the higher range only for consistent cruising legs. Top gear in the lower range works out at only slightly higher than third in the upper set of ratios, and it would be clear from this — even without reports confirming it — that many drivers would be likely to prefer a five-speed box incorporating the highest gear as an overdrive.

Aside from the transmission, there's not a lot of novelty about the Colt. Its strength seems to lie more in the fact that it is a good clean package of modern automative design and components, with a responsive, well-developed engine and a proven record of durability which is going to stand it in good stead as it joins the fwd brigade in this country.

Of course, talking about a front-wheel drive "revolution" invites a pointed reference to the durable Mini, and it's worth remembering that an important part of our fwd consciousness derives from experience with marques which now shelter under the Leyland umbrella.

The Morris Mini Minor, first generally available here in April 1961, sold for 750 pounds. That translates today to $5061, a very good price: but a more meaningful comparison is gained if you remember that in 1961 750 pounds was equivalent to 32.25 times the average weekly wage, while today's figure of $5061 works out at 19.75 times the average wage. On the 32.25 figure, if the Mini were introduced now it would sell for $8262.45.

All that is meant to bring home two points: one, that while the Mini was undoubtedly cheaper than many, if not all, other new cars on the 1961 market, it still demanded a high financial commitment from a buyer and therefore its popularity is attributable to more than just a low price; and two, we have available to us today a variety of vastly more refined cars which embody precisely those attributes and which, in real terms and in spite of a highly-protected market, are considerably cheaper.

The desirable features common to smaller-engined, front-wheel drive cars have been canvassed often enough, with economy of over-riding importance. Space efficiency might be a selling point now, but was not considered worth much more than a passing mention then. The sales people were much more intent on convincing a rear-wheel drive market how much safer and more fun it was to be "pulled" around corners than "pushed". Never mind the understeer, feel the savings.

In terms of refinement, the Datsun Pulsar couldn't be further removed from those early, basic Minis. It comes with a very good level of standard equipment, even for these days of well-equipped Japanese small cars.

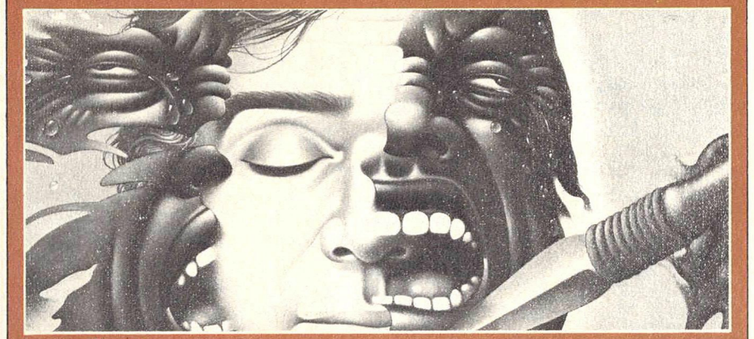
Things like a remote release (beside the driver) for the petrol filler cover and a variable rate (from four to 12 seconds) intermittent windscreen wiper setting might seem somewhat gimmicky, but it is surprising how easy it is to become used to such tricks.

The factory options act as a guide on how well-equipped Datsun feels the Pulsar is: there are only two models arriving here from Japan, the basic one at $6700 and the air conditioning and sunroof equipped version at $7760. The sunroof, covered with a mesh sunscreen, tilts to open at the rear or can be removed.

Those prices are competitive with Mazda's 1.5 litre range — $6362 to $7057 and $650 for air — and it's quite obvious Mitsubishi will have to place the Colt within the same bracket.

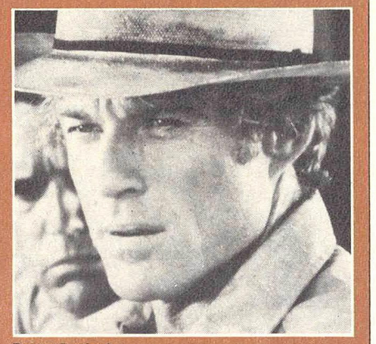
The Pulsar driver and front passenger have a good amount of room, as you would expect, since the Pulsar has a longer wheelbase (2395mm) than either

COMING IN FEBRUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE



Past Lives Therapy

Linda Ferguson



Robert Redford

Past Lives Therapy — To many it sounds weird; that neuroses and hangups can be cured by inducing patients to recall their previous existences centuries ago. But it produces surprising results. Craig Waters investigates America's latest psychological fad and reports that even traditional psychologists admit that past lives therapy can have therapeutic value because the stories, like dreams, are symbolic clues to a person's well being.

Prisoner rehabilitation — In recent years there has been an on-going interest in prisons and, more to the point, criminal rehabilitation. Countless articles have been written by self-appointed experts offering various views of criminal behavior and telling how to rehabilitate these criminal outcasts. And most of them are wrong; set pieces based on boundless optimism, says Darcy Dugan. After his 30 years in jail, Dugan can at least claim to be an expert from his side of the bars.

The porn business — The bottom has fallen out of the porn business. Sex shops which mushroomed across Australia in the Seventies are going to the wall. Paul Lesley reports that there are now too many participants, the market is over supplied, nothing new is being introduced, and much of the novelty has worn off.

Robert Redford Interview — Robert Redford is unique. He is a polite man, a conservationist who enjoys the company of his friends, and solitude if he chooses. He has one of the lowest "bullshit thresholds" in the movie industry and is easily capable of telling an obnoxious fan or a pushy interviewer to disappear. Which makes this exclusive interview about Redford's life style, movies and ambitions, all the more rare and readable.

Pet of the Year Runner Up — Linda Ferguson has taken out the Australian Penthouse Pet of the Year Runner Up title and we present a stunning 14-page pictorial of this delightful Brisbane lady as a New Year bonus. Together with another Pet of the Month.

the new 323 (2365mm) or Colt (2352mm), but this seems to be achieved at more cost to the rear seat passengers than in the Mazda.

The Mazda is also wider and this, combined with a shorter bonnet and lower waistline, gives the 323 an airier, lighter and more roomy feel. Apart from the extra width, this feeling is largely a product of design since the kerb weights — 870kg for Pulsar, 860kg for the comparable 323 — are quite close.

The most obvious distinction between the two is in ride and handling. While the Pulsar's ride is gentler than the Mazda's, the Datsun is longer and narrower — the difference on the rear track is 50mm — and this is reflected in its greater tendency to wallow in rough corners, and to point less precisely.

Unlike many Japanese cars, both the Pulsar and 323 have rack and pinion steering, but again the design effort in the 323 shows through: the Mazda's turning cirle is 9.2m against the Pulsar's 10.8m.

I was impressed with the Pulsar's handling of dirt and rough roads, and it displayed adequate if unremarkable ability on paved roads with a greater tendency to understeer than the Mazda. According to Wheels magazine's Steve Cropley, the Colt also displayed a fair amount of the understeer inherent to fwd cars. The Mazda was superior in all areas of steering and handling to any other front-wheel drive car of its size I have driven, with the exception of Alfa Romeo.

On a brief acquaintance the fuel economy figures again showed the points going to Mazda (7.96 litres/100km or 35.47mpg) over Datsun (9.7 litres/100km or 29.12mpg), but the Datsun was worked harder and the air conditioning got a lot of use.

GM-H will be a late but interesting starter in Australia's front wheel drive stakes with their J-car, released in the US in April this year and due for release in Europe, according to industry sources, in September 1981. Since GM-H will supply engines of around 1.6 litre capacity to Europe, this means the new local engine plant should be turning out motors by the middle of next year.

At this stage GM-H is riding out the small car onslaught with our T-car equivalent, the Gemini, with a chance that it will be fitted with a 1600cc diesel engine to beef up the range.

As for Toyota, their conviction that Australia is a confirmed rear-wheel drive market and the continued success of the Corolla apparently means we won't see any of their potential fwd flag-carriers; such as the Tercel, in the near future.

But if the Mazda 323, the Ford Laser, the Datsun Pulsar and the Mitsubishi Colt have anywhere near the impact on our market predicted by those makers, Toyota might be forced into a rapid change of mind.

McWILLIAM'S
ESTD 1877
Bin
Seventy Seven
TRAMINER RIESLING
This wine was made from a blend of the Traminer and Rhine Riesling Grape Varieties, which were grown in the Riverina District of New South Wales. The flowery aroma and spicy flavour of Traminer complements the crisp acidity and freshness of the Rhine Riesling to give a wine with complexity and excellent balance. To retain these qualities it did not receive any wood ageing.
PROUD OF THEIR AGE
McWILLIAM'S WINES PTY LTD SYDNEY AUSTRALIA
A PRODUCT OF AUSTRALIA
750 ml
AB68780 MCI037

Quality ★ ★ ★ ★

Price ★

Those who believe that a one star price will invariably dictate a similar result have obviously still to experience the union of Traminer and Rhine Riesling. McWILLIAM'S

When only the best will do.

©The Benson and Hedges Company Pty. Ltd. 1980
CC513/80 JWT016.P.217.12.80

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Pet of the Year Calendar 1981

JANUARY

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

FEBRUARY

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	

MARCH

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
30	31					1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

APRIL

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

MAY

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

JUNE

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

JULY

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	28	30	31		

AUGUST

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
31					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

SEPTEMBER

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

OCTOBER

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

NOVEMBER

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
30						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

DECEMBER

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

TR7

AUSTRALIAN
PENTHOUSE

Pet of the Year

MISS TRACEY WALLACE